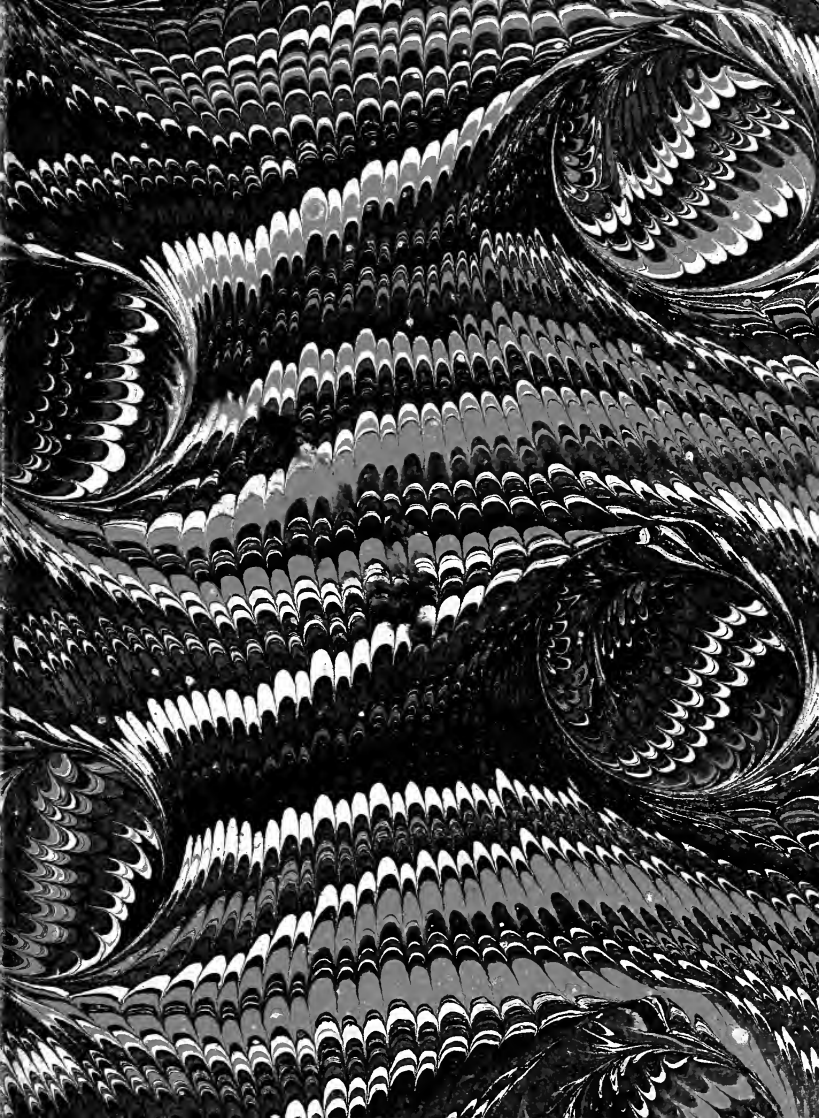




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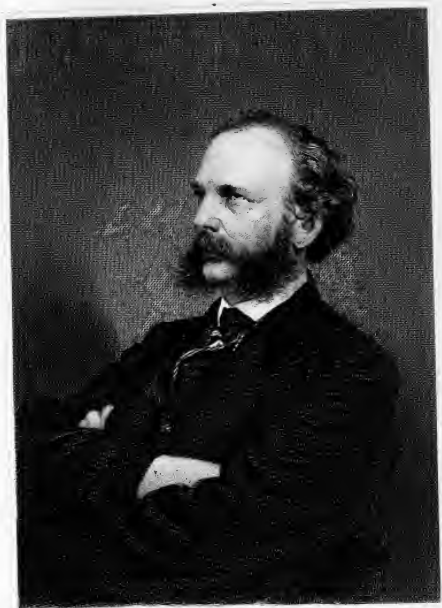












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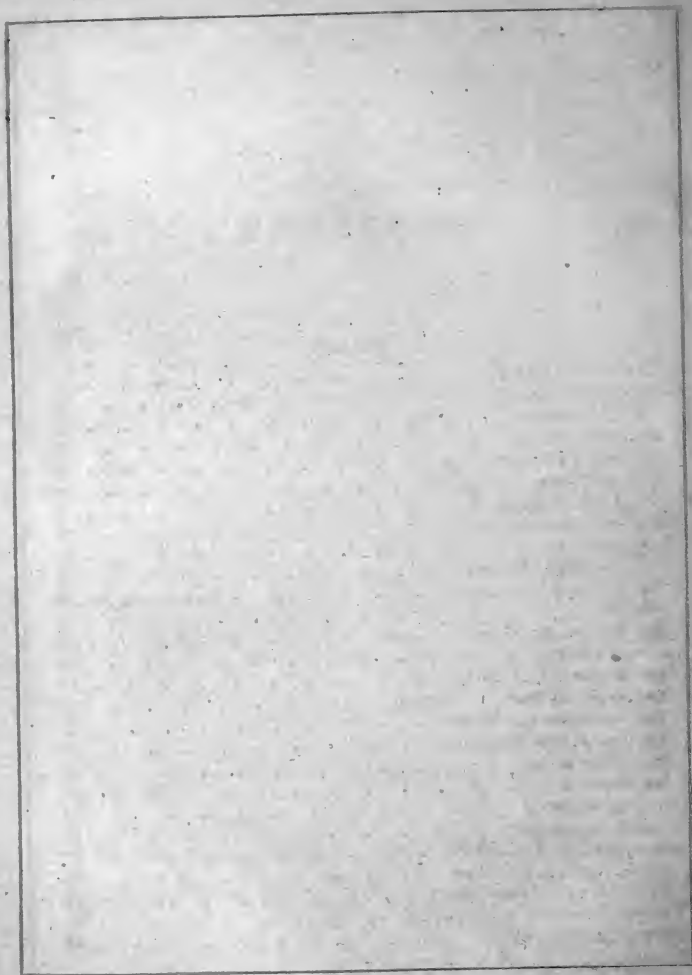
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TO
MY BEST FRIEND,
(A DIAMOND EDITION OF A WOMAN,)

I INSCRIBE
This Diamond Edition of the Poems
OF
HER HUSBAND.

J. G. S.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1873.



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POEMS.

THE POET'S LICENSE.

THE Poet's License! — Some there
are

Who hold the false opinion
'T is but a meagre privilege
Confined to Art's dominion;
The right to rhyme quite unre-
strained

By certain rigid fetters
Which bind the colder men of prose
Within the realm of letters.

Ah no! — I deem 't is something
more,
And something vastly higher,
To which the proudest bard on
earth

May worthily aspire.
The Poet's License! — 't is the
right,

Within the rule of duty,
To look on all delightful things
Throughout the world of beauty.

To gaze with rapture at the stars
That in the skies are glowing;
To see the gems of perfect dye
That in the woods are grow-
ing, —

And more than sage astronomer,
And more than learned florist,
To read the glorious homilies
Of Firmament and Forest.

When Nature gives a gorgeous rose,
Or yields the simplest fern,

She writes this motto on the
leaves, —

“To whom it may concern!”
And so it is the poet comes
And revels in her bowers,
And, though another hold the land,
Is owner of the flowers.

O, nevermore let Ignorance
With heedless iteration
Repeat the phrase as meaning
aught

Of trivial estimation;
The Poet's License! — 't is the fee
Of earth and sky and river
To him who views them royally,
To have and hold forever!

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO GEORGE
PEABODY, ESQ.

“What I spent, I had; what I left,
I lost; what I gave, I have!”
OLD EPITAPH.

I.

EVERY coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished, upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something
worth;

For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but
small;

It has perished with the using:
We have had it, — that is all!

II.

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again
(Though our avarice may blind us),
We have gathered quite in vain;
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it:
What we hoarded, we have lost.

III.

But each merciful oblation —
(Seed of pity wisely sown),
What we gave in self-negation,
We may safely call our own;
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in Heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest
sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn nor
weep;
My foes are impotent and shy;
My friends are neither false nor
cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh, —
I'm growing old!
My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early
news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and
noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing, —
yes, — I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand signs proclaim the
truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours be-
queath
But makes me debtor to the
Years!
E'en Flattery's honeyed words de-
clare
The secret she would fain with-
hold,
And tells me in "How young you
are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! — whose
rapid flight
My sombre Muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden
light
That tint the darkness of their
wings;
The light that beams from out the
sky,
Those heavenly mansions to un-
fold
Where all are blest, and none may
sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

THE STORY OF LIFE.

SAY, what is life! 'Tis to be born;
 A helpless *Babe*, to greet the
 light
 With a sharp wail, as if the morn
 Foretold a cloudy noon and
 night;
 To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
 With sunny smiles between; and
 then?

And then apace the infant grows
 To be a laughing, puling boy,
 Happy, despite his little woes,
 Were he but conscious of his joy;
 To be, in short, from two to ten,
 A merry, moody *Child*; and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
 To learn to say the Decalogue,
 And break it; an unthinking *Lad*,
 With mirth and mischief all
 agog;
 A truant oft by field and fen
 To capture butterflies; and then?

And then, increased in strength and
 size,

To be, anon, a *Youth* full-grown;
 A hero in his mother's eyes,
 A young Apollo in his own;
 To imitate the ways of men
 In fashionable sins; and then?

And then, at last, to be a *Man*;
 To fall in love; to woo and wed;
 With seething brain to scheme and
 plan;

To gather gold, or toil for bread;
 To sue for fame with tongue or pen,
 And gain or lose the prize; and
 then?

And then in gray and wrinkled *Eld*
 To mourn the speed of life's de-
 cline;

To praise the scenes his youth be-
 held,
 And dwell in memory of Lang-
 Syne;
 To dream awhile with darkened
 ken,
 Then drop into his grave; and
 then?

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THERE's a castle in Spain, very
 charming to see,
 Though built without money or
 toil;
 Of this handsome estate I am owner
 in fee,
 And paramount lord of the soil;
 And oft as I may I'm accustomed
 to go
 And live, like a king, in my Span-
 ish Chateau!

There's a dame most bewitchingly
 rounded and ripe,
 Whose wishes are never absurd;
 Who does n't object to my smoking
 a pipe,
 Nor insist on the ultimate word;
 In short, she's the pink of perfec-
 tion, you know;
 And she lives, like a queen, in my
 Spanish Chateau!

I've a family too; the delightfulest
 girls,
 And a bevy of beautiful boys;
 All quite the reverse of those juve-
 nile churls
 Whose pleasure is mischief and
 noise;
 No modern *Cornelia* might venture
 to show
 Such jewels as those in my Spanish
 Chateau!

I have servants who seek their
contentment in mine,

And always mind what they are
at;

Who never embezzle the sugar and
wine,

And slander the innocent cat;
Neither saucy, nor careless, nor
stupidly slow

Are the servants who wait in my
Spanish Chateau!

I have pleasant companions; most
affable folk,

And each with the heart of a
brother;

Keen wits, who enjoy an antago-
nist's joke,

And beauties who're fond of
each other;

Such people, indeed, as you never
may know,

Unless you should come to my
Spanish Chateau!

I have friends, whose commission
for wearing the name

In kindness unfailing is shown;

Who pay to another the duty they
claim,

And deem his successes their
own;

Who joy in his gladness, and weep
at his woe;

You'll find them (where else?) in
my Spanish Chateau!

"*O si sic semper!*" I oftentimes
say

(Though 't is idle, I know, to
complain),

To think that again I must force
me away

From my beautiful castle in
Spain!

Ah! would that my stars had de-
termined it so

I might live the year round in my
Spanish Chateau!

SPES EST VATES.

THERE is a saying of the ancient
sages:

No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of
ages,

Can ever come to naught.

With kindred faith, that knows no
base dejection,

Beyond the sages' scope

I see, afar, the final resurrection
Of every glorious hope.

I see, as parcel of a new creation,
The beatific hour

When every bud of lofty aspiration
Shall blossom into flower.

We are not mocked; it was not in
derision

God made our spirits free;

The poet's dreams are but the dim
prevision

Of blessings that shall be, —

When they who lovingly have
hoped and trusted,

Despite some transient fears,

Shall see Life's jarring elements
adjusted,

And rounded into spheres!

THE GIFTS OF THE GODS.

THE saying is wise, though it
sounds like a jest,

That "The gods don't allow us
to be in their debt,"

For though we may think we are
specially blest,

We are certain to pay for the
favors we get!

Are Riches the boon? Nay, be
not elate;

The final account is n't settled
as yet;

Old Care has a mortgage on every
estate,

And that's what you pay for the
wealth that you get!

Is Honor the prize? It were easy
to name

What sorrows and perils her
pathway beset;

Grim Hate and Detraction accom-
pany Fame,

And that's what you pay for
the honor you get!

Is Learning a treasure? How
charming the pair

When Talent and Culture are
lovingly met;

But Labor unceasing is grievous
to bear,

And that's what you pay for
the learning you get!

Is Genius worth having? There
is n't a doubt;

And yet what a price on the
blessing is set, —

To suffer more with it than dunces
without,

And that's what you pay for the
genius you get!

Is Beauty a blessing? To have it
for nought

The gods never grant to their
veriest pet;

Pale Envy reminds you the jewel
is bought,

And that's what you pay for
the beauty you get!

But Pleasure? Alas! — how pro-
lific of pain!

Gay Pleasure is followed by
gloomy Regret;

And often Repentance is one of
her train,

And that's what you pay for
the pleasure you get!

But surely in Friendship we all
may secure

An excellent gift; never doubt
it, — and yet

With much to enjoy there is much
to endure,

And that's what we pay for the
friendship we get!

But then there is Love? — Nay,
speak not too soon;

The fondest of hearts may have
reason to fret;

For Fear and Bereavement attend
on the boon,

And that's what we pay for the
love that we get!

And thus it appears — though it
sounds like a jest —

The gods don't allow us to be in
their debt;

And though we may think we are
specially blest,

We are certain to pay for what-
ever we get!

THE OLD CHAPEL-BELL.

A BALLAD.

WITHIN a churchyard's sacred
ground,

Whose fading tablets tell

Where they who built the village
church

In solemn silence dwell,

Half hidden in the earth, there lies
An ancient Chapel-Bell.

Broken, decayed, and covered o'er
With mouldering leaves and

rust;

Its very name and date concealed
 Beneath a cankering crust;
 Forgotten, — like its early friends,
 Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty Bell,
 Of most sonorous lung,
 And many a joyous wedding-peal,
 And many a knell had rung,
 Ere Time had cracked its brazen
 sides,
 And broke its iron tongue.

And many a youthful heart had
 danced,
 In merry Christmas-time,
 To hear its pleasant roundelay,
 Sung out in ringing rhyme;
 And many a worldly thought been
 checked
 To list its sabbath chime.

A youth — a bright and happy
 boy —
 One sunny summer's day,
 Aweary of his bat and ball,
 Chanced hitherward to stray,
 To read a little book he had,
 And rest him from his play.

"A soft and shady spot is this!"
 The rosy youngster cried,
 And sat him down, beneath a tree,
 That ancient Bell beside;
 (But, hidden in the tangled grass,
 The Bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,
 The letters seemed to stir,
 And though, full oft, his flagging
 sight
 The boy essayed to spur,
 The mazy page was quickly lost
 Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at
 this,
 And wondered how it came,

He felt a languor creeping o'er
 His young and weary frame,
 And heard a voice, a gentle voice,
 That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his
 name
 Entranced him like a spell
 Upon his ear so very near
 And suddenly it fell,
 Yet soft and musical, as 't were
 The whisper of a bell.

"Since last I spoke," the voice
 began,
 "Seems many a dreary year!
 (Albeit, 't is only since thy birth
 I've lain neglected here!)
 Pray list, while I rehearse a tale
 Behooyes thee much to hear.

"Once, from yon ivied tower, I
 watched
 The villagers around,
 And gave to all their joys and
 griefs
 A sympathetic sound, —
 But most are sleeping, now, within
 This consecrated ground.

"I used to ring my merriest peal
 To hail the blushing bride;
 I sadly tolled for men cut down
 In strength and manly pride;
 And solemnly, — not mournful-
 ly, —
 When little children died.

"But, chief, my duty was to bid
 The villagers repair,
 On each returning sabbath morn
 Unto the House of Prayer,
 And in his own appointed place
 The Saviour's mercy share.

"Ah! well I mind me of a child,
 A gleesome, happy maid,

Who came, with constant step, to
church,

In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently prayed.

"And oft, when church was done,
I marked

That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with book in
hand,

As you are sitting here, —
She read the Story of the Cross,
And wept with grief sincere.

"Years rolled away, — and I be-
held

The child to woman grown;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye
With brighter lustre shone;
But childhood's truth and inno-
cence

Were still the maiden's own.

"I never rang a merrier peal

Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred
porch,

A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden
troth,

In maiden love and pride.

"I never tolled a deeper knell,

Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the churchyard
here,

Where this low mound ap-
pears, —

(The very grave, my boy, that
you

Are watering now with tears!)

"*It is thy mother!* gentle boy,

That claims this tale of mine, —
Thou art a flower whose fatal
birth

Destroyed the parent vine!

A precious flower art thou, my
child, —

TWO LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR
THINE!

"One was thy sainted mother's,
when

She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Saviour's, when in
death

He shook the solid earth;
Go! boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth!"

The boy awoke, as from a dream,
And, thoughtful, looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by its side that ancient Bell,
Half hidden in the ground!

COMPENSATION.

I.

WHEN once, in "Merrie England,"

A prisoner of state
Stood waiting death or exile,
Submissive to his fate,

He made this famous answer, —

"Si longa, levis;

Si dura, brevis;

Go tell your tyrant chief,
Long pains are light ones,
Cruel ones are brief!"

II.

Alas! we all are culprits;

Our bodies doomed to bear

Discomforts and diseases,

And none may 'scape his share;

But God in pity orders,

Si longa, levis;

Si dura, brevis;

He grants us this relief,
Long pains are light ones,
Cruel ones are brief.

III.

Nor less the mind must suffer
 Its weight of care and woe,
 Afflictions and bereavements
 Itself can only know;
 But let us still remember,
Si longa, levis;
Si dura, brevis;
 To moderate our grief, —
 Long pains are light ones,
 Cruel ones are brief.

THE OLD MAN'S MOTTO.

"GIVE me a motto!" said a youth
 To one whom years had rendered
 wise;

"Some pleasant thought, or
 weighty truth,
 That briefest syllables comprise;
 Some word of warning or of cheer
 To grave upon my signet here.

"And, reverend father," said the
 boy,

"Since life, they say, is ever made
 A mingled web of grief and joy;
 Since cares may come and pleas-
 ures fade, —

Pray, let the motto have a range
 Of meaning matching every
 change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks
 you ask

A labor something over-nice,
 That well a finer brain might
 task.

What think you, lad, of this de-
 vice

(Older than I, though I am gray),
 'T is simple, — 'This will pass
 away'?

"When wafted on by Fortune's
 breeze,

In endless peace thou seem'st to
 glide,

Prepare betimes for rougher seas.
 And check the boast of foolish
 pride;
 Though smiling joy is thine to-day,
 Remember, 'This will pass away!'

"When all the sky is draped
 in black,
 And, beaten by tempestuous
 gales,
 Thy shuddering ship seems all
 a-wrack,
 Then trim again thy tattered
 sails;

To grim Despair be not a prey;
 Bethink thee, 'This will pass
 away!'

"Thus, O my son, be not o'er-
 proud,
 Nor yet cast down; judge thou
 aright;

When skies are clear, expect the
 cloud;

In darkness, wait the coming
 light;

Whatever be thy fate to-day,
 Remember, 'This will pass
 away!'"

MAXIMILIAN.

Nor with a craven spirit he
 Submitted to the harsh decree
 That bade him die before his time,
 Cut off in manhood's golden
 prime, —
 Poor Maximilian!

And some who marked his noble
 mien,

His dauntless heart, his soul serene,
 Have deemed they saw a martyr
 die,

And chorused forth the solemn cry,
 "Great Maximilian!"

Alas! Ambition was his sin;
 He staked his life a throne to
 win;
 Counted amiss the fearful cost
 (As chiefs have done before), —
 and lost!

Rash Maximilian!

'T is not the victim's tragic fate,
 Nor calm endurance, makes him
 great;

Mere lust of empire and renown
 Can never claim the martyr's
 crown,

Brave Maximilian!

Alas! it fell, that, in thy aim
 To win a sovereign's power and
 fame,

Thy better nature lost its force,
 And royal crimes disgraced thy
 course,

King Maximilian!

Alas! what ground for mercy's
 plea

In his behalf, whose fell decree
 Gave soldiers unto felons' graves,
 And freemen to the doom of
 slaves, —

Fierce Maximilian?

I loathe the rude, barbaric wrath
 That slew thee in thy vent'rous
 path;

But "they who take," thus saith
 the Lord,

"Shall also perish by the sword,"
 Doomed Maximilian!

But, when I think upon the
 scene, —

Thy fearful fate, thy wretched
 queen, —

And mark how bravely thou didst
 die,

I breathe again the pitying sigh,
 "Poor Maximilian!"

WISHING.

OF all amusements for the mind,
 From logic down to fishing,
 There is n't one that you can find
 So very cheap as "wishing."
 A very choice diversion too,
 If we but rightly use it,
 And not, as we are apt to do,
 Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish, — a common wish,
 indeed, —

My purse were somewhat fatter,
 That I might cheer the child of
 need,

And not my pride to flatter;
 That I might make Oppression
 reel,

As only gold can make it,
 And break the Tyrant's rod of
 steel,

As only gold can break it.

I wish — that Sympathy and Love,
 And every human passion

That has its origin above,

Would come and keep in fashion;
 That Scorn, and Jealousy, and
 Hate,

And every base emotion,
 Were buried fifty fathom deep
 Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish — that friends were always
 true,

And motives always pure;

I wish the good were not so few,

I wish the bad were fewer;

I wish that parsons ne'er forgot

To heed their pious teaching;

I wish that practising was not

So different from preaching!

I wish — that modest worth might
 be

Appraised with truth and can-
 dor;

I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander ;
I wish that men their vows would
mind ;

That women ne'er were rovers ;
I wish that wives were always
kind,
And husbands always lovers !

I wish — in fine — that Joy and
Mirth,
And every good Ideal,
May come erewhile, throughout the
earth,

To be the glorious Real ;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And Hope be lost in Happiness,
And Wishing in Possessing !

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I.

A YOUTH would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she ;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.

*A lady never could wear —
Her mother held it firm —
A gown that came of an India
plant,*

Instead of an India worm ! —
And so the cruel word was spoken ;
And so it was two hearts were
broken.

II.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she ;
But he was high and she was low,
And so it might not be.

*A man who had worn a spur,
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down with great
renown,*

To goad his future son ! —

And so the cruel word was spoken ;
And so it was two hearts were
broken.

III.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she ;
But their sires disputed about the
Mass,

And so it might not be.
*A couple of wicked kings,
Three hundred years ago,
Had played at a royal game of
chess,
And the Church had been a
pawn ! —*

And so the cruel word was spoken ;
And so it was two hearts were
broken.

A POET'S ELEGY.

HERE rests, at last, from worldly
care and strife,

A gentle man-of-rhyme,
Not all unknown to fame, — whose
lays and life
Fell short of the sublime.

Yet, as his poems ('t was the critics'
praise)

Betrayed a careful mind,
His life, with less of license than
his lays,
To Virtue was inclined.

Whate'er of Wit the kindly Muse
supplied

He ever strove to bend
To Folly's hurt ; nor once with
wanton pride
Employed to pain a friend.

He loved a quip, but in his jesting
vein

With studious care effaced

The doubtful word that threatened
to profane

The sacred or the chaste.

He loathed the covert, diabolic jeer

That conscience undermines;

No hinted sacrilege nor sceptic
sneer

Lurks in his laughing lines.

With satire's sword to pierce the
false and wrong;

A ballad to invent

That bore a wholesome sermon in
the song, —

Such was the poet's bent.

In social converse, "happy as a
king,"

When colder men refrained

From daring flights, he gave his
fancy wing

And freedom unrestrained.

And golden thoughts, at times, —
a motley brood, —

Came flashing from the mine;

And fools who saw him in his merry
mood

Accused the untasted wine.

He valued friendship's favor more
than fame,

And paid his social dues;

He loved his Art, — but held his
manly name

Far dearer than his Muse.

And partial friends, while gayly
laughing o'er

The merry lines they quote,

Say with a sigh, "To us the man
was more

Than aught he ever wrote!"

THE MOURNER A LA MODE.

I saw her last night at a party
(The elegant party at Mead's),

And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her
weeds;

Yet I know she was suffering sor-
row

Too deep for the tongue to ex-
press, —

Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of
dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;

And her gloves were as dark as
her shawl;

And her jewels — that flashed in
the light —

Were black as a funeral pall;

Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)

And the grief that was heaving her
breast

Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her
face,

Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!

While even her fan, in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious scope,

And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen
Was the sombre apparel she
wore;

I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow be-
fore;

And I could n't help thinking the
beauty,

In mourning the loved and the
lost,

Was doing her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expens

Betrayed an excess of emotion
 That was really something immense;
 And yet as I viewed, at my leisure,
 Those tokens of tender regard,
 I thought:—It is scarce without
 measure—
 The sorrow that goes by the
 yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
 And yours—I am sorely afraid
 The very next phase of the fashion
 Will find it beginning to fade;
 Though dark are the shadows of
 grief,
 The morning will follow the
 night,
 Half-tints will betoken relief,
 Till joy shall be symbolized in
 white!

Ah well! it were idle to quarrel
 With Fashion, or aught she may
 do;
 And so I conclude with a moral
 And metaphor—warranted
 new:—
 When *measles* come handsomely
 out,
 The patient is safest, they say;
 And the *Sorrow* is mildest, no
 doubt,
 That works in a similar way!

THE EXPECTED SHIP.

Thus I heard a poet say,
 As he sang in merry glee,
 “Ah! ’t will be a golden day,
 When my ship comes o’er the
 sea!

“I do know a cottage fine,
 As a poet’s house should be,
 And the cottage shall be mine,
 When my ship comes o’er the
 sea!

“I do know a maiden fair,
 Fair, and fond, and dear to
 me,
 And we’ll be a wedded pair,
 When my ship comes o’er the
 sea!

“And within that cottage fine,
 Blest as any king may be,
 Every pleasure shall be mine,
 When my ship comes o’er the
 sea!

“To be rich is to be great;
 Love is only for the free;
 Grant me patience, while I wait
 Till my ship comes o’er the
 sea!”

Months and years have come and
 gone
 Since the poet sang to me,
 Yet he still keeps hoping on
 For the ship from o’er the sea!

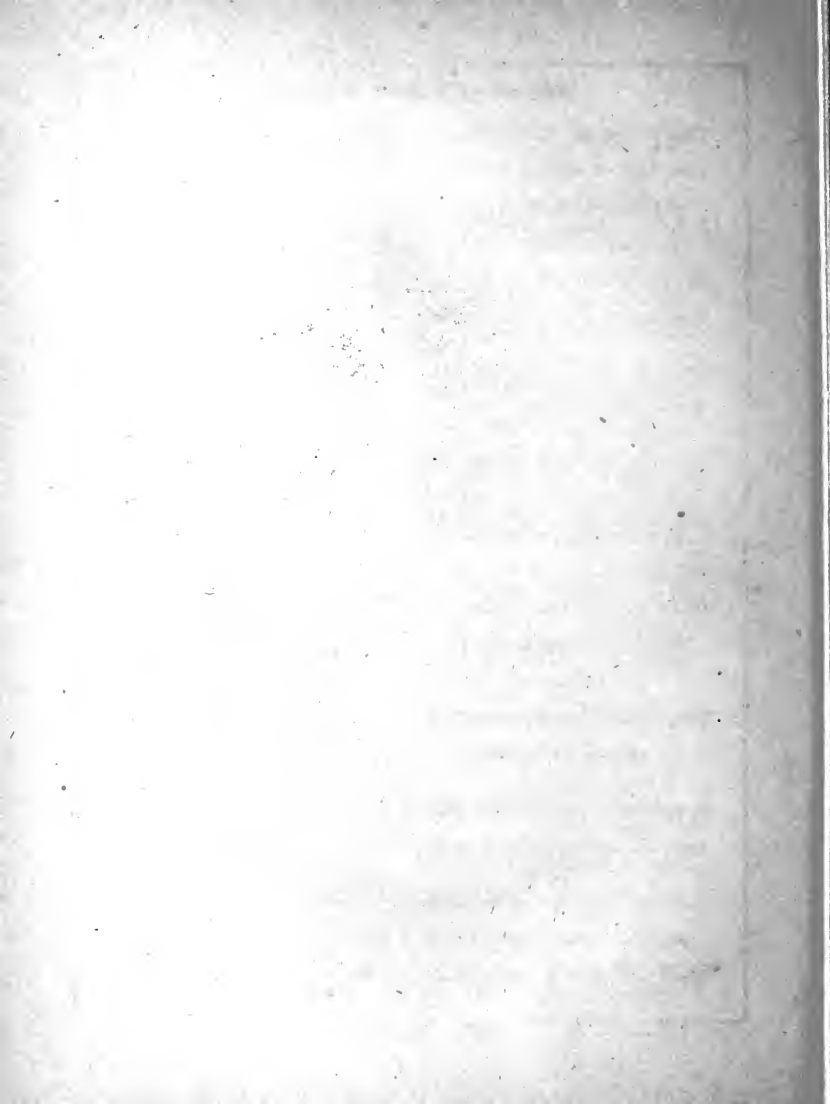
Thus the siren voice of Hope
 Whispers still to you and me
 Of something in the future’s scope,
 Some golden ship from o’er the
 sea!

Never sailor yet hath found,
 Looking windward or to lee,
 Any vessel homeward bound,
 Like that ship from o’er the
 sea!

Never comes the shining deck;
 But that tiny cloud may be—
 Though it seems the merest speck—
 The promised ship from o’er the
 sea!

Never looms the swelling sail,
 But the wind is blowing free,
 And *that* may be the precious gale
 That brings the ship from o’er
 the sea!





THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

THE head is stately, calm, and
wise,

And bears a princely part;
And down below in secret lies
The warm, impulsive heart.

The lordly head that sits above,
The heart that beats below,
Their several office plainly prove,
Their true relation show.

The head, erect, serene, and cool,
Endowed with Reason's art,
Was set aloft to guide and rule
The throbbing, wayward heart.

And from the head, as from the
higher,
Comes every glorious thought;
And in the heart's transforming fire
All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite
To make the man complete;
What were the heat without the
light?
The light, without the heat?

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

I.

O, TERRIBLY proud was Miss Mac-
Bride,
The very personification of Pride,
As she minced along in Fashion's
tide,
Adown Broadway, — on the proper
side, —
When the golden sun was set-
ting;
There was pride in the head she
carried so high,

Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fret-
ting;

II.

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandalled in satin, should kiss the
street, —
The very same that the vulgar
greet
In common leather not over
"neat," —
For such is the common boot-
ing;
(And Christian tears may well be
shed,
That even among our gentlemen
bred,
The glorious day of Morocco is
dead,
And Day and Martin are raining
instead,
On a much inferior footing!)

III.

O, terribly proud was Miss Mac-
Bride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of
her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside,
That would n't have borne dis-
section;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her
walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of
her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from
chalk,"
On a very slight inspection!

IV.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to
come,
When she was glad, and when she
was glum;
Proud as the head of a Sar-
acen

Over the door of a tippling shop! —
 Proud as a duchess, proud as a
 fop,
 "Proud as a boy with a bran-new
 top,"
 Proud beyond comparison!

V.

It seems a singular thing to
 say,
 But her very senses led her astray
 Respecting all humility;
 In sooth, her dull auricular drum
 Could find in *Humble* only a
 "hum,"
 And heard no sound of "gentle"
 come,
 In talking about gentility.

VI.

What *Lowly* meant she did n't
 know,
 For she always avoided "every-
 thing low,"
 With care the most punctil-
 ious,
 And queerer still, the audible sound
 Of "super-silly" she never had
 found
 In the adjective supercilious!

VII.

The meaning of *Meek* she never
 knew,
 But imagined the phrase had some-
 thing to do
 With "Moses," — a peddling Ger-
 man Jew,
 Who, like all hawkers the country
 through,
 Was a person of no position;
 And it seemed to her exceedingly
 plain,
 If the word was really known to
 pertain
 To a vulgar German, it was n't
 germane
 To a lady of high condition!

VIII.

Even her graces, — not her grace,
 For that was in the "vocative
 case," —
 Chilled with the touch of her icy
 face,
 Sat very stiffly upon her;
 She never confessed a favor aloud,
 Like one of the simple, common
 crowd,
 But coldly smiled, and faintly
 bowed,
 As who should say: "You do me
 proud,
 And do yourself an honor!"

IX.

And yet the pride of Miss Mac-
 Bride,
 Although it had fifty hobbies to
 ride,
 Had really no foundation;
 But, like the fabrics that gossips
 devise, —
 Those single stories that often arise
 And grow till they reach a four-
 story size,
 Was merely a fancy creation!

X.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was
 known
 In human nature, but often shown
 Alike in castle and cottage,
 That pride, like pigs of a certain
 breed,
 Will manage to live and thrive on
 "feed"
 As poor as a pauper's pot-
 tage!

XI.

That her wit should never have
 made her vain,
 Was, like her face, sufficiently
 plain;
 And as to her musical pow-
 ers,

Although she sang until she was
hoarse,
And issued notes with a Banker's
force,
They were just such notes as we
never indorse
For any acquaintance of ours!

XII.

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,
For Miss MacBride first opened
her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the
light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion,
And in talking about her wealth
and worth
She always forgot to mention her
birth,
To people of rank and fashion!

XIII.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of
birth,
Among our "fierce Democracy"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from
sneers, —
Not even a couple of rotten
Peers, —
A thing for laughter, fleers, and
jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

XIV.

English and Irish, French and
Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they
vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of Blood, indeed,

No modern Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

XV.

Depend upon it, my snobbish
friend,
Your family thread you can't
ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the
farther end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted
Line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

XVI.

But Miss MacBride had something
beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her
pride;
For rich was the old paternal Mac-
Bride,
According to public rumor;
And he lived "Up Town," in a
splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty
fare,
And gave her gems that were rich
and rare,
And the finest rings and things to
wear,
And feathers enough to plume
her!

XVII.

An honest mechanic was John
MacBride
As ever an honest calling plied,
Or graced an honest ditty;
For John had worked, in his early
day,
In "Pots and Pearls," the legends
say,
And kept a shop with a rich array

Of things in the soap and candle
way,
In the lower part of the city.

XVIII.

No *rara avis* was honest John,
(That's the Latin for "sable
swan,")

Though, in one of his fancy
flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to de-
ride,
Called honest John "Old *Phœnix*
MacBride,
"Because he rose from his
ashes!"

XIX.

Alack! for many ambitious beaux!
She hung their hopes upon her nose,
(The figure is quite Hora-
tian!)*

Until from habit the member grew
As queer a thing as ever you knew
Turn up to observation!

XX.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to un-
derstand,

By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of
his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any
man

An exceedingly Vulgar Frac-
tion!

XXI.

Another, whose sign was a golden
boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appall-
ing;
For though a regular *sutor* by trade,
He was n't a suitor to suit the maid,

* "Omnia suspendens naso."

Who cut him off with a saw, — and
bade
"The cobbler keep to his call-
ing."

XXII.

(The Muse must let a secret out, —
There is n't the faintest shadow of
doubt,
That folks who oftenest sneer and
flout
At "the dirty, low mechani-
cals,"
Are they whose sires, by pounding
their knees,
Or coiling their legs, or trades like
these,
Contrived to win their children ease
From poverty's galling mana-
cles.)

XXIII.

A rich tobaccoist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would
scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal
views,
Began, at once, with, "If you
choose, —
And could you really love
him —"
But the lady spoiled his speech in
a huff,
With an answer rough and ready
enough,
To let him know she was up to
snuff,
And altogether above him!

XXIV.

A young attorney of winning grace
Was scarce allowed to "open his
face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his
case
With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and
"seedy" to boot,

And to say the lady discarded his
suit,
 Is merely a double verity.

XXV.

The last of those who came to
 court
 Was a lively beau of the dapper
 sort,
 "Without any visible means of
 support," —

A crime by no means flagrant
 In one who wears an elegant coat,
 But the very point on which they
 vote

A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

XXVI.

A courtly fellow was Dapper
 Jim,
 Sleek and supple, and tall and
 trim,
 And smooth of tongue as neat of
 limb;

And, mangre his meagre pocket,
 You'd say, from the glittering tales
 he told,
 That Jim had slept in a cradle of
 gold,

With Fortunatus to rock it!

XXVII.

Now Dapper Jim his courtship
 plied
 (I wish the fact could be denied)
 With an eye to the purse of the old
 MacBride,

And really "nothing shorter"! —
 For he said to himself, in his greedy
 lust,

"Whenever he dies, — as die he
 must, —

And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
 He's very sure to 'come down with
 his dust,'

In behalf of his only daugh-
 ter."

XXVIII.

And the very magnificent Miss
 MacBride,
 Half in love and half in pride,
 Quite graciously relented;
 And tossing her head, and turning
 her back,
 No token of proper pride to lack,
 To be a Bride without the "Mac,"
 With much disdain, consented.

XXIX.

Alas! that people who've got their
 box

Of cash beneath the best of locks,
 Secure from all financial shocks,
 Should stock their fancy with fancy
 stocks,

And madly rush upon Wall Street
 rocks,

Without the least apology;
 Alas! that people whose money
 affairs

Are sound beyond all need of re-
 pairs,
 Should ever tempt the bulls and
 bears

Of Mammon's fierce Zoölogy!

XXX.

Old John MacBride, one fatal
 day,

Became the unresisting prey

Of Fortune's undertakers;
 And staking his all on a single die,
 His foundered bark went high and
 dry

Among the brokers and break-
 ers!

XXXI.

At his trade again in the very shop
 Where, years before, he let it drop,
 He follows his ancient call-
 ing, —

Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,

And sleeping quite as sound at night,
As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling.

XXXII.

But alas for the haughty Miss Mac-Bride!

'T was such a shock to her precious pride,
She could n't recover, although she tried

Her jaded spirits to rally;
'T was a dreadful change in human affairs

From a Place "Up Town" to a nook "Up Stairs,"

From an Avenue down to an Alley!

XXXIII.

'T was little condolence she had,
God wot,
From her "troops of friends," who
had n't forgot

The airs she used to borrow;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet

'T was plain to see that their
"deepest regret"

Was a different thing from Sor-row!

XXXIV.

They owned it could n't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse;

To expect a reversion and get a "reverse,"

Was truly a dismal feature;
But it was n't strange, — they
whispered, — at all;

That the Summer of pride should have its Fall

Was quite according to Na-ture!

XXXV.

And one of those chaps who make a pun —

As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one,

With a regular double-loaded gun —

Remarked that moral transgression

Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers, as well as kings!
And making light of cereous things

Was a very wick-ed profession!

XXXVI.

And vulgar people, the saucy churls,

Inquired about "the price of Pearls,"

And mocked at her situation;

"She was n't ruined, they ventured to hope;

Because she was poor, she need n't mope, —

Few people were better off for soap,
And that was a consolation!"

XXXVII.

And to make her cup of woe run over,

Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;

He quite regretted the step, 't was true, —

The lady had pride enough for two,

But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!

XXXVIII.

And now the unhappy Miss Mac-Bride,

The merest ghost of her early pride,
Bewails her lonely position;

Cramped in the very narrowest
 niche,
 Above the poor, and below the rich,
 Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly
 affairs,
 Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station!
 Don't be proud, and turn up your
 nose
 At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
 But learn, for the sake of your
 soul's repose,
 That wealth's a bubble, that
 comes, — and goes!
 And that all Proud Flesh, wherever
 it grows,
 Is subject to irritation!

THE MASQUERADE.

Ἡάρφασις, ἣτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ
 φρονούντων.

Hom. II. xiv. 217.

I.

COUNT FELIX was a man of worth
 By Fashion's strictest definition,
 For he had money, manners, birth,
 And that most slippery thing on
 earth
 Which social critics call posi-
 tion.

II.

And yet the Count was seldom
 gay;
 The rich and noble have their
 crosses;
 And he — as he was wont to say —
 Had seen some trouble in his day,
 And met with several serious
 losses.

III.

Among the rest, he lost his wife,
 A very model of a woman,
 With every needed virtue rife
 To lead a spouse a happy life, —
 Such wives (in France) are not
 uncommon.

IV.

The lady died, and left him sad
 And lone, to mourn the best of
 spouses:
 She left him also — let me add —
 One child, and all the wealth she
 had, —
 The rent of half a dozen houses.

V.

I cannot tarry to discuss
 The weeping husband's desola-
 tion;
 Upon her tomb he wrote it thus: —
 "FELIX *infelicissimus*!"
 In very touching ostentation.

VI.

Indeed, the Count's behavior
 earned
 The plaudits of his strict con-
 fessor;
 His weeds of woe had fairly turned
 From black to brown, ere he had
 learned
 To think about his wife's suc-
 cessor.

VII.

And then, indeed, 't was but a
 thought;
 A sort of sentimental dreaming,
 That came at times, and came —
 to naught,
 With all the plans so nicely
 wrought
 By matrons skilled in marriage-
 scheming.

VIII.

At last when many years had fled,
 And Father Time, the great physician,
 Had soothed his sorrow for the dead,
 Count Felix took it in his head
 To change his wearisome condition.

IX.

You think, perhaps, 't was quickly done;
 The Count was still a man of fashion;
 Wealth, title, talents, all in one,
 Were eloquence to win a nun,
 If nuns could feel a worldly passion.

X.

And yet the Count might well respond
 Of tying soon the silken tether;
 Wise, witty, handsome, faithful,
 fond,
 And twenty — not a year beyond —
 Are charming, — when they
 come together!

XI.

But more than that, the man required
 A wife to share his whims and fancies;
 Admire alone what *he* admired;
 Desire, of course, as *he* desired,
 And show it in her very glances.

XII.

Long, long the would-be wooer tried
 To find his precious *ultimatum*, —
 All earthly charms in one fair bride;
 But still in vain he sought and sighed;
 He could n't manage to get at 'em.

XIII.

In sooth, the Count was one of those
 Who, seeking something superhuman,
 Find not the angel they would choose,
 And — what is more unlucky — lose
 Their chance to wed a charming woman.

XIV.

The best-matched doves in Hymen's cage
 Were paired in youth's romantic season;
 Laugh as you will at passion's rage,
 The most unreasonable age
 Is what is called the age of reason.

XV.

In love-affairs, we all have seen,
 The heart is oft the best adviser;
 The gray might well consult the
 "green,"
 Cool sixty learn of rash sixteen,
 And go away a deal the wiser.

XVI.

The Count's high hopes began to fade;
 His plans were not at all advancing;
 When, lo! — one day his *valet* made
 Some mention of a masquerade, —
 "I'll go," said he, — "and see
 the dancing."

XVII.

"'T will serve my spirits to arouse;
 And, faith! I'm getting melancholy.
 'T is not the place to seek a spouse,
 Where people go to *break* their
 vows, —
 But then 't will be extremely
 jolly!"

XVIII.

Count Felix found the crowd immense,
 And, had he been a *censor morum*,
 He might have said, without of-
 fence,
 "Got up regardless of expense,
 And some — regardless of deco-
 rum."

XIX.

"Faith! — all the world is here to-
 night!"
 "Nay," said a merry friend de-
 murely,
 "Not quite the whole, — *pardon!*
 — not quite;
Le Demi-Monde were nearer right,
 And no exaggeration, surely!"

XX.

The revelry ('t was just begun)
 A stoic might have found divert-
 ing;
 That is, of course, if he was one
 Who liked to see a bit of fun,
 And fancied *persiflage* and flirt-
 ing.

XXI.

But who can paint that giddy
 maze?
 Go find the lucky man who han-
 dles
 A brush to catch, on gala-days,
 The whirling, shooting, flashing
 rays
 Of Catherine-wheels and Roman
 candles!

XXII.

All sorts of masks that e'er were
 seen;
 Fantastic, comic, and satanic;
 Dukes, dwarfs, and "Highnesses"
 (Serene),
 And (that 's of course) the Cyprian
 Queen,
 In gauzes few and diaphanic.

XXIII.

Lean Carmelites, fat Capuchins,
 Giants half human and half bes-
 tial;
 Kings, Queens, Magicians, Harle-
 quins,
 Greeks, Tartars, Turks, and Man-
 darins
 More diabolic than "Celestial."

XXIV.

Fair Scripture dames, — Naomi,
 Ruth,
 And Hagar, looking quite de-
 mented;
 The Virtues (all — excepting
 Truth)
 And Magdalens, who were in sooth
 Just half of what they repre-
 sented!

XXV.

Fates, Furies, Fairies, — all the
 best
 And worst of Fancy's weird crea-
 tion;
 Psyche and Cupid (demi-dressed)
 With several Vestals — by request,
 And solely for that one occasion.

XXVI.

And one, among the motley brood,
 He saw, who shunned the wan-
 ton dances;
 A sort of demi-nun, who stood
 In ringlets flashing from a hood,
 And seemed to seek our hero's
 glances.

XXVII.

The Count, delighted with her air,
 Drew near, the better to behold
 her;
 Her form was slight, her skin was
 fair,
 And maidenhood, you well might
 swear,
 Breathed from the dimples in her
 shoulder.

XXVIII.

He spoke; she answered with a
 grace
 That showed the girl no vulgar
 heiress;
 And, — if the features one may
 trace
 In voices, — hers betrayed a face
 The finest to be found in Paris!

XXIX.

And then such wit! — in repartee
 She shone without the least en-
 deavor;
 A beauty and a *bel-esprit*!
 A scholar, too, — 't was plain to
 see.
 Who ever saw a girl so clever?

XXX.

Her taste he ventured to explore
 In light, the graver and the
 lighter,
 And mentioned authors by the
 score;
Mon Dieu! in every sort of lore
 She always chose his favorite
 writer!

XXXI.

She loved the poets; but confessed
Racine beat all the others hol-
 low;
 At least, she thought his *style* the
 best —
 (Racine! his literary test!
 Racine! his *Macimus Apollo*!)

XXXII.

Whatever topic he might name,
 Their minds were strangely sym-
 pathetic;
 Of courtship, marriage, fashion,
 fame,
 Their views and feelings were the
 same, —
 "Parbleu!" he cried, "it looks
 prophetic!"

XXXIII.

"Come, let us seek an ampler
 space;
 This heated room — I can't
 abide it!
 That mask, I'm sure, is out of
 place,
 And hides the fairest, sweetest
 face —"
 Said she, "I wear the mask to
 hide it!"

XXXIV.

The answer was extremely pat,
 And gave the Count a deal of
 pleasure:
 "*C'est vrai!* I did not think of
 that!
 Come, let us go where we can chat
 And eat (I'm hungry) at our lei-
 sure."

XXXV.

"I'm hungry too!" she said, —
 and went,
 Without the least attempt to
 cozen, —
 Like ladies who refuse, relent,
 Debate, oppose, and then consent
 To — eat enough for half a dozen!

XXXVI.

And so they sat them down to dine,
Solus cum sola, gay and merry;
 The Count inquires the sort of wine
 To which his charmer may in-
 cline;
Ah! quelle merveille! she an-
 swers, "Sherry!"

XXXVII.

What will she eat? She takes the
carte,
 And notes the viands that she
 wishes;
 "Pardon, Monsieur! what makes
 you start?"

As if she knew his tastes by heart,
The lady named his favorite
dishes!

XXXVIII.

Was e'er such sympathy before?
The Count was really half de-
mented;
He kissed her hand, and roundly
swore
He loved her perfectly! — and,
more, —
He'd wed her — if the gods con-
sented!

XXXIX.

"Monsieur is very kind," she said,
"His love so lavishly bestowing
On one who never thought to
wed, —
And least of all" — she raised her
head —
"T is late, Sir Knight, I must
be going!"

XL.

Count Felix sighed, — and while he
drew
Her shawl about her, at his lei-
sure,
"What street?" he asked; "my
cab is due."
"No, no!" she said, "*I go with
you!*"
That is — if it may be your pleas-
ure."

XLI.

Of course, there's little need to say
The Count delighted in her cap-
ture;
Away he drove, and all the way
He murmured, "*Quelle félicité!*"
In very ecstasy of rapture!

XLII.

Arrived at home — just where a
fount
Shot forth a jet of lucent water —

He helped the lady to dismount;
She drops her mask, and lo! the
Count
Sees — *Dieu de ciel!* — his only
daughter!

XLIII.

"Good night!" she said, — "I'm
very well,
Although you thought my health
was fading;
Be good — and I will never tell
(T was funny though) of what be-
fell
When you and I went masquer-
ading!"

MY FAMILIAR.

"Ecce iterum Crispinus!"

I.

AGAIN I hear that creaking step! —
He's rapping at the door! —
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the
friend
Who comes — but never goes!

II.

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties, —
But never takes his leave!

III.

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;

He opens everything he sees —
Except the entry door!

IV.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes, —
But never goes away!

V.

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things, —
But never says, "Adieu!"

VI.

When'er he comes, — that dreadful man, —
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher, —
It does not put him out!

VII.

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

LOVE AND LAW.

A LEGEND OF BOSTON.

I.

JACK NEWMAN was in love; a
common case
With boys just verging upon
manhood's prime,
When every damsel with a pretty
face
Seems some bright creature from
a purer clime,
Sent by the gods to bless a country
town, —
A pink-checked angel in a muslin
gown.

II.

Jack was in love; and also much
in doubt
(As thoughtful lovers oft have
been before)
If it were better to be in or out.
Such pain alloyed his bliss. On
reason's score,
Perhaps 't is equally a sin to get
Too deep in love, in liquor, or in
debt.

III.

The lady of his love, Miss Mary
Blank
(I call her so to hide her real
name),
Was fair and twenty, and in social
rank —
That is, in riches — much above
her flame;
The daughter of a person who had
tin
Already won; while Jack had his
to win.

IV.

Her father was a lawyer; rather
rusty
In legal lore, but one who well
had striven

In former days to swell his "*res angustæ*"

To broad possessions; and, in short, had thriven
Bravely in his vocation; though, the fact is,
More by his "practices" ('t was said) than practice!

V.

A famous man was Blank for sound advice

In doubtful cases; for example, where
The point in question is extremely nice,

And turns upon the section of a hair;
Or where — which seems a very common pother —
Justice looks one way, and the Law another.

VI.

Great was his skill to make or mar a plot:

To prop, at need, a rotten reputation,
Or undermine a good one; he had got

By heart the subtle science of evasion,
And knew the useful art to pick a flaw
Through which a rascal might escape the law.

VII.

Jack was his pupil; and 't is rather queer

So shrewd a counsellor did not discover,
With all his cunning both of eye and ear,

That this same pupil was his daughter's lover;

And — what would much have shocked his legal tutor —
Was even now the girl's accepted suitor!

VIII.

Fearing a *non-suit*, if the lawyer knew

The case too soon, Jack kept it to himself;
And, stranger still, the lady kept it too;

For well he knew the father's pride of self,
Should e'en a bare suspicion cross his mind,
Would soon abate the action they designed.

IX.

For Jack was impecunious; and Blank

Had small regard for people who were poor;
Riches to him were beauty, grace, and rank:

In short, the man was one of many more
Who worship money-bags and those who own 'em,
And think a handsome sum the *summum bonum*.

X.

I'm fond of civil words, and do not wish

To be satirical; but none despise
The poor so truly as the *nouveaux riches*;

And here, no doubt, the real reason lies,
That being over-proud of what they are,
They're naturally ashamed of what they were.

XI.

Certain to meet the father's cold
negation,

Jack dare not ask him for his
daughter's hand.

What should he do? 'T was surely
an occasion

For all the wit a lover might
command;

At last he chose (it seemed his only
hope)

That final card of Cupid, — to
elope!

XII.

A pretty plan to please a penny-a-
liner;

But far less pleasant for the
leading factor,

Should the fair maiden chance to
be a *minor*

(Whom the law reckons an un-
willing actor);

And here Jack found a rather sad
obstruction, —

He might be caught and punished
for abduction.

XIII.

What could he do? Well, — here
is what he did:

As a "moot-case" to Lawyer
Blank he told

The whole affair, save that the
names were hid.

I can't help thinking it was rather
bold,

But Love is partial to heroic
schemes,

And often proves much wiser than
he seems.

XIV.

"The thing is safe enough, with
proper care,"

Observed the lawyer, smiling.

"Here's your course: —

Just let the lady manage the affair

Throughout; *Videlicet*, she gets
the horse,
And mounts him, unassisted, *first*;
but mind,
The woman sits before, and you,
behind!

XV.

"Then who is the abductor? —
Just suppose

A court and jury looking at the
case;

What ground of action do the facts
disclose?

They find a horse, — two riders,
— and a race, —

And you 'Not Guilty'; for 't is
clearly true

The dashing damsel ran away with
you!"

XVI.

* * * * *

XVII.

These social sins are often rather
grave;

I give such deeds no countenance
of mine;

Nor can I say the father e'er for-
gave;

But that was surely a propitious
"sign,"

On which (in after years) the
words I saw

Were, "BLANK AND NEWMAN,
COUNSELLORS AT LAW!"

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale, —

Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail!
 Men of different "stations"
 In the eye of Fame
 Here are very quickly
 Coming to the same.
 High and lowly people,
 Birds of every feather,
 On a common level
 Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
 Looming very tall;
 Gentleman at large,
 Talking very small;
 Gentleman in tights,
 With a loose-ish mien;
 Gentleman in gray,
 Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
 Asking for the news;
 Gentleman in black,
 In a fit of blues;
 Gentleman in claret,
 Sober as a vicar;
 Gentleman in Tweed,
 Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
 Looking very sunny,
 Obviously reading
 Something rather funny.
 Now the smiles are thicker,
 Wonder what they mean?
 Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
 BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
 Closing up his peepers;
 Now he snores amain,
 Like the Seven Sleepers;
 At his feet a volume
 Gives the explanation,
 How the man grew stupid
 From "Association"!

Ancient maiden lady
 Anxiously remarks,

That there must be peril
 'Mong so many sparks!
 Roguish-looking fellow,
 Turning to the stranger,
 Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
 Sitting *vis-à-vis*;
 Baby keeps a squalling;
 Woman looks at me;
 Asks about the distance,
 Says it's tiresome talking,
 Noises of the cars
 Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful
 Of the precious casket,
 Knowing eggs are eggs,
 Tightly holds her basket;
 Feeling that a smash,
 If it came, would surely
 Send her eggs to pot
 Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale;
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail!

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

A BALLAD.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,
 In shabby habiliments dress;
 His coat it was shockingly worn,
 And the rust had invested his
 vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
 His linen and worsted were
 worse;

He had scarce a whole crown in
his hat,
And not half a crown in his
purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to him-
self:—

“Unfortunate man that I am!
I’ve never a client but grief:
The case is, I’ve no case at all,
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a
brief!

“I’ve waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an ‘opening’ to find,
Where an honest young lawyer
might gain
Some reward for toil of his mind.

“’Tis not that I’m wanting in
law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

“O, how can a modest young man
E’er hope for the smallest pro-
gression,—
The profession’s already so full
Of lawyers so full of profes-
sion!”

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, “It is
well!”

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a
minute,
Then cried, “Here’s an opening at
last!”
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
('T was the coroner bade them
attend),

To the end that it might be deter-
mined

How the man had determined
his end!

“The man was a lawyer, I hear,”
Quoth the foreman who sat on
the corse.

“A lawyer? Alas!” said an-
other,
“Undoubtedly died of re-
morse!”

A third said, “He knew the de-
ceased,
An attorney well versed in the
laws,

And as to the cause of his death,
’T was no doubt for the want of
a cause.”

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the
matter,
That the lawyer was drowned,
because
He could not keep his head above
water!

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.*

A BALLAD.

BENEATH the hill you may see the
mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling
stone;

* Perhaps it may add a trifle to the
interest of this ballad to know that
the description, both of the man and
the mill, is quite true. “Little Jer-
ry” — a diminutive Frenchman of re-
markable strength, wit, and good-na-
ture — was for many years my father’s
miller in Highgate, Vermont. His sur-
name was written “Goodheart” in
the mill-books; but he often told me
that our English translation was quite
too weak, as the real name was spelled
“*Fortboncœur*.”

The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But JERRY, the miller, is dead
and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter
weather,
He pecked the stones and calked
the gate,
And mill and miller grew old
together.

"Little Jerry!" — 't was all the
same, —
They loved him well who called
him so;
And whether he 'd ever another
name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'T was, "Little Jerry, come grind
my rye";
And, "Little Jerry, come grind
my wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the
cry,
From matron bold and maiden
sweet.

'T was "Little Jerry" on every
tongue,
And so the simple truth was
told;
For Jerry was little when he was
young,
And Jerry was little when he
was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being
strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite
as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,

A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing
jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there 's none
may know;
One autumn day the rumor came,
"The brook and Jerry are very
low."

And then 't was whispered, mourn-
fully,
The leech had come, and he was
dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to
see;
"Poor little Jerry!" was all
they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed, —
His miller's coat his only shroud;
"Dust to dust," the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the
mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling
stone;
The wheel is dripping and clatter-
ing still,
But JERRY, the miller, is dead
and gone.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

A BALLAD.

COME, listen all unto my song;
It is no silly fable;
'T is all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field he said, says he,
I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and
said,
They 'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas-over, but
He never could go through it;

To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision;
And heeded not their mocking
words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa' n't the man to break his
heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!"
he cried;
"Three times! — you know the
fable, —
(I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,
"But I will lay the cable!")

Once more they tried, — hurrah!
hurrah!
What means this great commo-
tion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's
laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bells, — for, flashing
through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter!

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon, in every nation,
They 'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

Now, long live President and
Queen;
And long live gallant Cyrus;
And may his courage, faith, and
zeal
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable;
And tell our sons, to make them
brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable!

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GODS.

FULL often I had heard it said,
As something quite uncontro-
verted,
"The gods and goddesses are dead,
And high Olympus is deserted":
And so, while thinking of the gods,
I made, one night, an explora-
tion,
(In fact or fancy, — where 's the
odds?)
To get authentic information.

I found — to make a true report,
As if I were a sworn committee —
They all had left the upper court,
And settled in Manhattan city;
Where now they live, as best they
may,
Quite unsuspected of their neigh-
bors,
And in a humbler sort of way,
Repeat their old Olympian labors.
In human frames, for safe disguise,
They come and go through
wooden portals,

And to the keen Detective's eyes
Seem nothing more than common
mortals;

For mortal-like they 're clad and
fed,

And, still to blind the sharp in-
specter,
Eat, for ambrosia, baker's bread,
And tippie — everything but
nectar.

Great Jove, who wore the kingly
crown,

And used to make Olympus
rattle,

As if the sky was coming down,
Or all the Titans were in bat-
tle, —

Is now a sorry playhouse wight,
Content to make the groundlings
wonder,

And earn some shillings every
night,

By coining cheap theatric thun-
der.

Apollo, who in better times
Was poet-laureate of th' Ely-
sians,

And, adding medicine to rhymes,
Was chief among the court phy-
sicians,

Now cures disease of every
grade, —

Lucina's cares and *Cupid's*
curses, —

And, still to ply his double trade,
Bepuffs his pills in doggerel
verses!

Minerva, famous in her day
For wit and war, — though often
shocking

The gods by overmuch display
Of what they called her azure
stocking, —

Now deals in books of ancient kind
(Where Learning soars and Fan-
cy grovels),

And, to indulge her warlike mind,
Writes very sanguinary novels.

And Venus, who on Ida's seat
In myrtle-groves her charms
paraded,

Displays her beauty in the street,
And seems, indeed, a little faded;

She's dealing in the clothing-line
(If at her word you choose to
take her),

In *Something Square* you read the
sign: —

"MISS CYTHEREA, MANTUA-
MAKER."

Mars figures still as god of war,
But not with spear and iron
hanger,

Erect upon the ponderous car
That rolled along with fearful
clangor;

Ah! no; of sword and spear bereft,
He stands beside his bottle-
holder,

And plumps his *right*, and plants
his *left*,

And strikes directly from the
shoulder.

And Bacchus, reared among the
vines

That flourished in the fields
Elysian,

And ruddy with the rarest wines
That ever flashed upon the vis-
ion, —

A licensed liquor-dealer now,
Sits pale and thin from over-
dosing

With whisky, made — the deuce
knows how,

And brandy of his own compos-
ing.

And cunning Mercury, — what
d'ye think

Is now the nimble rogue's con-
dition?

Of course 't was but a step, to
sink

From *Peter Funk* to politician;
Though now he neither steals nor
robs,

But just secures a friend's elec-
tion,
And lives and thrives on little jobs
Connected with the Street In-
spection.

Thus all the gods, in deep disguise,
Go in and out of wooden portals,
And, to the sharpest human eyes,
Seem nothing more than com-
mon mortals.

And so they live, as best they may,
Quite unsuspected of their neigh-
bors,
And, in a humbler sort of way,
Repeat their old Olympic labors.

THE COLD-WATER MAN.

A BALLAD.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well, —
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod, —
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish, —
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name, —
For though much famed for fish
was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at
sight

Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to
"bob"

For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite"!

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook"!

To charm the fish he never spoke, —
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler
had
A mighty taking way.

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He could n't keep the log.

'T was all in vain with might and
main
He strove to reach the shore;
Down — down he went, to feed the
fish
He'd baited oft before.

The jury gave their verdict that
'T was nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a
whim,

And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was, clearly, gin-and-water!

The moral of this mournful tale,
To all is plain and clear, —
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the
pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold-water man at last!

COMIC MISERIES.

I.

My dear young friend, whose shin-
ing wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy
dog,"

For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

II.

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks, —
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes:
A lady does n't catch the point,
And begs you to explain, —
Alas for one who drops a jest
And takes it up again!

III.

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse:

You think you've got him, — when
he calls

A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny
thing
You said the other day!

IV.

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

V.

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loaves, and
fall

A prey to melancholy,
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,
They think your very grief "a
joke,"

You're such a funny man!

VI.

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine);
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're think-
ing of,
And why you don't begin!

VII.

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose, —
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,

And tells the town the pleasant
news:—
You quarrel with your wife!

VIII.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy
dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

A CONNUBIAL ECLOGUE.

"Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati."
VIRGIL

HE.

MUCH lately have I thought, my
darling wife,
Some simple rules might make our
wedded life
As pleasant always as a morn in
May;
I merely name it, — what does
Molly say?

SHE.

Agreed: your plan I heartily ap-
prove;
Rules would be nice, — but who
shall make them, love?
Nay, do not speak! — let this the
bargain be,
One shall be made by you, and one
by me,
Till all are done —

HE.

— Your plan is surely fair,
In such a work 't is fitting we
should share;

And now — although it matters not
a pin —
If you have no objection, I'll be-
gin.

SHE.

Proceed! In making laws I'm
little versed;
And as to words, I do not mind the
first;
I only claim — and hold the treas-
ure fast —
My sex's sacred privilege, the *last*!

HE.

With all my heart. Well, dearest,
to begin: —
When by our cheerful hearth our
friends drop in,
And I am talking in my brilliant
style
(The rest with rapture listening the
while)
About the war, — or anything, in
short,
That you're aware is my especial
forte, —
Pray don't get up a circle of your
own,
And talk of — bonnets, in an un-
dertone!

SHE.

That's Number One; I'll mind it
well, if you
Will do as much, my dear, by
Number Two:
When we attend a party or a ball,
Don't leave your Molly standing by
the wall,
The helpless victim of the dreariest
bore
That ever walked upon a parlor-
floor,
While you — oblivious of your
spouse's doom —
Flirt with the girls, — the gayest
in the room!

HE.

When I (although the busiest man
alive)
Have snatched an hour to take a
pleasant drive,
And say, "Remember, at precisely
four
You'll find the carriage ready at
the door,"
Don't keep me waiting half an
hour or so,
And then declare, "The clock
must be too slow!"

SHE.

When you (such things have hap-
pened now and then)
Go to the Club with, "I'll be back
at ten,"
And stay till two o'clock, you
need n't say,
"I really was the first to come
away;
'T is very strange how swift the
time has passed :
I'm sure, my dear, the clock must
be too *fast*!"

HE.

There — that will do; what else
remains to say
We may consider at a future
day;
I'm getting sleepy — and — if you
have done —

SHE.

Not I! — this making rules is pre-
cious fun;
Now here's another : — When you
paint to me
"That charming woman" you are
sure to see,
Don't — when you praise the vir-
tues she has got —
Name only those you think your
wife has not!

And here's a rule I hope you won't
forget,
The most important I have men-
tioned yet, —
Pray mind it well: — Whenever
you incline
To bring your queer companions
home to dine,
Suppose, my dear, — Good Gra-
cious! he's asleep!
Ah! well, — 't is lucky good ad-
vice will keep;
And he shall have it, or, upon my
life,
I've not the proper spirit of a wife!

SOME PENCIL-PICTURES :

TAKEN AT SARATOGA.

I.

YOUR novel-writers make their
ladies tall;
I mean their heroines; as if,
indeed,
It were a fatal failing to be small.
In this, I own, we are not well
agreed, —
I like a little woman, if she's
pretty,
Modest and clever, sensible and
witty.

II.

And such is she who sits beside
me; fair
As her deportment; mine is not
the pen
To paint the glory of her Saxon
hair,
And eyes of heavenly azure!
There are men
Who doat on raven tresses, and are
fond
Of dark complexions, — I adore a
blonde!

III.

There sits a woman of another
type;
Superb in figure and of stately
size;
An Amazonian beauty round and
ripe
As Cytherea, — with delicious
eyes
That laugh or languish with a
shifting hue
Somewhat between a hazel and a
blue.

IV.

Across the room — to please a
daintier taste —
A slender damsel flits with fairy
tread;
A lover's hand might span her lit-
tle waist,
If so inclined, — that is, if they
were wed.
Some youths admire those fragile
forms, I've heard;
I never saw the *man*, upon my
word!

V.

But styles of person, though they
please me more,
(As Nature's work) excite my
wonder less
Than all my curious vision may
explore
In moods and manners, equipage
and dress;
The last alone were theme enough,
indeed,
For more than I could write, or you
would read.

VI.

Swift satirized mankind with little
ruth,
And womankind as well; but we
must own

His words of censure oft are very
truth, —

For instance, where the satirist
has shown
How — thankless for the gifts
which they have got —
All strive to show the talents they
— have not!

VII.

Thus (it is written) Frederick the
Great
Cared little for the battles he
had fought,
But listened eagerly and all-estate
To hear a courtier praise the
style and thought
That graced his Sonnets; though,
in fact, his verse
(I've tried to read it) could n't well
be worse!

VIII.

The like absurd ambition you may
note
In fashionable women. Look
you there!
Observe an arm which all (but she)
must vote
Extremely ugly; so she keeps
it bare
(Lest so much beauty should es-
cape the light)
From wrist to shoulder, morning,
noon, and night!

IX.

Observe again (the girl who stands
alone)
How Pride reveals what Pru-
dence would suppress;
A mere anatomy of skin-and-
bone, —
She wears, perversely, a *décolleté*
dress!
Those tawny angles seek no friend-
ly screen,
But court the day, and glory to be
seen!

X.

O Robert Burns! if such a thing
might be,
That all by ignorance or folly
blind,
For once should "see themselves
as others see,"
(As thou didst pray for hapless
human kind,)
What startled crowds would madly
rush to hide
The dearest objects of their fondest
pride!

BOYS.

"THE proper study of mankind is
man," —
The most perplexing one, no doubt,
is woman,
The subtlest study that the mind
can scan,
Of all deep problems, heavenly or
human!
But of all studies in the round of
learning,
From nature's marvels down to
human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute dis-
cerning,
The very queerest one is that of
boys!
If to ask questions that would puz-
zle Plato,
And all the schoolmen of the Mid-
dle Age, —
If to make precepts worthy of old
Cato,
Be deemed philosophy, your boy's
a sage!
If the possession of a teeming
fancy,
(Although, forsooth, the younker
does n't know it,)

Which he can use in rarest necro-
mancy,
Be thought poetical, your boy's a
poet!

If a strong will and most coura-
geous bearing,
If to be cruel as the Roman Nero:
If all that's chivalrous, and all
that's daring,
Can make a hero, then the boy's
a hero!

But changing soon with his in-
creasing stature,
The boy is lost in manhood's riper
age,
And with him goes his former
triple nature, —
No longer Poet, Hero, now, nor
Sage!

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

"It is ascertained by inspection of
the registers of many countries, that
the uniform proportion of male to
female births is as 21 to 20: accord-
ingly, in respect to marriage, every 21st
man is naturally superfluous." — TREA-
TISE ON POPULATION.

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to
wed;
But now it is perfectly clear,
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned, —
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is Twenty to Twenty-and-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding be-
gan,

For every connubial score,
They 've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in
scores

To Nature's inflexible plan,
There 's never a woman for me, —
For I 'm a superfluous man!

It is n't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;
It is n't that I am at fault
In morals or manners or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I 'm still with the bachelor-clan?
I merely was numbered amiss, —
And I 'm a superfluous man!

It is n't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van;
But what is the value of that,
When I 'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'T is idle to quarrel with fate,
For, struggle as hard as I can,
They 're mated already, you
know, —
And I 'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and
plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the Twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I 'm a superfluous man!

TOUJOURS LES FEMMES.

I THINK it was a Persian king
Who used to say, that ever-
more
In human life each evil thing
Comes of the sex that men adore;
In brief, that nothing e'er befell
To harm or grieve our hapless
race,
But, if you probe the matter well,
You 'll find a woman in the case!

And then the curious tale is told
How, when upon a certain night
A climbing youngster lost his hold,
And, failing from a ladder's
height,
Was found, alas! next morning
dead,
His Majesty, with solemn face,
As was his wont, demurely said,
"Pray, who 's the woman in the
case?"

And how a lady of his court,
Who deemed the royal whim
absurd,
Rebuked him, while she made re-
port
Of the mischance that late oc-
curred;
Whereat the king replied in glee,
"I 've heard the story, please
your Grace,
And all the witnesses agree
There was a woman in the case!

"The truth, your Ladyship, is this
(Nor is it marvellous at all),
The chap was climbing for a kiss,
And got, instead, a fatal fall.
Whene'er a man — as I have said —
Falls from a ladder, or from
grace,
Or breaks his faith, or breaks his
head,
There is a woman in the case!"

For such a churlish, carping creed
 As that his Majesty professed,
 I hold him of unkingly breed, —
 Unless, in sooth, he spoke in jest.
 To me, few things have come to
 pass
 Of good event, but I can trace, —
 Thanks to the matron or the lass, —
 Somewhere, a woman in the
 case.

Yet once, while gayly strolling
 where
 A vast Museum still displays
 Its varied wealth of strange and
 rare,
 To charm, or to repel, the
 gaze, —
 I — to a lady (who denied
 The creed by laughing in my
 face) —
 Took up, for once, the Persian's
 side
 About a woman in the case.

Discoursing thus, we came upon
 A grim Egyptian mummy —
 dead
 Some centuries since. 'T is Pha-
 raoh's son,
 Perhaps; who knows? " the
 lady said.
 No! on the black sarcophagus
 A female name I stooped to
 trace.
Toujours les femmes! 'T is ever
 thus, —
 There was a woman in the case!

GIRLHOOD.

WITH rosy cheeks, and merry-
 dancing curls,
 And eyes of tender light,
 O, very beautiful are little girls,
 And goodly to the sight!

Here comes a group to seek my
 lonely bower,
 Ere waning Autumn dies:
 How like the dew-drops on a droop-
 ing flower,
 Are smiles from gentle eyes!

What beaming gladness lights each
 fairy face
 The while the elves advance,
 Now speeding swiftly in a gleesom
 race,
 Now whirling in a dance!

What heavenly pleasure o'er the
 spirit rolls,
 When all the air along
 Floats the sweet music of untainted
 souls,
 In bright, unsullied song!

The sacred nymphs that guard this
 sylvan ground
 May sport unseen with these,
 And joy to hear their ringing laugh
 resound
 Among the clustering trees!

With rosy cheeks, and merry-dan-
 cing curls,
 And eyes of tender light,
 O, very beautiful are little girls,
 And goodly to the sight!

THE COCKNEY.

It was in my foreign travel,
 At a famous Flemish inn,
 That I met a stoutish person
 With a very ruddy skin;
 And his hair was something sandy,
 And was done in knotty curls,
 And was parted in the middle,
 In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
 And his coat was of a sort

To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have
been,
But where'er it was n't wanted,
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked: "'T is really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"
And declared upon his honor, —
Though, of course, 't was very
queer, —
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *hart* of making beer!

When I named the Colosseum,
He observed, "'T is very fair;
I mean, ye know, it *would* be,
If they 'd put it in repair;
But what progress or *himprovement*
Can those curst *Hitalians* 'ope
While they 're *hunder* the dominion
Of that blasted muff, the Pope?"

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *Hanmericans* spoke *Hinglish*,
But he deemed it quite *habsurd*;
Yet he felt the deepest *hinterest*
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if *Georgia*
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man-in-gaiters,
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,

At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton,
(So, methinks, I see him still)
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

CAPTAIN JONES'S MISADVENTURE.

I.

CAPTAIN JONES was five-feet ten,
(The height of *CHESTERFIELD*'s
gentlemen,)
With a manly breadth of shoulder;
And Captain JONES was straight
and trim,
With nothing about him anywise
slim,
And had for a leg as perfect a limb
As ever astonished beholder!

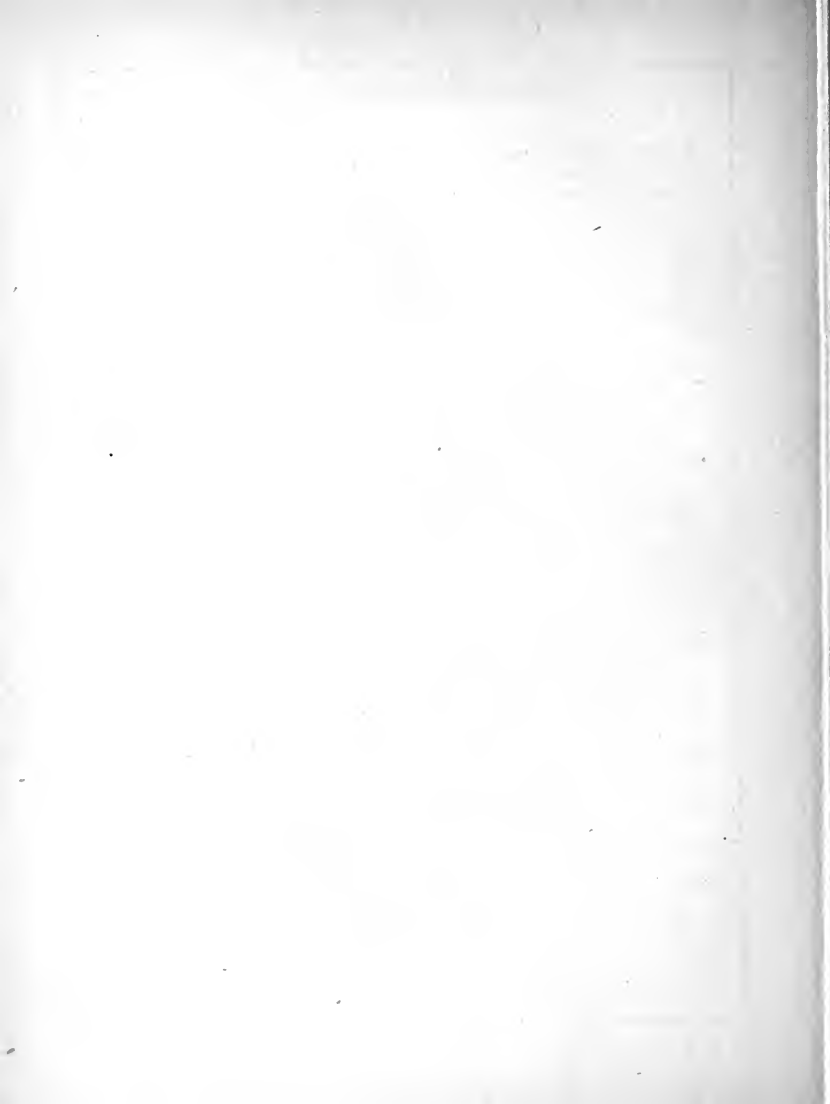
II.

With a calf of such a notable size
'T would surely have taken the
highest prize
At any fair Fair in creation;
'T was just the leg for a prince to
sport
Who wished to stand at a Royal
Court,
At the head of Foreign Leg-
ation!

III.

And Captain JONES had an elegant
foot,
'T was just the thing for his patent
boot,
And could so prettily shove it,
'T was a genuine pleasure to see it
repeat
In the public walks the *Milonian*
feat
Of bearing the calf above it!





IV.

But the Captain's prominent personal charm
 Was neither his foot, nor leg, nor arm,
 Nor his very *distingué* air;
 Nor was it, although you 're thinking upon 't,
 The front of his head, but his head and front
 Of beautiful coal-black hair!

V.

So very bright was the gloss they had,
 'T would have made a rival raving mad
 To look at his raven curls;
 Wherever he went, the Captain's hair
 Was certain to fix the public stare,
 And the constant cry was, "I declare!"
 And "Did you ever!" and "Just look there!"
 Among the dazzled girls.

VI.

Now Captain JONES was a master bold
 Of a merchant-ship some dozen years old,
 And every name could have easily told,
 (And never confound the "hull" and the "hold,"
 Throughout her inventory;
 And he had travelled in foreign parts,
 And learned a number of foreign arts,
 And played the deuce with foreign hearts,
 As the Captain told the story.

VII.

He had learned to chatter the French and Spanish,

To splutter the Dutch, and mutter the Danish,
 In a way that sounded oracular;
 Had gabbled among the Portuguese;
 And caught the Tartar, or, rather, a piece
 Of "broken China," it was n't Chinese,
 Any more than his own vernacular!

VIII.

How Captain JONES was wont to shine
 In the line of ships! (not Ships of the Line,)
 How he 'd brag of the water over his wine,
 And of woman over the water!
 And then, if you credit the Captain's phrase,
 He was more expert in such queer ways
 As "doubling capes" and "putting in stays,"
 Than any milliner's daughter!

IX.

Now the Captain kept in constant pay
 A single Mate, as a Captain may
 (In a nautical, not in a naughty way,
 As "mates" are sometimes carried);
 But to hear him prose of the squalls that arose
 In the dead of the night to break his repose,
 Of white-caps and cradles, and such things as those,
 And of breezes that ended in regular blows,
 You 'd have sworn the Captain was married!

X.

The Captain's morals were fair
 enough,
 Though a sailor's life is rather
 rough,
 By dint of the ocean's force;
 And that one who makes so many,
 in ships,
 Should make, upon shore, occa-
 sional "trips,"
 Seems quite a matter of course.

XI.

And Captain JONES was stiff as a
 post
 To the vulgar fry, but among the
 most
 Genteel and polished, ruled the
 roast,
 As no professional cook could
 boast
 That ever you set your eye on;
 Indeed, 't was enough to make him
 vain,
 For the pretty and proud confessed
 his reign,
 And Captain JONES, in manners
 and mane,
 Was deemed a genuine lion.

XII.

And the Captain revelled early and
 late,
 At the balls and routs of the rich
 and great,
 And seemed the veriest child of
fêtes,
 Though merely a minion of
 pleasure;
 And he laughed with the girls in
 merry sport,
 And paid the mammas the civilest
 court,
 And drank their wine, whatever
 the sort,
 By the nautical rule of "Any
 port —"
 You may add the rest at leisure.

XIII.

Miss SUSAN BROWN was a dashing
 girl
 As ever revolved in the waltz's
 whirl,
 Or twinkled a foot in the polka's
 twirl,
 By the glare of spermaceti;
 And SUSAN's form was trim and
 slight,
 And her beautiful skin, as if in
 spite
 Of her dingy name, was exceed-
 ingly white,
 And her azure eyes were "spark-
 ling and bright,"
 And so was her favorite ditty.

XIV.

And SUSAN BROWN had a score of
 names,
 Like the very voluminous Mr.
 JAMES
 (Who got at the Font his strongest
 claims
 To be reckoned a Man of Let-
 ters);
 But thinking the task will hardly
 please
 Scholars who 've taken the higher
 degrees,
 To be set repeating their A, B, C's,
 I choose to reject such fetters as
 these,
 Though merely Nominal fetters.

XV.

The patronymical name of the maid
 Was so completely overlaid
 With a long prænominal cover,
 That if each additional proper
 noun
 Was laid with additional emphasis
 down,
 Miss SUSAN was done uncommonly
 BROWN,
 The moment her christ'ning was
 over!

XVI.

And SUSAN was versed in modern
romance,
In the Modes of MURRAY and
Modes of France,
And had learned to sing and learned
to dance,
In a style decidedly pretty;
And SUSAN was versed in classical
lore,
In the works of HORACE, and several more
Whose *opera* now would be voted
a bore
By the lovers of DONIZETTI.

XVII.

And SUSAN was rich. Her provident
sire
Had piled the dollars up higher
and higher,
By dint of his personal labors,
Till he reckoned at last a sufficient
amount
To be counted, himself, a man of
account
Among his affluent neighbors.

XVIII.

By force of careful culture alone,
Old BROWN's estate had rapidly
grown
A plum for his only daughter;
And, after all the fanciful dreams
Of golden fountains and golden
streams,
The sweat of patient labor seems
The true Pactolian water.

XIX.

And while your theorist worries
his mind
In hopes the magical stone to
find,
By some alchemical gammon,
Practical people, by regular
knocks,

Are filling their "pockets full of
rocks"
From the golden mountain of
Mammon!

XX.

With charms like these, you may
well suppose
Miss SUSAN BROWN had plenty of
beaux,
Breathing nothing but passion;
And twenty sought her hand to
gain,
And twenty sought her hand in
vain,
Were "cut," and did n't "come
again,"
In the Ordinary fashion.

XXI.

Captain JONES, by the common
voice,
At length was voted the man of her
choice,
And she his favorite fair;
It was n't the Captain's manly
face,
His native sense, nor foreign grace,
That took her heart from its proper
place
And put it into a tenderer case,
But his beautiful coal-black
hair!

XXII.

How it is, *why* it is, none can tell,
But all philosophers know full well,
Though puzzled about the ac-
tion,
That of all the forces under the sun
You can hardly find a stronger one
Than capillary attraction.

XXIII.

The locks of canals are strong as
rocks;
And wedlock is strong as a bank-
er's box;

And there 's strength in the locks
 a Cockney cocks
 At innocent birds, to give himself
 knocks;
 In the locks of safes, and those
 safety-locks
 They call the Permutation;
 But of all the locks that ever were
 made
 In Nature's shops, or the shops of
 trade,
 The subtlest combination
 Of beauty and strength is found in
 those
 Which grace the heads of belles
 and beaux
 In every civilized nation!

XXIV.

The gossips whispered it through
 the town,
 That Captain JONES loved SUSAN
 BROWN;
 But, speaking with due preci-
 sion,
 The gossips' tattle was out of joint,
 For the lady's "blunt" was the
 only point
 That dazzled the lover's vision!

XXV.

And the Captain begged, in his
 smoothest tones,
 Miss SUSAN BROWN to be Mistress
 JONES, —
 Flesh of his flesh and bone of his
 bones,
 Till death the union should sever;
 For these are the words employed,
 of course,
 Though Death is cheated, some-
 times, by Divorce,
 A fact which gives an equivocal
 force
 To that beautiful phrase, "for-
 ever!"

XXVI.

And SUSAN sighed the conven-
 tional "Nay"
 In such a bewitching, affirmative
 way,
 The Captain perceived 't was the
 feminine "Ay,"
 And sealed it in such commo-
 tion,
 That no "lip-service" that ever
 was paid
 To the ear of a god, or the cheek
 of a maid,
 Looked more like real devotion!

XXVII.

And SUSAN'S Mamma made an
 elegant *fête*,
 And exhibited all the family plate,
 In honor of SUSAN'S lover;
 For now 't was settled, another
 trip
 Over the sea in his merchant-ship,
 And his bachelor-ship was over.

XXVIII.

There was an Alderman, well to do,
 Who was fond of talking about
vertu,
 And had, besides, the genuine *goût*,
 If one might credit his telling;
 And the boast was true beyond a
 doubt
 If he had only pronounced it
 "gout,"
 According to English spelling!

XXIX.

A crockery-merchant of great pa-
 rade,
 Always boasting of having made
 His large estate in the China trade;
 Several affluent tanners;
 A lawyer, whose most important
 "case"
 Was that which kept his books in
 place;

His wife, a lady of matchless
grace,
Who bought her form, and made
her face,
And plainly borrowed her man-
ners ;

XXX.

A druggist ; an undevout divine ;
A banker, who'd got as rich as a
mine
"In the cotton trade and sugar
line,"
Along the Atlantic border ;
A doctor, fumbling his golden
seals ;
And an undertaker close at his
heels,
Quite in the natural order !

XXXI.

People of rank, and people of
wealth,
Plethoric people in delicate health
(Who fast in public, and feast by
stealth),
And people slender and hearty
Flocked in so fast, 't was plain to
the eye
Of any observer standing by,
That party-spirit was running
high,
And this was the popular party !

XXXII.

To tell what griefs and woes betide
The hapless world, from female
pride,
Were a long and dismal story ;
Alas for SUSAN and womankind !
A sudden ambition seized her
mind,
In the height of her party-glory.

XXXIII.

To pique a group of laughing girls
Who stood admiring the Captain's
curls,

She formed the resolution
To get a lock of her lover's hair,
In the gaze of the guests assembled
there,
By some expedient, foul or fair,
Before the party's conclusion.

XXXIV.

"Only a lock, dear Captain! no
more,
'A lock for memory,' I implore!"
But JONES, the gayest of quiz-
zers,
Replied, as he gave his eye a
cock,
"'T is a treacherous memory
needs a lock,"
And dodged the envious scissors.

XXXV.

Alas that SUSAN could n't refrain,
In her zeal the precious lock to
gain,
From laying her hand on the lion's
mane!
To see the cruel mocking,
And hear the short, affected cough,
The general titter, and chuckle,
and scoff,
When the Captain's Patent Wig
came off,
Was really dreadfully shocking!

XXXVI.

Of SUSAN'S swoon, the tale is
told,
That long before her earthly
mould
Regained its ghostly tenant,
Her luckless, wigless, loveless
lover
Was on the sea, and "half-seas-
over,"
Dreaming that some piratical
rover
Had carried away his Pennant!

MIRALDA :

A TALE OF CUBA.¹

I.

In Cuba, when that lovely land
Saw Tacon reigning in his glory,
How Justice held, at his command,
Her balance with an even hand —
Learn while you listen to my story.

II.

Miralda — such her maiden name —
Was poor and fair, and gay and witty,
Yet in Havana not a dame
In satin had a fairer fame,
Or owned a face one half so pretty.

III.

For years she plied her humble trade
(To sell cigars was her vocation),
And many a gay gallant had paid
More pounds to please the handsome maid
Than pence to buy his soul's salvation.

IV.

But though the maiden, like the sun,
Had smiles for every transient rover,
Her smiles were all the bravest won;
Miralda gave her heart to none
Save Pedro, her affianced lover;

V.

Pedro, a manly youth who bore
His station well as labor's vassal,
The while he plied a nimble oar

For passengers, from shore to shore,
Between the Punta and the Castle.

VI.

The handsome boatman she had learned
To love with fondest, truest passion;
For him she saved the gold she earned;
For him Miralda proudly spurned
The doubtful suit of men of fashion.

VII.

Of these — a giddy, gaudy train,
Strict devotees of wanton Pleasure —
Gay Count Almonté sought to gain
Miralda's love; but all in vain;
Her heart was still her Pedro's treasure.

VIII.

At last the Count, in sheer despair
Of gaining aught by patient suing,
Contrived — the wretch! — a cunning snare,
By wicked force to win and wear
The prize that spurned his gentler wooing.

IX.

One day a dashing Captain came,
Before the morning sun had risen,
And, bowing, begged to know her name.
"Miralda." "Faith! it is the same.
Here, men, conduct the girl to prison!"

X.

"By whose authority?" she said.
 "The Governor's!" "Nay,
 then 't is folly She dropped
 To question more." her head,
 And followed where the Captain
 led,
 O'erwhelmed with deepest mel-
 ancholy.

XI.

The prison seems a league or more
 From poor Miralda's humble
 shanty;
 Was e'er such treachery before?
 The Count Almonté's at the door,
 To hand her down from the
 volanté!

XII.

"Ah, coward!" cried the angry
 maid;
 "This scurvy trick! If Tacon
 knew it,
 Your precious 'Captain,' I'm
 afraid,
 Would miss, for once, his dress-
 parade!
 Release me, Count, or you may
 rue it!"

XIII.

"Nay," said the Count, "that
 may not be;
 I cannot let you go at present;
 I'll lock you up awhile," said he;
 "If you are lonely, send for me;
 I'll try to make your prison
 pleasant."

XIV.

Poor Pedro! guess the lad's dis-
 may,
 His stark astonishment, at learn-
 ing
 His lady-love had gone away

(But how or whither none could
 say),
 And left no word about return-
 ing!

XV.

The man who wrote that "Love is
 blind"
 Could ne'er have known a gen-
 uine lover;
 Poor Pedro gave his anxious mind
 Miralda's hiding-place to find,
 And found it ere the day was
 over.

XVI.

Clad in a friar's garb, he hies
 At night to where his love is
 hidden,
 And, favored by his grave disguise,
 He learns that she is safe, — and
 flies,
 As he had entered, unforbidden.

XVII.

What could he do? he pondered
 long
 On every plausible suggestion.
 Alas! the rich may do a wrong,
 And buy their quittance with a
 song,
 If any dare the deed to question!

XVIII.

"Yet *Rumor* whispered long ago
 (Although she 's very fond of
 lying),
 'Tacon loves justice!' May be
 so;
Quien sabe? Let his answer
 show!
 I'll go and see; it is but try-
 ing!"

XIX.

And, faith, the boatman kept his
 word;
 To Tacon he the tale related,

Which, when the Governor had
heard,
With righteous wrath his breast
was stirred.

"Swear, boy," he said, "to what
you 've stated!"

XX.

He took the oath, and straight be-
gan

For speedy justice to implore
him:

Great Tacon frowned, "Be silent,
man!"

Then called the guard: away they
ran,

And soon the culprit stood before
him!

XXI.

Miralda too was standing near,
To witness to his dark transgres-
sion.

"Know you, my lord, why you
are here?"

"Yes, Excellencia, it is clear
That I must plead an indiscre-
tion."

XXII.

"The uniform your servants wore
In this affair, — how came they
by it?"

Whose sword was that your Cap-
tain bore?

The crime is grave." "Nay, I
implore

Your clemency; I can't deny
it."

XXIII.

"This damsel here, — has any
stain

By act of yours been put upon
her?"

"No, Excellencia; all in vain
Were bribes and threats her will
to gain, —

I here declare it on my honor!"

XXIV.

"Enough!" the Governor replied,
And added, in a voice of thunder,
"Go, bring a Priest!" What *can*
betide?

To shrive? to wed? who can de-
cide?

All stood and mused in silent
wonder.

XXV.

The Priest was brought, — a rev-
erend head,

His hands with holy emblems
laden.

"Now, Holy Father, please to wed,
And let the rite be quickly sped,
Senor Almonté and this maid-
en!"

XXVI.

Poor Pedro stood aghast! With fear
And deep dismay Miralda trem-
bled;

While Count Almonté, thus to hear
The words of doom that smote his
ear,

His sudden horror ill dissembled.

XXVII.

Too late! for in that presence none
Had dared a whisper of negation.

The words were said; the deed
was done;

The Church had joined the two in
one

Ere they had breath for lamen-
tation!

XXVIII.

The Count rode off with drooping
head,

Cursing his fortune and his folly;
But ere a mile his steed had sped,

A flash! — and lo! the Count is
dead,

Slain by a murderous leaden vol-
ley.

XXIX.

Soon came the officer who bore
 The warrant of his execution,
 With, "Excellencia, all is o'er;
 Senor Almonté is no more;
 Sooth! — 't was a fearful retri-
 bution!"

XXX.

"Now let the herald," Tacon said,
 "(That none these doings may
 disparage,)
 Proclaim Senor Almonté dead;
 And that Miralda take, instead,
 His lands, now hers by lawful
 marriage!"

XXXI.

And so it was the lovers came
 To happiness beyond their
 dreaming,
 And ever after blessed the name
 Of him who spared a maiden's
 shame,
 And spoiled a villain's wicked
 scheming.

LE JARDIN MABILLE.

I.

SHOULD you e'er go to France —
 as of course you intend —
 (Though the Great Exposition is
 now at an end,)
 And in Paris should stroll — as
 I'm certain you will —
 In the Gardens adorned with such
 exquisite skill
 To call them "Elysian" is scarcely
 to reach
 What the grammars entitle a
 "figure of speech," —
 Don't fail, ere you go, for a mo-
 ment to steal
 A look at the spot called the *Jardin*
Mabille.

II.

'T is a place of enchantment! a
 rural retreat
 Where Nature and Art in such
 harmony meet
 To form an *Elysium* of music and
 flowers,
 Of moss-covered grottos and fairy-
 like bowers,
 Where lamps blaze in tulips, and
 glow-worms of gas
 Illumine the roses and gleam in the
 grass, —
 That, merely to see it, one cannot
 but feel
 If there 's Heaven on Earth, 't is
 the *Jardin Mabille*!

III.

But wait until midnight, or, say,
 one o'clock,
 When hither by hundreds the cit-
 izens flock,
 And strangers unnumbered are
 strolling around
 In the serpentine walks of the
 beautiful ground;
 Just wait, if you please, till the
 dance is begun,
 And then, at the height of the
 frolic and fun,
 Pray look where the bacchanals
 caper and reel,
 And say what you think of the
Jardin Mabille!

IV.

The music — the maddest that ever
 you heard —
 Strikes up from the stand, and
 away, at the word,
 The dancers revolve, — 't is the
 waltz, that is all;
 The same you have witnessed at
 many a ball.
 There 's nothing extremely sur-
 prising in this,

The motion is swift, but there's
 little amiss;
 You merely remark, "There is
 plenty of zeal
 In the dancers who dance in the
Jardin Mabile!"

V.

But see! where the people are
 closing about
 Two brazen-browed women; and
 hark to the shout,
 "La Can-can! — they're at it!"
 — No wonder you stare,
 One foot on the pavement, — now
 two in the air!
 A Cockney, intent on this rarest
 of shows,
 Retreats from the shoe that is graz-
 ing his nose!
 Good luck! till he dies, he'll re-
 member the heel
 That spoiled his new hat in the
Jardin Mabile!

VI.

There's drinking and gaming at
 many a stand;
 There's feasting and flirting on
 every hand;
 The Paphian queen, it were easy
 to tell,
 Is the Abbess, to-night, of yon an-
 chorite cell;
 And the marvelling *Turk* (for the
 Sultan is here!)
 Cries, "*Allah! Meshallah!*" these
 Christians are queer!
 Such orgies as these very plainly
 reveal
 Why they *don't* take their wives
 to the *Jardin Mabile!*"

VII.

"A pity!" you sigh, — and a pity
 it is
 Such revels should shame such a
 garden as this;

Where all that is charming in
 Nature and Art
 Serves only to sully and harden
 the heart.
 "The Devil's own hot-house!"
 you musingly say,
 While turning in sadness and sor-
 row away;
 Reflecting that *Sin* — as you po-
 tently feel —
 Is the thriftiest plant in the *Jardin
 Mabile!*

1867.

THE BEAUTY OF BALLSTON.

AFTER PRAED.²

IN Ballston — once a famous spot,
 Ere Saratoga came in fashion —
 I had a transient fit of what
 The poets call the "tender pas-
 sion";
 In short, when I was young and
 gay,
 And Fancy held the throne of
 Reason,
 I fell in love with Julia May,
 The reigning beauty of the sea-
 son.

Her eyes were blue, and such a
 pair!
 No star in heaven was ever
 brighter;
 Her skin was most divinely fair;
 I never saw a shoulder whiter.
 And there was something in her
 form
 (*Juste en-bon-point*, I think they
 term it)
 That really was enough to warm
 The icy bosom of a hermit!
 In sooth, she was a witching girl,
 And even women called her
 pretty,

Who saw her in the waltz's whirl,
Beneath the glare of spermaceti;
Or if they carped — as Candor
must

When wounded pride and envy
rankle —

'T was only that so full a bust
Should heave above so trim an
ankle!

One eve, remote from festive mirth,
We talked of Nature and her
treasures;

I said: — "Of all the joys of
earth,

Pray name the sweetest of her
pleasures."

She gazed with rapture at the
moon

That struggled through the
spreading beeches,

And answered thus: — "A grove
— at noon —

A friend — and lots of cream and
peaches!"

I spoke of trees, — the stately
oak

That stands the forest's royal
leader;

The whispering pine; and then I
spoke

Of Lebanon's imperial cedar;

The maple of our colder clime;

The elm with branches inter-
meeting, —

She thought the palm must be
sublime,

And — dates were very luscious
eating!

I talked about the sea and sky,
And spoke, with something like
emotion,

Of countless pearly gems that lie
Ungathered by the sounding
ocean.

She smiled, and said, (was it in
jest?)

Of all the shells that Nature
boasted

She thought that oysters were the
best,

"And, dearest, don't you love
'em roasted!"

I talked of books and classic
lore;

I spoke of Cooper's latest fic-
tion,

Recited melodies from Moore,
And lauded Irving's charming
diction; —

She sat entranced; then raised
her head,

And with a smile that seemed
of heaven,

"We must return," the siren said,
"Or we shall lose the lunch at
'leven!"

I can't describe the dreadful
shock,

The mingled sense of love and
pity,

With which, next day, at ten
o'clock,

I started for Manhattan city;

'T was years ago, — that sad
"Good by,"

Yet o'er the scene fond memory
lingers;

I see the crystals in her eye,
And berry-stains upon her fin-
gers!

Ah me! of so much loveliness

It had been sweet to be the win-
ner;

I know she loved me only less —

The merest fraction — than her
dinner.

'T was hard to lose so fair a prize,
But then (I thought) 't were
vastly harder

To have before my jealous eyes
A constant rival in my larder!

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

WHEN do I mean to marry? —

Well,
'T is idle to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste, with eager
feet,

A mother's daily toil to share;
Can make the puddings which
they eat,
And mend the stockings which
they wear;

When maidens look upon a man
As in himself what they would
marry,
And not as army-soldiers scan
A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies, who have got
The offer of a lover's hand,
Consent to share his earthly lot,
And do not mean his lot of land;

When young mechanics are al-
lowed

To find and wed the farmers' girls
Who *don't* expect to be endowed
With rubies, diamonds, and
pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely
give

Their hearts and hands to aid
their spouses,
And live as they were wont to live
Within their sires' one-story
houses;

Then, madam, — if I'm not too
old, —

Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver; cease to
scold;

And look about me for a wife!

A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

'T is twenty years, and something
more,

Since, all athirst for useful
knowledge,
I took some draughts of classic
lore,

Drawn very mild, at — rd
College;

Yet I remember all that one
Could wish to hold in recol-
lection;

The boys, the joys, the noise, the
fun;

But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,
The morning bells that gave us
panics;

I recollect the formal prayers,
That seemed like lessons in Me-
chanics;

I recollect the drowsy way
In which the students listened
to them,

As clearly, in my wig, to-day,
As when, a boy, I slumbered
through them.

I recollect the tutors all
As freshly now, if I may say so,
As any chapter I recall
In Homer or Ovidius Naso.

I recollect, extremely well,
"Old Hugh," the mildest of
fanatics;

I well remember Matthew Bell,
But very faintly, Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid
For lessons fathomed to the
bottom;

(Alas that pencil-marks should
fade!)

I recollect the chaps who got
'em, —

The light equestrians who soared

O'er every passage reckoned
stony;
And took the chalks, — but never
scored

A single honor to the pony!

Ah me! what changes Time has
wrought,
And how predictions have mis-
carried!

A few have reached the goal they
sought,

And some are dead, and some
are married!

And some in city journals war;
And some as politicians bicker;
And some are pleading at the
bar —

For jury-verdicts, or for liquor!

And some on Trade and Commerce
wait;

And some in schools with dunces
battle;

And some the Gospel propagate;
And some the choicest breeds of
cattle;

And some are living at their ease;
And some were wrecked in "the
revulsion";

Some serve the State for handsome
fees,

And one, I hear, upon compul-
sion!

LAMONT, who, in his college days,
Thought e'en a cross a moral
scandal,

Has left his Puritanic ways,
And worships now with bell and
candle;

And MANN, who mourned the ne-
gro's fate,

And held the slave as most
unlucky,

Now holds him, at the market
rate,

On a plantation in Kentucky!

TOM KNOX — who swore in such
a tone

It fairly might be doubted
whether

It really was himself alone,
Or *Knox* and Erebus together —

Has grown a very altered man,
And, changing oaths for mild
entreaty,

Now recommends the Christian
plan

To savages in Otaheite!

Alas for young ambition's vow!

How envious Fate may over-
throw it! —

Poor HARVEY is in Congress now,
Who struggled long to be a poet;

SMITH carves (quite well) memo-
rial stones,

Who tried in vain to make the
law go;

HALL deals in hides; and "Pious
Jones"

Is dealing faro in Chicago!

And, sadder still, the brilliant
HAYS,

Once honest, manly, and ambi-
tious,

Has taken latterly to ways
Extremely profligate and vi-
cious;

By slow degrees — I can't tell
how —

He's reached at last the very
groundsel,

And in New York he figures now,
A member of the Common Coun-
cil!

THE KNOWING CHILD.

"L' Enfant terrible!"

"*MAIS, gardez vous, mon cher,*"
she said,

And then the mother smiled;

"Speak very softly, if you please,
He's such a knowing child!"

My simple sister spoke the truth;
There is n't, I suppose,
A thing on earth he should n't
know
But what that urchin knows!

And all he knows the younker tells
In such a knowing way;
For what he knows, you may be
sure,
He does not fear to say.

He knows he is an arrant churl,
Although he looks so mild;
And — worst of all — full well he
knows
He is a knowing child.

He knows — I've often told him
so —
I am averse to noise;
He knows his uncle is n't fond
Of martial little boys;

And that, no doubt, is why he
pounds
His real soldier drum
Beneath my window, morn and
night,
Until my ear is numb!

He knows my age — that dreadful
boy —
Exactly to a day;
He knows precisely why my locks
Have not a thread of gray.

He knows — and says (what shock-
ing talk
For one so very small!)
My head — without my curly
scratch —
Looks like a billiard ball!

He knows that Mary's headache
means
She does n't wish to go;

And lets the sacred secret out
Before her waiting beau!

He knows why Clara always
coughs
When she is asked to sing;
He knows (and blabs!) that Julia's
bust
Is not the real thing!

He knows about the baby too;
Though he has often heard
The nurse's old, convenient tale,
He don't believe a word.

And when those ante-natal caps
Their future use disclose,
He knows again — the knowing
imp —
Just what his uncle knows!

Ah! well; no doubt, what Time
may bring
'T is better not to see;
I know not what the changeful
Fates
May have in store for me;

But if within the nuptial noose
My neck should be beguiled,
Heaven save the house from child-
lessness
And from a knowing child!

IDEAL AND REAL.

IDEAL.

SOME years ago, when I was
young,
And Mrs. Jones was Miss De-
lancy;
When wedlock's canopy was hung
With curtains from the loom of
fancy;
I used to paint my future life
With most poetical precision, —

My special wonder of a wife;
My happy days; my nights
Elysian.

I saw a lady, rather small
(A Juno was my strict abhor-
rence),

With flaxen hair, contrived to fall
In careless ringlets, *à la* Law-
rence;

A blond complexion; eyes that
drew
From autumn clouds their azure
brightness;

The foot of Hebe; arms whose hue
Was perfect in its milky white-
ness!

I saw a party, quite select, —
There might have been a baker's
dozen;

A parson, of the ruling sect;
A bridemaid, and a city cousin;
A formal speech to me and mine,
(Its meaning I could scarce dis-
cover;)

A taste of cake; a sip of wine;
Some kissing — and the scene
was over!

I saw a baby — one — no more;
A cherub pictured, rather faint-
ly,

Beside a pallid dame who wore
A countenance extremely saint-
ly.

I saw, — but nothing could I hear,
Except the softest prattle, maybe,
The merest breath upon the ear, —
So quiet was that blessed baby!

REAL.

I see a woman, rather tall,
And yet, I own, a comely lady;
Complexion — such as I must call
(To be exact) a little shady;
A hand not handsome, yet con-
fessed

A generous one for love or pity;

A nimble foot, and — neatly
dressed

In No. 5 — extremely pretty!

I see a group of boys and girls
Assembled round the knee pater-
nal

With ruddy cheeks and tangled
curls,

And manners not at all supernal.
And one has reached a manly size;
And one aspires to woman's
stature;

And one is quite a recent prize,
And all abound in human na-
ture!

The boys are hard to keep in trim;
The girls are often rather trying;
And baby — like the cherubim —
Seems very fond of steady cry-
ing!

And yet the precious little one,
His mother's dear, despotic mas-
ter,

Is worth a thousand babies done
In Parian or in alabaster!

And oft that stately dame and I,
When laughing o'er our early
dreaming,

And marking, as the years go by,
How idle was our youthful
scheming.

Confess the wiser Power that knew
How *Duty* every joy enhances,
And gave us blessings rich and
true,

And better far than all our fan-
cies.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

A HOMILY.

THERE'S a game much in fashion,
— I think it's called *Euchre*,
(Though I never have played it, for
pleasure or lucre,)

In which, when the cards are in
certain conditions,
The players appear to have
changed their positions,
And one of them cries, in a confi-
dent tone,
"I think I may venture to *go it*
alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a
whim of the bard's
A moral to draw from that skirmish
of cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial
strife
Some excellent hints for the battle
of Life;
Where — whether the prize be a
ribbon or throne —
The winner is he who can go it
alone!

When great Galileo proclaimed
that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly
whirled,
And got — not a convert — for all
of his pains,
But only derision and prison and
chains,
"It moves, *for all that!*" was his
answering tone,
For he knew, like the Earth, he
could go it alone!

When Kepler, with intellect pier-
cing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet
and star,
And doctors, who ought to have
lauded his name,
Derided his learning, and black-
ened his fame,
"I can *wait!*" he replied, "till the
truth you shall own";
For he felt in his heart he could go
it alone!

Alas! for the player who idly de-
pends,
In the struggle of life, upon kin-
dred or friends;
Whatever the value of blessings
like these,
They can never atone for inglorious
ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds,
with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to
go it alone!

There 's something, no doubt, in
the hand you may hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beau-
ty, and gold
The fortunate owner may fairly
regard
As, each in its way, a most excel-
lent card;
Yet the game may be lost, with all
these for your own,
Unless you 've the courage to go it
alone!

In battle or business, whatever the
game,
In law or in love, it is ever the
same;
In the struggle for power, or the
scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, — *Rely on*
yourself!
For, whether the prize be a ribbon
or throne,
The victor is he who can go it
alone!

THE PUZZLED CENSUS- TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal
said
To a lady from over the Rhine;

And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*" *

"Got any girls?" the Marshal
said

To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her
head,

And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Mar-
shal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband of course?" the Mar-
shal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen
head,

And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the Mar-
shal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen
head,

And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shak-
ing your head,

And always answering, '*Nine*'?"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly
said

The lady from over the Rhine.

THE HEART AND THE LIVER.

MUSINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC.

I.

SHE'S broken-hearted, I have
heard, —

Whate'er may be the reason;

* *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the Ger-
man for "*No.*"

(Such things will happen now and
then

In Love's tempestuous season;)
But still I marvel she should show
No plainer outward token,
If such a vital inward part
Were very badly broken!

II.

SHE'S broken-hearted, I am told,
And so, of course, believe it;
When truth is fairly certified
I modestly receive it;
But after such an accident,
It surely is a blessing,
It does n't in the least impair
Her brilliant style of dressing!

III.

SHE'S broken-hearted: who can
doubt
The noisy voice of Rumor?
And yet she seems — for such a
wreck —
In no unhappy humor;
She sleeps (I hear) at proper hours,
When other folks are dozy;
Her eyes are sparkling as of yore,
And still her cheeks are rosy!

IV.

SHE'S broken-hearted, and they
say
She never can recover;
And then — in not the mildest
way —
They blame some fickle lover;
I know she's dying — by de-
grees —
But, sure as I'm a sinner,
I saw her eat, the other day,
A most prodigious dinner!

V.

Alas! that I, in idle rhyme,
Should e'er profanely question
(As I have done while musing o'er
My chronic indigestion)

If one should not receive the blow
 With blessings on the Giver,
 That only falls upon the heart,
 And kindly spares the LIVER!

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

"A man is, in general, better pleased
 when he has a good dinner upon his
 table, than when his wife speaks
 Greek." — SAM. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON was right. I don't agree
 to all

The solemn dogmas of the rough
 old stager;
 But very much approve what one
 may call

The minor morals of the "Ursa
 Major."

Johnson was right. Although some
 men adore

Wisdom in woman, and with
 learning cram her,
 There is n't one in ten but thinks
 far more

Of his own grub than of his
 spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in
 life;

But who among them (save, per-
 haps, myself)

Returning hungry home, but asks
 his wife

What beef — not books — she
 has upon the shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the
 lady's boast,

They're little valued by her lov-
 ing mate;

The kind of tongue that husbands
 relish most

Is modern, boiled, and served
 upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may com-
 mand,

Some home-made verse the hap-
 py matron show him,
 What mortal spouse but from her
 dainty hand

Would sooner see a pudding than
 a poem?

Young lady, — deep in love with
 Tom or Harry, —

'T is sad to tell you such a tale
 as this;

But here's the moral of it: Do not
 marry;

Or, marrying, take your lover as
 he is, —

A very man, — with something of
 the brute

(Unless he prove a sentimental
 noddy),

With passions strong and appetite
 to boot,

A thirsty soul within a hungry
 body.

A very man, — not one of nature's
 clods, —

With human failings, whether
 saint or sinner;

Endowed, perhaps, with genius
 from the gods,

But apt to take his temper from
 his dinner.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

It was a noble Roman,

In Rome's imperial day,
 Who heard a coward croaker,
 Before the Castle, say:

"They're safe in such a fortress;
 There is no way to shake it!"

"On — on!" exclaimed the hero,
 "I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is *Fame* your aspiration?

Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is *Learning* your ambition?

There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

Are *Riches* worth the getting?

They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought:
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

In *Love's* impassioned warfare

The tale has ever been,
That victory crowns the valiant, —
The brave are they who win:
Though strong is Beauty's castle,
A lover still may take it,
Who says, with Roman daring,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

A BENEDICT'S APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

"Double! double!" — SHAKESPEARE.

I.

DEAR CHARLES, be persuaded to
wed, —

For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed,
And muffins and coffee for two!

So have done with your doubt and
delaying, —

With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbors are say-
ing
'T is singular you should be sin-
gle!

II.

Don't say that you have n't got
time,

That business demands your at-
tention;

There's not the least reason nor
rhyme

In the wisest excuse you can
mention.

Don't tell me about "other
fish," —

Your duty is done when you buy
'em;

And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry
'em!

III.

Don't listen to querulous stories

By desperate damsels related,
Who sneer at connubial glories,

Because they've known couples
mismatched.

Such people, if they had their
pleasure,

Because silly bargains are made,
Would deem it a rational measure
To lay an embargo on trade!

IV.

You may dream of poetical fame,

But your wishes may chance to
miscarry;

The best way of sending one's
name

To posterity, Charles, is to mar-
ry!

And here I am willing to own,
After soberly thinking upon it.

I'd very much rather be known
For a beautifulson, than a sonnet!

V.

To Procrastination be deaf, —
 (A homily sent from above,) —
 The scoundrel's not only "the
 thief
 Overtime," but of beauty and love!
 O, delay not one moment to win
 A prize that is truly worth win-
 ning;
 Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,
 And sadly prolific of sinning!

VI.

Then pray bid your doubting good
 by,
 And dismiss all fantastic
 alarms.
 I'll be sworn you've a girl in your
 eye
 'T is your duty to have in your
 arms!
 Some trim little maiden of twenty,
 A beautiful, azure-eyed elf,
 With virtues and graces in plenty,
 And no failing but loving your-
 self!

VII.

Don't search for "an angel" a
 minute;
 For granting you win in the se-
 quel,
 The deuce, after all, would be in it,
 With a union so very unequal!
 The angels, it must be confessed,
 In *this* world are rather uncom-
 mon;
 And allow me, dear Charles, to
 suggest
 You'll be better content with a
 woman!

VIII.

I could furnish a bushel of reasons
 For choosing a conjugal mate:
 It agrees with all climates and
 seasons,
 And gives you a "double es-
 tate"!

To one's parents 't is (gratefully)
 due, —
 Just think what a terrible thing
 'T would have been, sir, for me
 and for you,
 If *ours* had forgotten the ring!

IX.

Then there's the economy — clear,
 By poetical algebra shown, —
 If your wife has a grief or a fear,
 One half, by the law, is your
 own!
 And as to the joys — by division,
 They're nearly quadrupled, 't is
 said
 (Though I never could see the ad-
 dition
 Quite plain in the item of bread).

X.

Remember, I do not pretend
 There's anything "perfect"
 about it,
 But this I'll aver to the end,
 Life's very imperfect without it.
 'T is not that there's "poetry" in
 it, —
 As, doubtless, there may be to
 those
 Endowed with a genius to win it, —
 But I'll warrant you excellent
 prose!

XI.

Then, Charles, be persuaded to
 wed, —
 For a sensible fellow like you,
 It's high time to think of a bed,
 And muffins and coffee for two;
 So have done with your doubt and
 delaying, —
 With a soul so adapted to mingle,
 No wonder the neighbors are say-
 ing
 'T is singular you should be sin-
 gle!

THE GHOST-PLAYER.

A BALLAD.

TOM GOODWIN was an actor-man,
Old Drury's pride and boast
In all the light and sprite-ly parts,
Especially the Ghost.

Now, Tom was very fond of drink,
Of almost every sort,
Comparative and positive,
From porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff
For any man to sup;
For when it fails to pull him down,
It's sure to blow him up.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,
Who day by day was seen
A-swelling, till (as lawyers say)
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed
He'd better leave his post,
And said he played the very deuce
Whene'er he played the Ghost.

'T was only t' other night he saw
A fellow swing his hat,
And heard him cry, "By all the
gods!
The Ghost is getting fat!"

'T would never do, the case was
plain;
His eyes he could n't shut;
Ghosts should n't make the people
laugh,
And Tom was quite a *butt*.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a
word
To cheer his drooping heart;
Though more than one was burn-
ing up
With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly;
He said he did n't doubt

That Hamlet's father drank, and
grew,
In years, a little stout.

And so 't was natural, he said,
And quite a proper plan,
To have his spirit represent
A portly sort of man.

'T was all in vain: the manager
Said he was not in sport,
And, like a gen'ral, bade poor Tom
Surrender up his *forte*.

He'd do, perhaps, in heavy parts,
Might answer for a monk,
Or porter to the elephant,
To carry round his trunk;

But in the Ghost his day was
past, —
He'd never do for that;
A Ghost might just as well be dead
As plethoric and fat!

Alas! next day poor Tom was
found
As stiff as any post;
For he had lost his character,
And given up the Ghost!

"DO YOU THINK HE IS
MARRIED?"

MADAM, — you are very pressing,
And I can't decline the task;
With the slightest gift of guessing,
You would scarcely need to ask.

Don't you see a hint of marriage
In his sober-sided face?
In his rather careless carriage,
And extremely rapid pace?

If he's not committed treason,
Or some wicked action done,
Can you see the faintest reason
Why a bachelor should run?

Why should *he* be in a flurry?
 But a loving wife to greet
 Is a circumstance to hurry
 The most dignified of feet.

When afar the man has spied her,
 If the grateful, happy elf
 Does not haste to be beside her,
 He must be beside himself!

It is but a trifle, maybe, —
 But observe his practised tone,
 When he calms your stormy baby,
 Just as if it were his own!

Do you think a certain meekness
 You have mentioned in his looks
 Is a chronic optic weakness
 That has come of reading books?

Did you ever see his vision
 Peering underneath a hood,
 Save enough for recognition,
 As a civil person should?

Could a Capuchin be colder
 When he glances, as he must,
 At a finely rounded shoulder,
 Or a proudly swelling bust?

Madam, think of every feature,
 Then deny it, if you can,
 He's a fond, connubial creature,
 And a *very* married man!

A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS B. THORPE, ESQ.,
 OF NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR TOM, have you forgot the day
 When, long ago, we used to stray
 Among the "Haddams"?
 Where, in the mucky road, a man
 (The road was built on Adam's
 plan,
 And not McAdam's!)

Went down — down — down, one
 stormy night,
 And disappeared from human
 sight,
 All save his hat, —
 Which raised in sober minds a
 sense
 Of some mysterious Providence
 In sparing that?

I think 't will please you, Tom, to
 hear
 The man who in that night of fear
 Went down terrestrial,
 Worked out a passage like a miner,
 And, pricking through somewhere
 in China,
 Came up Celestial!

Ah! those were memorable times,
 And worth embalming in my
 rhymes,
 When, at the summons
 Of chapel bell, we left our sport
 For lessons most uncommon short,
 Or shorter commons!

I mind me, Tom, you often drew
 Nice portraits, and exceeding
 true —

To your intention!
 The most impracticable faces
 Discovered unsuspected graces,
 By your invention.

On brainless heads the finest bumps
 (Erected by your pencil-thumps)
 Were plainly seen;
 Your Yankees all were very Greek,
 Unchosen aunts grew "choice
 antique,"
 And blues turned green!

The swarthy suddenly were fair,
 And yellow changed to auburn hair
 Or sunny flax;
 And people very thin and flat,
 Like Aldermen grew round and fat
 On canvas-backs!

I well remember all your art
To make the best of every part, —

I am certain *no* man
Could better coax a wrinkle out,
Or elevate a lowly snout,
Or snub a Roman!

Young gentlemen with leaden eyes
Stared wildly out on lowering skies,
Quite Corsair-fashion;
And greenish orbs got very blue,
And linsey-woolsey maidens grew
Almost Circassian!

And many an ancient maiden aunt
As lean and lank as John O'Gaunt,
Or even lanker,
By art transformed and newly drest,
Could boast for once as full a chest
As — any banker!

Ah! we were jolly youngsters then,
But now we 're sober-sided men,
Half through life's journey;
And you 've turned author, Tom,
I hear, —
And I — you 'll think it very
queer —
Have turned attorney!

Heaven bless you, Tom, in house
and heart!

(That we should live so far apart
Is much a pity),
And may you multiply your name,
And have a very "crescent" fame,
Just like your city!

EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first in-
vented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so
say I:

And bless him, also, that he did n't
keep

His great discovery to himself;
nor try

To make it — as the lucky fellow
might —

A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes; bless the man who first in-
vented sleep

(I really can't avoid the itera-
tion);

But blast the man, with curses
loud and deep,

Whate'er the rascal's name, or
age, or station,

Who first invented, and went round
advising,

That artificial cut-off, — Early
Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the
lark to bed,"

Observes some solemn, sentimen-
tal owl;

Maxims like these are very cheaply
said;

But, ere you make yourself a fool
or fowl,

Pray just inquire about his rise
and fall,

And whether larks have any beds
at all!

The time for honest folks to be
abed

Is in the morning, if I reason
right;

And he who cannot keep his pre-
cious head

Upon his pillow till it 's fairly
light;

And so enjoy his forty morning
winks,

Is up to knavery; or else — he
drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the
"Seasons," said

It was a glorious thing to *rise* in
season;

But then he said it — lying — in
his bed,

At ten o'clock, A. M., — the very
reason

He wrote so charmingly. The sim-
ple fact is,

His preaching was n't sanctioned
by his practice.

'T is, doubtless, well to be some-
times awake, —

Awake to duty, and awake to
truth, —

But when, alas! a nice review we
take

Of our best deeds and days, we
find, in sooth,

The hours that leave the slightest
cause to weep

Are those we passed in childhood
or asleep!

'T is beautiful to leave the world
awhile

For the soft visions of the gentle
night;

And free, at last, from mortal care
or guile,

To live as only in the angels'
sight,

In sleep's sweet realm so cosily
shut in,

Where, at the worst, we only *dream*
of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker
praise.

I like the lad who, when his
father thought

To clip his morning nap by hack-
neyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early song-
ster caught,

Cried, "Served him right! — it's
not at all surprising;

The worm was punished, sir, for
early rising!"

THE LADY ANN.

A BALLAD.

"SHE 'll soon be here, the Lady
Ann,"

The children cried in glee;

"She always comes at four
o'clock,

And now it's striking three."

At stroke of four the lady came,

A lady passing fair;

And she sat and gazed adown the
road,

With a long and eager stare.

"The mail! the mail!" the idlers
cried,

At sight of a coach-and-four;

"The mail! the mail!" and at the
word,

The coach was at the door.

Up sprang in haste the Lady Ann,

And marked with anxious eye

The travellers, who, one by one,
Were slowly passing by.

"Alack! alack!" the lady cried,

"He surely named to-day;

He 'll come to-morrow, then," she
sighed,

And, turning, strolled away.

"'T is passing odd, upon my
word,"

The landlord now began;

"A strange romance! — that wo-
man, sirs,

Is called the Lady Ann.

"She dwells hard by upon the hill,

The widow of Sir John,

Who died abroad, come August
next,

Just twenty years ago.

"A hearty neighbor, sirs, was he,
A bold, true-hearted man;
And a fonder pair were seldom seen
Than he and Lady Ann.

"They scarce had been a twelve-
month wed,
When — ill betide the day! —
Sir John was called to go in haste
Some hundred miles away.

"Ne'er lovers in the fairy tales
A truer love could boast;
And many were the gentle words
That came and went by post.

"A month or more had passed
away,
When by the post came down
The joyous news that such a day
Sir John would be in town.

"Full gleesome was the Lady Ann
To read the welcome word,
And promptly at the hour she
came,
To meet her wedded lord.

"Alas! alas! he came not back.
There only came instead
A mournful message by the post,
That good Sir John was dead!

"One piercing shriek, and Lady
Ann
Had swooned upon the floor:
Good sirs, it was a fearful grief
That gentle lady bore!

"We raised her up; her ebbing life
Began again to dawn;
She muttered wildly to herself, —
'T was plain her wits were gone.

"A strange forgetfulness came o'er
Her sad, bewildered mind,
And to the grief that drove her mad
Her memory was blind!

"Ah! since that hour she little
wots
Full twenty years are fled!
She little wots, poor Lady Ann!
Her wedded lord is dead.

"But each returning day she
deems
The day he fixed to come;
And ever at the wonted hour
She's here to greet him home.

"And when the coach is at the
door,
She marks with eager eye
The travellers, as one by one
They're slowly passing by.

"'Alack!' she cries, in plaintive
tone,
'He surely named to-day!
He'll come to-morrow, then,' she
sighs,
And, turning, strolls away."

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the Money? — Well,
I'm sure it is n't hard to tell;
It goes for rent, and water-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and
grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and
hose, —
And that's the way the Money
goes!

How goes the Money? — Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and
capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets,
crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbe-
lows, —
And that's the way Money goes!

How goes the Money? — Sure,
I wish the ways were something
fewer;

It goes for wages, taxes, debts;
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paint, *pommade*, and *eau de
rose*, —

And that's the way the Money
goes!

How goes the Money? — Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls — and other baby-
things,

Whips, whistles, candies, bells,
and bows, —

And that's the way the Money
goes!

How goes the Money? — Come,
I know it does n't go for rum;

It goes for schools and sabbath
chimes,

It goes for charity — sometimes;
For missions, and such things as
those, —

And that's the way the Money
goes!

How goes the Money? — There!
I'm out of patience, I declare;

It goes for plays, and diamond-
pins,

For public alms, and private sins,
For hollow shams, and silly
shows, —

And that's the way the Money
goes!

SAINT JONATHAN.

THERE's many an excellent
Saint, —

St. George, with his dragon and
lance;

St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the
Scot;

But JONATHAN, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

He wears a most serious face,
Well worthy a martyr's possess-
ing;

But it is n't all owing to grace,
But partly to thinking and guess-
ing;

In sooth, our American Saint
Has rather a secular bias,
And I never have heard a com-
plaint

Of his being excessively pious!

He's fond of financial improve-
ment,

And is always extremely in-
clined

To be starting some practical
movement

For mending the morals and
mind.

Do you ask me what wonderful
labors

St. JONATHAN ever has done
To rank with his Calendar neigh-
bors?

Just listen, a moment, to one:

One day when a flash in the air
Split his meeting-house fairly
asunder,

Quoth JONATHAN, "Now, I de-
clare,

They're dreadfully careless with
thunder!"

So he fastened a rod to the steeple;
And now, when the lightning
comes round,

He keeps it from building and
people,

By running it into the ground!

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,
On the capital job he had done,
Quoth JONATHAN: "I have a no-
tion

Improvements have barely be-
gun;
If nothing's created in vain, —
As ministers often inform us, —
The lightning that's wasted, 't is
plain

Is really something enormous!"

While ciphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electrical King,
And make him the servant of
man;
And now, in an orderly way,
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,
And carries the news of the day
All over his master's dominions!

One morning, while taking a stroll,
He heard a lugubrious cry, —
Like the shriek of a suffering
soul, —

In a Hospital standing near by;
Anon, such a terrible groan
Saluted St. JONATHAN's ear
That his bosom — which was n't
of stone —

Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm
So potent that folks who employ
it,

In losing a leg or an arm,
Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it!
A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his broth-
ers, —

And blessed St. JONATHAN now
Is patron of cripples and mothers!

There 's many an excellent
Saint, —

St. George, with his dragon and
lance;

St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the
Scot;

But JONATHAN, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

SONG OF SARATOGA.

"PRAY, what do they do at the
Springs?"

The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird
sings,

I'll venture a bit of a song
To tell what they do at the
Springs!

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and
clear;

Though the flavor is none of the
best,

And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal
things,

So they drink, and they drink, and
they drink, —

And that's what they do at the
Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a
knife,

They hasten to breakfast or dine;
(The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.)

Ye gods! what a rustle and rush
When the eloquent dinner-bell
rings!

Then they eat, and they eat, and
they eat, —

And that's what they do at the
Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful
walks,

Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is told by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with
hands,

Regardless of conjugal rings;
And they flirt, and they flirt, and
they flirt, —

And that 's what they do at the
Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,

And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And Fashion was never so gay!

An arm round a tapering waist,
How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and
they waltz, —

And that 's what they do at the
Springs!

In short — as it goes in the world —
They eat, and they drink, and
they sleep;

They talk, and they walk, and
they woo;

They sigh, and they laugh, and
they weep;

They read, and they ride, and they
dance;

(With other unspeakable things;)

They pray, and they play, and
they pay, —

And that 's what they do at the
Springs!

TALE OF A DOG.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART FIRST.

I.

"CURSE on all curs!" I heard a
cynic cry;

A wider malediction than he
thought, —

For what 's a cynic? — Had he cast
his eye

Within his dictionary, he had
caught

This much of learning, — the un-
tutored elf, —

That he, unwittingly, had cursed
himself!

II.

"Beware of dogs," the great Apos-
tle writes;

A rather brief and sharp philip-
pic sent

To the Philippians. The paragraph
invites

Some little question as to its in-
tent,

Among the best expositors; but
then

I find they all agree that "dogs"
meant *men*!

III.

Beware of men! a moralist might
say,

And women too; 't were but a
prudent hint,

Well worth observing in a general
way,

But having surely no conclusion
in 't.

(As saucy satirists are wont to rail,)
All men are faithless, and all
women frail.

IV.

And so of dogs 't were wrong to
dogmatize

Without discrimination or de-
gree;

For one may see, with half a pair
of eyes,

That they have characters as
well as we:

I hate the rascal who can walk the
street

Caning all canines he may chance
to meet.

V.

I had a dog that was not all a dog,
For in his nature there was
something human;
Wisely he looked as any pedagogue;
Loved funerals and weddings,
like a woman;
With this (still human) weakness,
I confess,
Of always judging people by their
dress.

VI.

He hated beggars, it was very
clear,
And oft was seen to drive them
from the door;
But that was education;—for a
year,
Ere yet his puppyhood was fairly
o'er,
He lived with a Philanthropist,
and caught
His practices; the precepts he for-
got!

VII.

Which was a pity; yet the dog, I
grant,
Led, on the whole, a very worthy
life.
To teach you industry, "Go to the
ant,"
(I mean the insect, not your
uncle's wife;)
But—though the counsel sounds
a little rude—
Go to the dogs, for love and grati-
tude.

PART SECOND.

VIII.

"Throw physic to the dogs," the
poet cries;
A downright insult to the canine
race;

There's not a puppy but is far too
wise
To put a pill or powder in his
face.
Perhaps the poet merely meant to
say,
That physic, thrown to dogs, is
thrown away,—

IX.

Which (as the parson said about
the dice)
Is the best throw that any man
can choose;
Take, if you're ailing, medical
advice,—
Minus the medicine,—which,
of course, refuse.
Drugging, no doubt, occasioned
Homœopathy,
And all the dripping horrors of
Hydropathy.

X.

At all events, 't is fitting to remark,
Dogs spurn at drugs; their daily
bark and whine
Are not at all the musty wine and
bark
The doctors give to patients in
decline;
And yet a dog who felt a fracture's
smart
Once thanked a kind surgeon
for his art.

XI.

I've heard a story, and believe it
true,
About a dog that chanced to
break his leg;
His master set it and the member
grew
Once more a sound and service-
able peg;
And how d' ye think the happy
dog exprest
The grateful feelings of his glowing
breast?

XII.

'T was not in words; the customary
 pay
 Of human debtors for a friendly
 act;
 For dogs their thoughts can neither
 sing nor say
 E'en in "dog-latin," which (a
 curious fact)
 Is spoken only — as a classic
 grace —
 By grave Professors of the human
 race!

XIII.

No, 't was in deed; the very brief-
 est tail
 Declared his deep emotions at
 his cure;
 Short, but significant; — one could
 not fail,
 From the mere wagging of his
 cynosure
 ("Surgens e puppi"), and his ears
 agog,
 To see the fellow was a grateful
 dog!

XIV.

One day — still mindful of his late
 disaster —
 He wandered off the village to
 explore;
 And brought another dog unto his
 master,
 Lame of a leg, as he had been
 before;
 As who should say, "You see! —
 the dog is lame:
 You doctored me, pray doctor him
 the same!"

XV.

So runs the story, and you have it
 cheap, —
 Dog-cheap, as doubtless such a
 tale should be;

The moral, surely, is n't hard to
 reap: —

Be prompt to listen unto mercy's
 plea;

The good you get, diffuse; it will
 not hurt you

E'en from a dog to learn a Chris-
 tian virtue!

THE JOLLY MARINER.

A BALLAD.

It was a jolly mariner
 As ever hove a log;
 He wore his trousers wide and free,
 And always ate his prog,
 And blessed his eyes, in sailor-
 wise,
 And never shirked his grog.

Up spoke this jolly mariner,
 Whilst walking up and down: —
 "The briny sea has pickled me,
 And done me very brown;
 But here I goes, in these here
 clo'es,
 A-cruising in the town!"

The first of all the curious things
 That chanced his eye to meet,
 As this undaunted mariner
 Went sailing up the street,
 Was, tripping with a little cane,
 A dandy all complete!

He stopped, — that jolly mari-
 ner, —

And eyed the stranger well: —
 "What that may be," he said, says
 he,

"Is more than I can tell;
 But ne'er before, on sea or shore,
 Was such a heavy swell!"

He met a lady in her hoops,
 And thus she heard him hail: —

"Now blow me tight! but there 's
a sight

To manage in a gale!
I never saw so small a craft
With such a spread o' sail!

"Observe the craft before and
aft, —

She 'd make a pretty prize!"
And then in that improper way
He spoke about his eyes,
That mariners are wont to use
In anger or surprise.

He saw a plumber on a roof,
Who made a mighty din: —
"Shipmate, ahoy!" the rover
cried,

"It makes a sailor grin
To see you copper-bottoming
Your upper decks with tin!"

He met a yellow-bearded man,
And asked about the way;
But not a word could he make out
Of what the chap would say,
Unless he meant to call him names,
By screaming, "Nix furstay!"

Up spoke this jolly mariner,
And to the man said he: —
"I have n't sailed these thirty
years

Upon the stormy sea,
To bear the shame of such a name
As I have heard from thee!

"So take thou that!" — and laid
him flat;

But soon the man arose,
And beat the jolly mariner
Across his jolly nose,
Till he was fain, from very pain,
To yield him to the blows.

'T was then this jolly mariner,
A wretched jolly tar,
Wished he was in a jolly-boat
Upon the sea afar,

Or riding fast, before the blast,
Upon a single spar!

'T was then this jolly mariner
Returned unto his ship,
And told unto the wondering crew
The story of his trip,
With many oaths and curses, too,
Upon his wicked lip!

As hoping — so this mariner
In fearful words harangued —
His timbers might be shivered, and
His le'ward scuppers danged,
(A double curse, and vastly worse
Than being shot or hanged!)

If ever he — and here again
A dreadful oath he swore —
If ever he, except at sea,
Spoke any stranger more,
Or like a son of — something —
went
A-cruising on the shore!

TOM BROWN'S DAY IN GOTHAM.

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit
et urbem."

I'LL tell you a story of THOMAS
BROWN, —

I don't mean the poet of Shrop-
shire town;

Nor the Scotch Professor of wide
renown;

But "Honest Tom Brown"; so
called, no doubt,
Because with the same
Identical name,

A good many fellows were roving
about

Of whom the sheriff might pru-
dently swear

That "honest" with them was a
non-est affair!

Now Tom was a Yankee of wealth
 and worth,
 Who lived and thrived by tilling
 the earth;
 For Tom had wrought
 As a farmer ought,
 Who, doomed to toil by original
 sinning,
 Began — like Adam — at the be-
 ginning.
 He ploughed, he harrowed, and he
 sowed;
 He drilled, he planted, and he
 hoed;
 He dug and delved, and reaped and
 mowed.
 (I wish I could — but I can't — tell
 now
 Whether he used a subsoil-plough;
 Or whether, in sooth, he had ever
 seen
 A regular reaping and raking ma-
 chine.)

He took most pains
 With the nobler grains
 Of higher value, and finer tissues
 Which, possibly, one
 Inclined to a pun,
 Would call — like *Harper* — his
 “*cereal* issues!”
 With wheat his lands were all
 ablaze;
 'T was amazing to look at his fields
 of maize;
 And there were places
 That showed *rye*-faces
 As pleasant to see as so many
 Graces.
 And as for hops,
 His annual crops
 (So very extensive that, on my soul,
 They fairly reached from pole to
 pole!)
 Would beat the guess of any old
 fogie,
 Or — the longest season at Sara-
 toga!

Whatever seed did most abound,
 In the grand result that Autumn
 found,
 It was his plan,
 Though a moderate man,
 To be early running it into the
 ground;
 That is to say,
 In another way:—
 Whether the seed was barley or
 hay,
 Large or little, or green or gray, —
 Provided only it promised to
 “pay,” —
 He never chose to labor in vain
 By stupidly going against the
 grain,
 But hastened away, without stay
 or stop,
 And carefully put it into his crop.
 And he raised tomatoes
 And lots of potatoes,
 More sorts, in sooth, than I could
 tell;
 Turnips, that always turned up
 well;
 Celery, all that he could sell;
 Grapes by the bushel, sour and
 sweet;
 Beets, that certainly could n't be
 beat;
 Cabbage — like some sartorial
 mound;
 Vines, that fairly *cu*-cumbered the
 ground;
 Some pumpkins — more than he
 could house, and
 Ten thousand pears; (that 's twen-
 ty thousand!)
 Fruit of all kinds and propagations,
 Baldwins, Pippins, and Carnations,
 And apples of other appellations.
 To sum it all up in the briefest
 space,
 As you may suppose, Brown
 flourished apace,
 Just because he proceeded, I ven-
 ture to say,

In the *nulla-retrosum vestigi-ous*
way;

That is — if you 're not University-
bred —

He took Crocket's advice about
going ahead.

At all the State Fairs he held a
fair station,

Raised horses and cows and his
own reputation;

Made butter and money; took a
Justice's niche;

Grew wheat, wool, and hemp;
corn, cattle, and — rich!

But who would be always a coun-
try-clown?

And so Tom Brown

Sat himself down

And, knitting his brow in a studi-
ous frown,

He said, says he: —

It's plain to see,

And I think Mrs. B will be apt to
agree

(If she don't, it's much the same
to me),

That I, TOM BROWN,

Should go to town!

But then, says he, what town shall
it be?

Boston-town is consid'rably near-
er,

And York is farther, and so will
be dearer,

But then, of course, the sights will
be queerer;

Besides, I'm told, you 're surely
a lost 'un,

If you once get astray in the streets
of Boston.

York is right-angled;

And Boston, right-tangled;

And both, I've no doubt, are un-
common new-fangled.

Ah! — the "SMITHS," I remem-
ber, belong to York,

('T was ten years ago I sold them
my pork,)

Good, honest traders — I'd like to
know them —

And so — 't is settled — I'll go to
Gotham!

And so Tom Brown

Sat himself down,

With many a smile and never a
frown,

And rode, by rail, to that notable
town

Which I really think well worthy
of mention

As being America's greatest inven-
tion!

Indeed, I'll be bound that if Nature
and Art,

(Though the former, being older,
has gotten the start,)

In some new Crystal Palace of
suitable size

Should show their *chefs-d'œuvre*,
and contend for the prize

The latter would prove, when it
came to the scratch,

Whate'er you may think, no con-
temptible match;

For should old Mrs. Nature en-
deavor to stagger her

By presenting, at last, her majestic
Niagara,

Miss Art would produce an equiva-
lent work

In her great, overwhelming, un-
finished NEW YORK!

And now Mr. Brown

Was fairly in town,

In that part of the city they used
to call "down,"

Not far from the spot of ancient
renown

As being the scene

Of the Bowling Green,

A fountain that looked like a huge
tureen

Piled up with rocks, and a squirt
between;

But the "Bowling" now has gone
 where they tally
 "The Fall of the Ten," in a neigh-
 boring alley;
 And as to the "Green" — why,
 that you will find
 Whenever you see the "invisible"
 kind! —
 And he stopped at an Inn that's
 known very well,
 "Delmonico's" once — now "Ste-
 ven's Hotel";
 (And, to venture a pun which I
 think rather witty,
 There's no better Inn in this Inn-
 famous city!)

And Mr. Brown
 Strolled up town,
 And I'm going to write his travels
 down;
 But if you suppose *Tom Brown*
 will disclose
 The usual sins and follies of those
 Who leave rural regions to see
 city-shows, —
 You could n't well make
 A greater mistake;
 For Brown was a man of excellent
 sense;
 Could see very well through a hole
 in a fence,
 And was honest and plain, without
 sham or pretence;
 Of sharp city-learning he could n't
 have boasted,
 But he was n't the chap to be
 easily roasted.
 And here let me say,
 In a very dogmatic, oracular way,
 (And I'll prove it, before I have
 done with my lay,)
 Not only that honesty's likely to
 "pay,"
 But that one must be, as a general
 rule,
 At least half a knave to be wholly
 a fool!

Of pocketbook — dropping Tom
 never had heard,
 (Or at least if he had, he'd forgot-
 ten the word,)
 And now when, at length, the
 occasion occurred,
 For *that* sort of chaff he was n't
 the bird.
 The gentleman argued with elo-
 quent force,
 And begged him to pocket the
 money, of course;
 But Brown, without thinking at
 all what he said,
 Popped out the first thing that
 entered his head,
 (Which chanced to be wondrously
 fitting and true,)
 "No, no, my dear Sir, I'll be
burnt if I do!"
 Two lively young fellows, of ele-
 gant mien,
 Amused him awhile with a pretty
 machine, —
 An ivory ball, which he never had
 seen.
 But though the unsuspecting stran-
 ger
 In the "patent safe" saw no patent
 danger,
 He easily dodged the nefarious net,
 Because "he was n't accustomed
 to bet."

Ah! here, I wot,
 Is exactly the spot
 To make a small fortune as easy as
 not!
 That man with the watch — what
 lungs he has got!
 It's "Going — the best of that
 elegant lot —
 To close a concern, at a desperate
 rate,
 The jeweller ruined as certain as
 fate!
 A capital watch! — you may see
 by the weight —

Worth one hundred dollars as easy
as eight —
Or half of that sum to melt down
into plate —
(Brown does n't know "Peter"
from Peter the Great)
But then I can't dwell,
I'm ordered to sell,
And mus' n't stand weeping — just
look at the shell —
I warrant the ticker to operate
well —
Nine dollars! — it's hard to be
selling it under
A couple of fifties — it's cruel, by
Thunder!
Ten dollars! — I'm offered — the
man who secures
This splendid — ten dollars! — say
twelve, and it's yours!"
"Don't want it" — quoth Brown
— "I don't wish to buy;
Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one could
n't call high —
But to see the man *ruined*! — Dear
Sir, I declare —
Between two or three bidders, it
does n't seem fair;
To knock it off now were surely a
sin;
Just wait, my dear Sir, till the
people come in!
Allow me to say, you disgrace
your position
As Sheriff — consid'ring the debt-
or's condition —
To sell *such* a watch without more
competition!"
And here Mr. Brown
Gave a very black frown,
Stepped leisurely out, and walked
farther up town.
To see him stray along Broadway
In the afternoon of a summer's
day,
And note what he chanced to see
and say;
And what people he meets
In the narrower streets,

Were a pregnant theme for a longer
lay.
How he marvelled at those geologi-
cal chaps
Who go poking about in crannies
and gaps,
Those curious people in tattered
breeches,
The rag-wearing, rag-picking sons
of — ditches,
Who find in the very nastiest niches
A "decent living," and sometimes
riches;
How he thought city prices exceed-
ingly queer,
The 'busses too cheap, and the
hacks too dear;
How he stuck in the mud, and got
lost in the question —
A problem too hard for his mental
digestion —
Why — in cleaning the city, the
city employs
Such a very small *corps* of such
very small boys;
How he judges by dress, and ac-
cordingly makes,
By mixing up classes, the drollest
mistakes.
How — as if simple vanity ever
were vicious,
Or women of merit could be mere-
tricious, —
He imagines the dashing Fifth-
Avenue dames
The same as the girls with un-
speakable names!
An exceedingly natural blunder in
sooth,
But, I'm happy to say, very far
from the truth;
For e'en at the worst, whate'er you
suppose,
The one sort of ladies can *choose*
their beaux,
While, as to the other — but every
one knows
What — if 't were a secret — I
would n't disclose.

And Mr. Brown
Returned from town,
With a bran new hat, and a muslin
gown,
And he told the tale, when the sun
was down,
How he spent his eagles, and
saved his crown;
How he showed his pluck by re-
sisting the claim
Of an impudent fellow who asked
his name;
But paid — as a gentleman ever is
willing —
At the old Park-Gate, the regular
shilling!

YE TAILYOR-MAN.

A CONTEMPLATIVE BALLAD.

RIGHT jollie is ye tailyor-man,
As annie man may be;
And all ye daye upon ye benche
He worketh merrilie.

And oft ye while in pleasante wise
He coileth up his lymbes,
He singeth songs ye like whereof
Are not in Watts his hymns.

And yet he toileth all ye while
His merrie catches rolle;
As true unto ye needle as
Ye needle to ye pole.

What cares ye valiant tailyor-man
For all ye cowarde feares?
Against ye scissors of ye Fates
He pointes his mightie shears.

He heedeth not ye anciente jests
That witiessie sinners use;
What feareth ye bolde tailyor-man
Ye hissing of a goose?

He pulleth at ye busie threade,
To feede his lovinge wife
And eke his childe; for unto them
It is ye threade of life.

He cutteth well ye riche man's
coate,
And with unseemlie pride
He sees ye little waistcoate in
Ye cabbage bye his side.

Meanwhile ye tailyor-man his wife,
To labor nothinge loth,
Sits bye with readie hande to baste
Ye urchin and ye cloth.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,
Yet is he often tried,
Lest he, from fullnesse of ye dimes,
Wax wanton in his pride.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,
And yet he hath a foe,
A cunnigne enemie that none
So well as tailyors knowe.

It is ye slipperie customer
Who goes his wicked wayes,
And weares ye tailyor-man his
coate
But never, never payes!

THE DEVIL OF NAMES.

A LEGEND.

At an old-fashioned inn, with a
pendulous sign,
Once graced with the head of the
king of the kine,
But innocent now of the slightest
"design,"
Save calling low people to spurious
wine, —
While the villagers, drinking, and
playing "all fours,"

And cracking small jokes, with vociferous roars,
 Were talking of horses, and hunting, and — scores
 Of similar topics a bar-room adores,
 But which rigid morality greatly deplores,
 Till as they grew high in their bacchanal revels,
 They fell to discoursing of witches and devils, —

A neat single rap,
 Just the ghost of a tap,
 That would scarcely have wakened a flea from his nap,
 Not at all in its sound like your "Rochester Knocking,"
 (Where asses in herds are diurnally flocking,)

But twice as mysterious, and vastly more shocking,
 Was heard at the door by the people within,

Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,
 And ceased in a trice from their jokes and their gin ;

When who should appear
 But an odd-looking stranger somewhat "in the sere,"
 (He seemed at the least in his sixtieth year,)

And he limped in a manner exceedingly queer,
 Wore breeches uncommonly wide in the rear,

And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,
 And he had in his eye a most villainous leer,

Quite enough to make any one tremble with fear !

Whence he came,
 And what was his name,
 And what his purpose in venturing out,
 And whether his lameness was "gammon" or gout,

Or merely fatigue from strolling about,

Were questions involved in a great deal of doubt, —

When, taking a chair,
 With a sociable air,
 Like that which your "Uncle" 's accustomed to wear,

Or a broker determined to sell you a share

In his splended "New England Gold-mining" affair,

He opened his mouth and went on to declare

That he was a *devil* ! — "The devil you are !"

Cried one of the guests assembled there,

With a sudden start, and a frightened stare !

"Nay, don't be alarmed," the stranger exclaims,

"At the name of the devil, — *I'm the Devil of Names !*

You 'll wonder why
 Such a devil as I,

Who ought, you would say, to be devilish shy,

Should venture in here with never a doubt,

And let the best of his secrets out ;
 But mind you, my boys,

It 's one of the joys
 Of the cunningest woman and craftiest man,

To run as quickly as ever they can,

And put a confidante under ban
 Not to publish their favorite plan !

And even the de'il
 Will sometimes feel

A little of that remarkable zeal,
 And (when it 's safe) delights to tell

The very deepest *arcana* of — well ; —

Besides, my favor this company wins,

For I value next to capital sins

Those out-and-outers who revel in
inns !

So, not to delay,
I 'm going to say,

In the very fullest and frankest
way,

All about my honors and claims,
Projects and plans, and objects
and aims,

And *why* I 'm called 'The Devil
of Names !'

I cheat by false graces,

And duplicate faces,

And treacherous praises,

And by hiding bad things under
plausible phrases !

I 'll give you a sample,

By way of example:

Here 's a bottle before me, will
suit to a T

For a nice illustration : this liquor,
d' ye see,

Is the water of death, though to-
pers agree

To think it, and drink it, as pure
'*eau de vie*' ;

I *know* what it is, — that 's suf-
ficient for me !

For the blackest of sins, and
crimes, and shames,

I find soft words and innocent
names.

The Hells devoted to Satan's games
I christen 'Saloons' and 'Halls,'
and then,

By another contrivance of mine
again,

They 're only haunted by 'sport-
ing men,' —

A phrase which many a gamester
begs,

In spite of the saw that 'eggs is
eggs,'

To whiten his nigritudinous legs !

"To debauchees I graciously
grant

The favor to be 'a little gallant,'

And soften vicious vagrancy down,
By civilly speaking of 'men about
town ;'

There 's cheating and lying

In selling and buying,

And all sorts of frauds and dis-
honest exactions,

I 've brought to the smallest of
moral infractions,

Merely by naming them 'business
transactions' !

There 's swindling, now, is vastly
more fine

As 'Banking,' — a lucky inven-
tion of mine,

Worth ten in the *old* diabolical
line !

"In lesser matters it 's all the
same,

I gain the thing by yielding the
name ;

It 's really quite the broadest of
jokes,

But, on my honor, there 's plenty
of folks

So uncommonly fond of verbal
cloaks,

They can't enjoy the dinners they
eat,

Court the 'muse of the twinkling
feet,'

Laugh or sing, or do anything meet
For Christian people, without a

cheat

To make their happiness quite
complete !

The Boston saints

Are fond of these feints ;

A theatre rouses the loudest com-
plaints,

Till it 's thoroughly purged from
pestilent taints,

By the charm of a name and a
pious *Te Deum*, —

Yet they patronize actors, and
handsomely fee 'em !

Keep (shade of 'the Howards!') a
 gay 'Athenæum,'
 And have, above all, a harmless
 'Museum,'
 Where folks who love plays may
 religiously see 'em!

"But leaving a trifle which cost
 me more trouble
 By far than the worth of so flimsy
 a bubble,
 I come to a matter which really
 claims
 The studious care of the Devil of
 Names.
 There 's 'Charity' now —"

But the lecture was done,
 Like old Goody Morey's, when
 scarcely begun;
 The devil's discourse by its serious
 teaching
 Had set 'em a-snoring, like regular
 preaching!
 One look of disdain on the sleepers
 he threw,
 As in bitter contempt of the slum-
 bering crew,
 And the devil had vanished with-
 out more ado, —
 A trick, I suspect, that he seldom
 plays you!

YE PEDAGOGUE:

A BALLAD.

I.

RIGHTE learned is ye Pedagogue,
 Fulle apt to reade and spelle,
 And eke to teache ye parts of
 speeche,
 And strap ye urchins welles.

II.

For as 't is meete to soake ye
 feete,
 Ye ailinge heade to mende,
 Ye younker's pate to stimulate,
 He beats ye other ende!

III.

Righte lordlie is ye Pedagogue
 As any turbaned Turke;
 For welles to rule ye District
 Schoole,
 It is no idle worke.

IV.

For oft Rebellion lurketh there
 In breaste of secrete foes,
 Of malice fulle, in waite to pulle
 Ye Pedagogue his nose!

V.

Sometimes he heares with trem-
 bling feares,
 Of ye ungodlie rogue
 On mischieffe bent, with felle in-
 tent
 To licke ye Pedagogue!

VI.

And if ye Pedagogue be smalle,
 When to ye battell led,
 In such a plight, God sende him
 mighte
 To breake ye rogue his heade!

VII.

Daye after daye, for little paye,
 He teacheth what he can,
 And bears ye yoke, to please ye
 folke,
 And ye Committee-man.

VIII.

Ah! many crosses hath he borne,
 And many trials founde,
 Ye while he trudged ye district
 through,
 And boarded rounde and rounde!

IX.

Ah! many a steake hath he devoured,

That, by ye taste and sighte,
Was in disdaine, 't was very plaine,
Of Daye his patent righte!

X.

Fulle solemn is ye Pedagogue,
Amonge ye noisy churls,
Yet other while he hath a smile
To give ye handsome girls;

XI.

And one, — ye fayrest mayde of
all, —

To cheere his wayninge life,
Shall be, when Springe ye flowers
shall bringe,
Ye Pedagogue his wife!

THE STAMMERING WIFE.

I.

WHEN, deeply in love with Miss
Emily Cline,

I vowed, if the maiden would only
be mine,

I would always endeavor to
please her.

She blushed her consent, though
the stuttering lass

Said never a word, except "You're
an ass —

An ass — an ass-iduouss teaser!"

II.

But when we were married I found
to my ruth

The stammering lady had spoken
the truth,

For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say, — if I ventured to give
her a jog

In the way of reproof, — "You're
a dog — you're a dog —

A dog — a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

III.

And once when I said, "We can
hardly afford

This extravagant style, with our
moderate hoard,

And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,

And fretfully cried, "You're a
ju — you're a ju —

A very ju-dicious adviser!"

IV.

Again, when it happened that,
wishing to shirk

Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,

I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made
such a fuss,

And saucily said, "You're a
cus — cus — cus —

You were always ac-cus-tomed
to labor!"

V.

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,

And feeling that Madam was greatly to blame

To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech — like a
churl as I am —

And angrily said, "You're a dam
— dam — dam —

A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

A RHYMED EPISTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

DEAR KNICK: While myself and
my spouse

Sat tea-ing last evening, and
chatting,

And, mindful of conjugal vows,
Were nicely agreed in combat-ing,

It chanced that myself and my
 wife,
 ('T was Madam occasioned the
 pother!)

Falling suddenly into a strife,
 Came near falling out with each
 other!

In a brisk, miscellaneous chat,
 Quite in tune with the chime of
 the tea-things,
 We were talking of this and of that,
 Just as each of us happened to
 see things,
 When somehow or other it chanced,
 (I don't quite remember the cue,)
 That as talking and tea-ing ad-
 vanced,
 We found we were talking of
 you!

I think — but perhaps I am wrong,
 Such a subtle old chap is Sug-
 gestion,
 As he forces each topic along
 By the trick of the "previous
 question" —
 Some remarks on a bacchanal
 revel
 Suggested that horrible elf
 With the hoof and the horns, —
 and the Devil,
 Excuse me, suggested yourself!

"Ah! Knick, to be sure; by the
 way,"
 Quoth Madam, "what sort of a
 man
 Do you take him to be! — nay, but
 stay,
 And let *me* guess him out if I
 can.
 He's young, and quite handsome,
 no doubt;
 Rather slender, and not over-tall;
 And he loves a snug little turn-out,
 And turns out 'quite a love' at
 a ball!"

And then she went on to portray
 Such a very delightful ideal,
 That a sensible stranger would
 say
 It really could n't be real.
 "And his wife, what a lady must
she be?
 (Knick's married, that I know,
 and *you* know:)
 You'll find her a delicate Hebe,
 And not your magnificent
 Juno!"

Now I am a man, you must learn,
 Less famous for beauty than
 strength,
 And, for aught I could ever dis-
 cern,
 Of rather superfluous length.
 In truth 't is but seldom one meets
 Such a Titan in human abodes,
 And when I stalk over the streets,
 I'm a perfect Colossus of roads!

So I frowned like a tragedy-Roman,
 For in painting the beautiful
 elf
 As the form of your lady, the wo-
 man
 Took care to be drawing herself;
 While, mark you, the picture she
 drew
 So deuced *con amore* and free,
 That fanciful likeness of you,
 Was by no means a portrait of
 me!

"How lucky for ladies," I hinted,
 "That in our republican land
 They may prattle, without being
 stinted,
 Of matters they don't under-
 stand;
 I'll show you, dear Madam, that
 'Knick'
 Is n't dapper nor daintily slim,
 But a gentleman decently thick,
 With a manly extension of limb.

"And as to his youth, — talk of
flowers
Blooming gayly in frosty Decem-
ber!

I'll warrant, his juvenile hours
Are things he can scarcely re-
member!

Here, Madam, quite plain to be
seen,

Is the chap you would choose
for a lover!"

And, producing your own Maga-
zine,

I pointed elate to the cover!

"You see, ma'am, 't is just as I
said,

His locks are as gray as a rat;
Here, look at the crown of his head,
'T is bald as the crown of my
hat!"

"Nay, my dear," interrupted my
wife,

Who began to be casting about
To get the last word in the strife,

"'T is his grandfather's picture,
no doubt!"

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ECLOGUE.

CLOVERTOP.

I 'VE thought, my Cousin, it's ex-
tremely queer

That you, who love to spend your
August here,

Don't bring, at once, your wife
and children down,

And quit, for good, the noisy, dusty
town.

SHILLINGSIDE.

Ah! simple swain, this sort of life
may do

For such a verdant Clovertop as
you,

Content to vegetate in summer air,
And hibernate in winter — like a
bear!

CLOVERTOP.

Here we have butter pure as vir-
gin gold,

And milk from cows that can a tail
unfold

With bovine pride; and new-laid
eggs, whose praise

Is sung by pullets with their morn-
ing lays;

Trout from the brook; good water
from the well;

And other blessings more than I
can tell!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, simple rustic, we have
nightly plays,

And operatic music, — charming
ways

Of spending time and money, —
lots of fun;

The Central Park — whene'er they
get it done;

Barnum's Museum, full of things
erratic,

Terrene, amphibious, airy, and
aquatic!

CLOVERTOP.

Here we have rosy, radiant, romp-
ing girls,

With lips of rubies, and with teeth
of pearls;

I dare not mention half their witch-
ing charms;

But, ah! the roundness of their
milky arms,

And, oh! what polished shoulders
they display,

Bending o'er tubs upon a washing-
day!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There we have ladies most superbly
made
(By fine *artistes*, who understand
their trade),
Who dance the German, flirt a
graceful fan,
And speak *such* French as no
Parisian can;
Who sing much louder than your
country thrushes,
And wear (thank Phalon!) far
more brilliant blushes!

CLOVERTOP.

Here, boastful Shilling, we have
flowery walks,
Where you may stroll, and hold
delightful talks,
(No saucy placard frowning as you
pass,
"Ten dollars' fine for walking on
the grass!")
Dim-lighted groves, where love's
delicious words
Are breathed to music of melodious
birds.

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, silly Clover, dashing belles
we meet,
Sweeping with silken robes the
dusty street;
May gaze into their faces as they
pass,
Beneath the rays of dimly burning
gas,
Or, standing at a crossing when it
rains,
May see some pretty ankles for our
pains.

CLOVERTOP.

Here you may angle for the
speckled trout,
Play him awhile, with gentle hand,
about,
Then, like a sportsman, pull the
fellow out!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There too, is fishing quite as good,
I ween,
Where careless, gaping gudgeons
oft are seen,
Rich as you pasture, and almost
as green!

CLOVERTOP.

Here you may see the meadow's
grassy plain,
Ripe, luscious fruits, and shocks of
golden grain;
And view, luxuriant in a hundred
fields,
The gorgeous wealth that boun-
teous Nature yields!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There you may see Trade's won-
drous strength and pride,
Where merchant-navies throng on
every side,
And view, collected in Columbia's
mart,
Alike the wealth of Nature and of
Art!

CLOVERTOP.

Cease, clamorous cit! I love these
quiet nooks,
Where one may sleep, or dawdle
over books,
Or, if he wish of gentle love to
dream,
May sit and muse by yonder bab-
bling stream —

SHILLINGSIDE.

Dry up your babbling stream! my
Clovertop —
You're getting garrulous; it's
time to stop.
I love the city, and the city's
smoke;
The smell of gas; the dust of coal
and coke;
The sound of bells; the tramp of
hurrying feet;

The sight of pigs and Paphians in
the street;
The jostling crowd; the never-
ceasing noise
Of rattling coaches, and vociferous
boys;
The cry of "Fire!" and the ex-
citing scene
Of heroes running with their mad
"mersheen";
Nay, now I think that I could even
stand
The direful din of Barnum's brazen
band,
So much I long to see the town
again!
Good by! I'm going by the evening
train!
Don't fail to call whene'er you
come to town,
We'll do the city, boy, and do it
brown;
I've really had a pleasant visit
here,
And mean to come again another
year.

THE FAMILY MAN.

I ONCE was a jolly young beau,
And knew how to pick up a fan,
But I've done with all that, you
must know,
For now I'm a family man!
When a partner I ventured to take,
The ladies all favored the plan;
They vowed I was certain to make
"Such an excellent family
man!"
If I travel by land or by water,
I have charge of some Susan or
Ann;
Mrs. Brown is so sure that her
daughter
Is safe with a family man!

The trunks and the bandboxes
round 'em

With something like horror I
scan,
But though I may mutter, "Con-
found 'em!"

I smile — like a family man!

I once was as gay as a templar,
But levity's now under ban;
Young people must have an ex-
emplar,
And I am a family man!

The club-men I meet in the city
All treat me as well as they can;
And only exclaim, "What a pity
Poor Tom is a family man!"

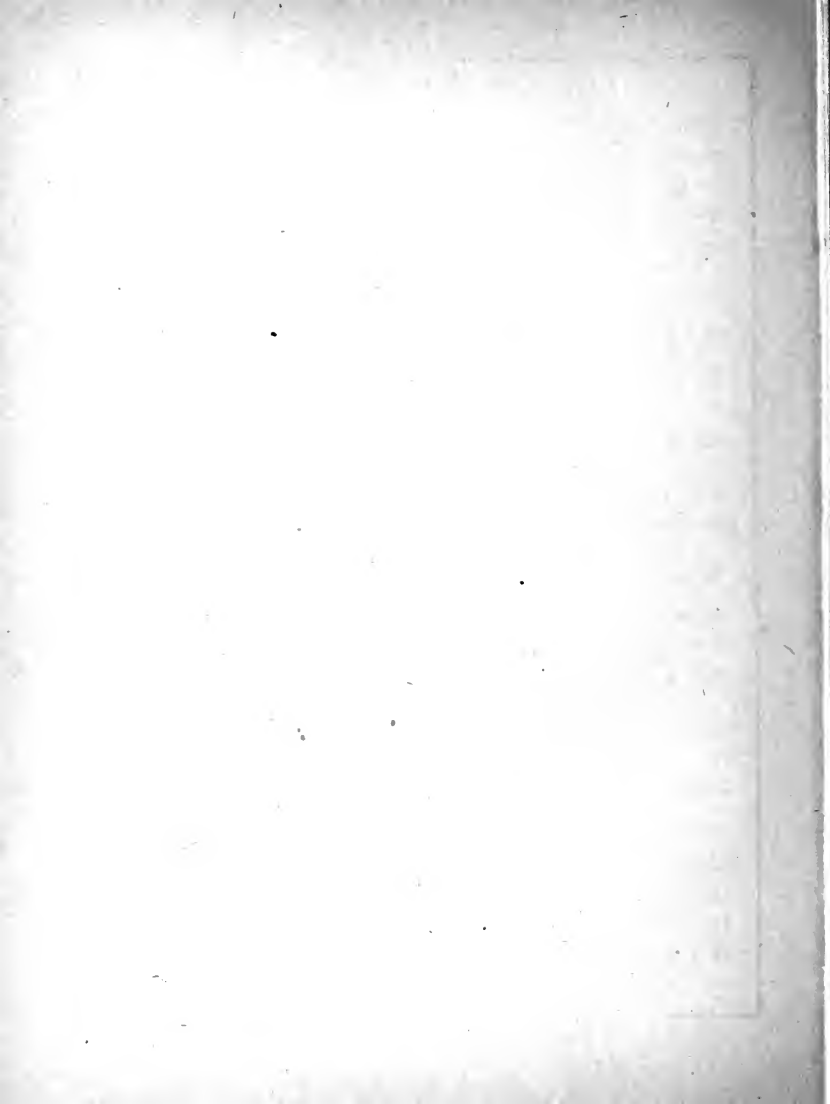
I own I am getting quite pensive;
Ten children, from David to Dan,
Is a family rather extensive;
But then — I'm a family man!

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

A HOMILY.

COME listen awhile to me, my lad;
Come listen to me for a spell;
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor too well.
A clever young man was he, my
lad;
And with beauty uncommonly
blest,
Ere, with brandy and wine,
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person pos-
sessed;
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.





One evening he went to a tavern,
my lad;

He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight";
And was quite

What your aunt would entitle a
fright.

The fellow fell into a snooze, my
lad;

'T is a horrible slumber he takes;
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and
shakes

When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great
snakes!

'T is a warning to you and to me,
my lad;

A particular caution to all, —
Though no one can see
The vipers but he, —
To hear the poor lunatic bawl: —
"How they crawl!" —
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed,
my lad;

Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,

Though properly physicked and
bled;

And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was
dead!

You've heard of the snake in the
grass, my lad;

Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now, you must know,
Man's deadliest foe

Is a snake of a different class;
Alas! —

'T is the viper that lurks in the
glass!

A warning to you and to me, my
lad;

A very imperative call: —
Of liquor keep clear;
Don't drink even beer,
If you'd shun all occasion to fall;
If at all,

Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes,
my lad

(A passion I think rather low),
Don't enter, to see 'em,
The *Devil's Museum*! —

'T is very much better to go
(That's so!)

And visit a regular show!

NE CREDE COLORI:

OR, TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

THE musty old maxim is wise,
Although with antiquity hoary;
What an excellent homily lies
In the motto, *Ne crede colori*!

A blustering minion of Mars
Is vaunting his battles so gory;
You see some equivocal scars,
And mutter, *Ne crede colori*!

A fellow solicits your tin
By telling a runaway story;
You look at his ebony skin,
And think of, *Ne crede colori*!

You gaze upon beauty that vies
With the rose and the lily in
glory,
But certain "inscrutable dyes"
Remind you, *Ne crede colori*!

There's possibly health in the flush
That rivals the red of Aurora;
But brandy-and-water can blush,
And whisper, *Ne crede colori*!

My story is presently done,
 Like the ballad of good Mother
 Morey;
 But all imposition to shun,
 Remember, *Ne crede colori!*

CLARA TO CLOE.

AN EPISTLE FROM A CITY LADY
 TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

DEAR CLOE:—I'm deeply your
 debtor

(Though the mail was uncommonly slow)

For the very agreeable letter

You wrote me a fortnight ago.

I know you are eagerly waiting

For all that I promised to write,

But my pen is unequal to stating

One half that my heart would
 indite.

The weather is terribly torrid;

And writing's a serious task;

The new style of bonnet is horrid;

And so is the new-fashioned
basque;

The former—but language would
 fail

Were its epithets doubly as
 strong—

The latter is worn with a tail

Very ugly and tediously long!

And then as to *crinoline*—Gracious!

If you only could see Cousin
 Ruth!

The pictures, for once, are veracious,

And editors utter the truth!

I know you will think it a pity;

And every one makes such a
 sneer of it;

But there is n't a saint in the city
 Whose skirts are entirely clear
 of it!

And then what a fortune of stuff

To cover the skeleton over!—

Charles says the idea is enough

To frighten a sensible lover;

And, pretending that *we* are to
 blame

For every financial declension,
 Swears husbands must soon do the
 same,

If wives have another "extension"!

The town is exceedingly dull,

And so is the latest new farce;

The parks are uncommonly full,

But beaux are deplorably scarce;

They're gone to the "Springs"
 and the "Falls,"

To exhibit their greyhounds and
 graces,

And recruit at—what Frederick
 calls—

The Brandy-and-Watering Places!

Since my former epistle, which
 carried

The news of that curious plot,—
 Of Miss S. who ran off—and was
 married;

Of Miss B. who ran off—and
 was not,—

There is n't a whisper of scandal

To keep gentle ladies in humor,
 And Gossip, the pleasant old Vandal,

Is dying for want of a rumor!

CLARA.

P. S.—But was n't it funny?—

Mrs. Jones, at a party last week,
 (The lady so proud of her money,
 Of whom you have oft heard me
 speak,)

Appeared so delightfully stupid,
 When she spoke, through the
 squeak of her phthisis,
 Of the statue of Psyche and Cupid
 As "*the statute of Cuppid and
 Physic*"! C.

CLOE TO CLARA.

A SARATOGA LETTER.

DEAR CLARA:—I wish you were
 here:

The prettiest spot upon earth!
 With everything charming, my
 dear,—

Beaux, badinage, music, and
 mirth!

Such rows of magnificent trees,
 Overhanging such beautiful
 walks,

Where lovers may stroll, if they
 please,

And indulge in the sweetest of
 talks!

We go every morning, like geese,
 To drink at the favorite Spring;

Six tumblers of water apiece

Is simply the regular thing;

For such is its wonderful virtue,
 Though rather unpleasant at
 first,

No quantity ever can hurt you,
 Unless you should happen to
 burst!

And then, what a gossiping sight!

What talk about William and
 Harry;

How Julia was spending last night;

And *why* Miss Morton should
 marry!

Dear Clara, I've happened to see

Full many a tea-table slaughter;

But, really, scandal with tea

Is nothing to scandal with water!

Apropos of the Spring—have you
 heard

The quiz of a gentleman here
 On a pompous M. C. who averred
 That the *name* was remarkably
 queer?

"The Spring—to keep it from
 failing—

With wood is encompassed
 about,

And derives, from its permanent
railing,

The title of 'Congress,' no
 doubt!"

'T is pleasant to guess at the rea-
 son,

The genuine motive, which
 brings

Such all-sorts of folks, in the sea-
 son,

To stop a few days at the
 Springs.

Some come to partake of the wa-
 ters

(The sensible, old-fashioned
 elves);

Some come to dispose of their
 daughters,

And some to dispose of—them-
 selves!

Some come to exhibit their faces

To new and admiring beholders;

Some come to exhibit their graces,

And some to exhibit their shoul-
 ders;

Some come to make people stare

At the elegant dresses they've
 got;

Some to show what a lady may
 wear,

And some—what a lady should
 not!

Some come to squander their treas-
 ure,

And some their funds to im-
 prove;

And some for mere love of pleasure,
 And some for the pleasure of love;
 And some to escape from the old,
 And some to see what is new;
 But most — it is plain to be told —
 Come here — because other folks do!

And that, I suppose, is the reason
 Why I am enjoying, to-day,
 What 's called "the height — of
 the season"
 In rather the loftiest way.
 Good by — for now I must stop —
 To Charley's command I resign, —
 So I 'm his for the regular hop,
 But ever most tenderly thine,
 CLOE.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

ONCE, when a lad, it was my hap
 To gain my mother's kind permission
 To go and see a foreign chap
 Who called himself "The Great
 Magician";
 I recollect his wondrous skill
 In divers mystic conjurations,
 And how the fellow wrought at will
 The most prodigious transformations.
 I recollect the nervous man
 Within whose hat the great de-
 ceiver
 Broke eggs, as in a frying-pan,
 And took 'em smoking from the
 beaver!
 I recollect the lady's shawl
 Which the magician rent asunder,

And then restored; but, best of
 all,
 I recollect the Ribbon-wonder!

I mean, of course, the funny freak
 In which the wizard, at his
 pleasure,
 Spins lots of ribbons from his cheek
 (Where he had hid 'em, at his
 leisure).

Yard after yard, of every hue,
 Comes blazing out, and still the
 fellow
 Keeps spinning ribbons, red and
 blue,
 And black, and white, and
 green, and yellow!

I ne'er shall see another show
 To rank with the immortal
 "Potter's";³

He 's dead and buried long ago,
 And others charm our sons and
 daughters;
 Years — years have fled — alas!
 how quick,
 Since I beheld the Great Magi-
 cian,
 And yet I 've seen the Ribbon-
 Trick

In many a curious repetition!

Thus, when an author I have read
 Who much amazed the world of
 letters

With gems his fluent pen has shed,
 (All nicely pilfered from his
 betters,)

Presto! — 't is done! — and all
 complete,

As in my youth's enraptured
 vision,

I 've seen again the Ribbon-Feat,
 And thought about the Great
 Magician!

So, when a sermon I have heard
 Made up of bits of borrowed
 learning,

Some cheap mosaic which has
stirred

The wonder of the undiscern-
ing,
Swift as a flash has memory then
Recalled the ancient exhibition;
I saw the Ribbon-Trick again,
And thought about the Great
Magician!

So when some flippant man-o'-
jokes,

Though in himself no dunce was
duller,
Has dazzled all the simple folks
With brilliant jests of every col-
or,

I 've whispered thus (while fast
and thick
The changes flashed across my
vision):—

“How well he plays the Ribbon-
Trick!
By Jove! he beats the Great
Magician.”

I ne'er shall see another show
To rank with the immortal
“Potter's”;

He 's dead and buried long ago,
And others charm our sons and
daughters;

Years, years have fled—alas!
how quick,

Since I beheld the Great Magi-
cian,

And yet I've seen the Ribbon-
Trick

In many a curious repetition!

THE BLARNEY STONE.

I.

IN Blarney Castle, on a crumbling
tower,
There lies a stone (above your
ready reach),

Which to the lips imparts, 't is
said, the power

Of facile falsehood, and persua-
sive speech;
And hence, of one who talks in
such a tone,
The peasants say, “He 's kissed
the Blarney Stone!”

II.

Thus, when I see some flippant
tourist swell

With secrets wrested from an
Emperor,
And hear him vaunt his bravery,
and tell

How once he snubbed a Mar-
quis, I infer
The man came back—if but the
truth were known—
By way of Cork, and kissed the
Blarney Stone!

III.

So, when I hear a shallow dandy
boast

(In the long ear that marks a
brother dunce)

What precious favors ladies' lips
have lost,

To his advantage, I suspect, at
once,

The fellow 's lying; that the dog
alone

(Enough for him!) has kissed the
Blarney Stone!

IV.

When some fine lady,—ready to
defame

An absent beauty, with as sweet
a grace,—

With seeming rapture greets a
hated name,

And lauds her rival to her won-
dering face;

E'en Charity herself must freely
 own
 Some women, too, have kissed the
 Blarney Stone!

V.

When sleek attorneys, whose seductive
 tongues,
 Smooth with the unction of a
 golden fee,
 "Breathe forth huge falsehoods
 from capacious lungs" *
 (The words are Juvenal's), 't is
 plain to see
 A lawyer's genius is n't all his
 own;
 The specious rogue has kissed the
 Blarney Stone!

VI.

When the false pastor, from his
 fainting flock
 Withholds the Bread of Life,
 the Gospel news,
 To give them dainty words, lest he
 should shock
 The fragile fabric of the paying
 pews,
 Who but must feel, the man, to
 Grace unknown,
 Has kissed, — not Calvary, — but
 the Blarney Stone!

 ODE TO THE PRINCE OF
 WALES.

INVITING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
 TO A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

O PRINCE of Wales!
 Unless my judgment fails,
 You've found your recent travel
 rather dreary;

* "Immensa cavi spirant mendacia
 folles."

I don't expect an answer to the
 query, —

But are n't you getting weary?
 Weary of Bells, and Balls, and
 grand Addresses?

Weary of Military and their
 messes?

Weary of adulation and caresses?

Weary of shouts from the admiring
 masses?

Weary of worship from the upper
 classes?

Weary of horses, may'rs, and
 asses?

Of course 't was kindly meant, —
 But don't you now repent

Your good Mamma's consent

That you should be,
 This side the sea,

The "British *Lion*" which you
 represent?

Pray leave your city courtiers and
 their capers,

And come to us: we've no picto-
 rial papers;

And no Reporters to distort your
 nose;

Or mark the awkward carriage of
 your toes;

Your style of sneezing, and such
 things as those;

Or, meaner still, in democratic
 spite,

Measure your Royal Highness by
 your height!

Then come to us!

We're not the sort of folk to make
 a fuss,

E'en for the PRESIDENT; but
 then, my boy,

We plumply promise you a special
 joy,

To Princes rarely known,
 And one you'll never find about

a throne,
 To wit, the bliss of being *let alone*!

No scientific bores from Athenæ-
ums;
No noisy guns, nor tedious *te-
deums*,
Shall vex your Royal Highness for
a minute;
A glass of lemonade, with "some-
thing in it,"
A fragrant meerschchaum, with the
morning news,
Or sweet Virginia "fine-cut," if
you choose, —
These, and what else your High-
ness may demand
Of simple luxury, shall be at hand,
And at your royal service. *Come!*
O come where you may gain
(What advertisers oft have sought
in vain)
"The comforts of a home"!
Come, Prince of Wales! we
greatly need
Your royal presence, Sir, — we do
indeed:
For why? we have a pretty ham-
let here,
But then, you see, 't is equally as
clear
(Your Highness understands
Shakesperian hints)
A *Hamlet* is n't much without a
Prince!

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

If you ever should marry, said
Major McGarth,
While smoking a pipe by my
bachelor-hearth,
If you ever should wed, — and I
would n't employ
A word to prevent it, my broth of
a boy, —
Remember that wedlock 's a com-
pany where

The parties, quite often, are more
than a pair;
'T is a lott'ry in which you are
certain to draw
A wife, and, most likely, a mother-
in-law!

What the latter may be all con-
jecture defies:
She is never a blank; she is seldom
a prize;
Sometimes she is silly; sometimes
she is bold;
Sometimes—rather worse!—she 's
a virulent scold.
You dreamed of an angel to gladden
your home,
And with her — God help you! —
a harpy has come;
You fished for a wife without fail-
ing or flaw,
And find you have netted — a
mother-in-law!

"Dear Anna," she says, "as you
clearly may see,
Has always been used to depending
on me;
Poor child! though the gentlest
that ever was known,
She could never be trusted a mo-
ment alone;
Such sensitive nerves, and such
delicate lungs!"
Cries the stoutest of dames with
the longest of tongues.
"Like mother like child; you re-
member the saw;
I 'm weakly myself," says your
mother-in-law!

But your mother-in-law, you dis-
cover ere long,
Though feeble in body, in temper
is strong;
And so you surrender, — what else
can you do?

She governs your wife, and your
servants, and you;
And calls you a savage, the
coarsest of brutes,
For trampling the carpet with mud
on your boots;
And vows she committed a stupid
"fox-paw"
In rashly becoming your mother-
in-law!

And so, said the Major, pray, let
me advise
The carefulest use of your ears
and your eyes;
And, *ceteris paribus*, take you a
maid
(Of widows, my boy, I am some-
thing afraid!)
Who gives you — the darling! —
her hand and her love,
With a sigh for her "dear sainted
mother above!"
From which the conclusion you
safely may draw,
She will never appear as your
mother-in-law!

NIL ADMIRARI.

I.

WHEN Horace in Vendusian groves
Was scribbling wit or sipping
"Massic,"
Or singing those delicious loves
Which after ages reckon classic,
He wrote one day — 't was no va-
gary —
These famous words: — *Nil admi-
rari!*

II.

"Wonder at nothing!" said the
bard;
A kingdom's fall, a nation's ris-
ing,

A lucky or a losing card,
Are really not at all surprising;
However men or manners vary,
Keep cool and calm; *Nil admirari!*

III.

If kindness meet a cold return;
If friendship prove a dear delu-
sion;
If love, neglected, cease to burn,
Or die untimely of profusion, —
Such lessons well may make us
wary,
But need n't shock; *Nil admirari!*

IV.

Does disappointment follow gain?
Or wealth elude the keen pur-
suer?
Does pleasure end in poignant
pain?
Does fame disgust the lucky
wooer,
Or haply prove perversely chary?
'T was ever thus; *Nil admirari!*

V.

Does January wed with May,
Or ugliness consort with beauty?
Does Piety forget to pray?
And, heedless of connubial duty,
Leave faithful Ann for wanton
Mary?
'T is the old tale; *Nil admirari!*

VI.

Ah! when the happy day we
reach
When promisers are ne'er de-
ceivers;
When parsons practise what they
preach,
And seeming saints are all be-
lievers,
Then the old maxim you may vary,
And say no more, *Nil admirari!*

THE COQUETTE.

A PORTRAIT.

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"

Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,

"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I;

"Nay, nay!" said the laughing
Lisette,

"Now none of your joking, — but
try

And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began

In the ear of the eager Lisette,

"I'll paint you as well as I can
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,"

("Of course!" said the pretty
Lisette,)

"And is n't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then she is daintily made "

(A smile from the dainty Lisette)

"By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with
the beaux,"

("Go on!" — said the winning
Lisette,)

"But there is n't a man of them
knows

The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to
sigh,"

(A sigh from the tender Lisette,)

"But her weeping is all in my
eye, —

Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art,"

("O hush!" said the frowning
Lisette,)

"With merely the ghost of a
heart, —

Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"

("Now don't!" said the angry
Lisette,)

"The lady is always in love, —
In love with herself, — the Coquette!

"There, — do not be angry! —
you know,

My dear little cousin Lisette,

You told me a moment ago

To paint *you* — a thorough Coquette!"

CARMEN LÆTUM:

RECITED, AFTER DINNER, BEFORE THE
ALUMNI OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, AT
THEIR SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,
AUGUST 22, 1850.

A RIGHT loving welcome, my true-
hearted Brothers,

Who have come out to visit the
kindest of mothers;

You may think as you will, but
there is n't a doubt

Alma Mater rejoices, and knows
you are out!

Rejoices to see you in gratitude
here,

Returning to honor her fiftieth
 year.
 And while the good lady is so
 overcome
 With maternal emotion, she 's
 stricken quite dumb,
 (A thing, I must own, that 's
 enough to perplex
 A shallow observer, who thinks
 that the sex,
 Whatever may be their internal
 revealings,
 Can never be pained with un-
 speakable feelings.)
 Indulge me, dear Brothers, nor
 think me ill-bred,
 If I venture a moment to speak in
 her stead.
 I, who, though the humblest and
 homeliest one,
 Feel the natural pride of a dutiful
 son,
 And esteem it to-day the profound-
 est of joys,
 That, not less than yourselves, I
 am one of the boys!

First as to her health, which,
 I'm sorry to say,
 Has been better, no doubt, than
 she finds it to-day;
 Yet when you reflect she 's been
 somewhat neglected,
 She 's really as well as could well
 be expected;
 And, spite of ill-treatment and
 permature fears,
 Is a hearty old lady, for one of her
 years.
 Indeed, I must tell you a bit of a
 tale,
 To show you she 's feeling re-
 markably hale;
 How she turned up her nose, but
 a short time ago,
 At a rather good-looking importu-
 nate beau,

And how she refused, with a
 princess-like carriage
 "A very respectable offer of mar-
 riage."*

You see, my dear Brothers, a
 neighboring College
 Who values himself on the depth
 of his knowledge,
 With a prayer for her love, and an
 eye to her land,
 Walked up to the lady and offered
 his hand.
 For a minute or so she was all in
 a flutter,
 And had not a word she could
 audibly utter;
 For she felt in her bosom, beyond
 all concealing,
 A kind of a — sort of a — widow-
 like feeling!
 But recovering soon from the deli-
 cate shock,
 She held up her head like an old-
 fashioned clock,
 And, with proper composure, went
 on and defined,
 In suitable phrases, the state of her
 mind;
 Said she would n't mind changing
 her single condition,
 Could she fairly expect to improve
 her position;
 And thus, by some words of equiv-
 ocal scope,
 Gave her lover decided "permis-
 sion to hope."
 It were idle to talk of the billing
 and cooing
 The amorous gentleman used in
 his wooing;

* Allusion is had, in this and subse-
 quent lines, to an unsuccessful attempt
 to unite Middlebury College with the
 University of Vermont. The affair is
 here treated with the license of a din-
 ner poem, and with the partiality per-
 mitted to the occasion.

Or how she replied to his pressing
advances,
His oscular touches and ocular
glances; —
'T is enough that his courtship, by
all that is known,
Was quite the old story, and much
like your own!

Thus the matter went on, till the
lady found out,
One very fine day, what the rogue
was about, —
That all that he wanted was merely
that power
By marital license to pocket her
dower,
And then to discard her in sorrow
and shame,
Bereaved of her home and her
name and her fame.
In deep indignation she turned on
her heel,
With such withering scorn as a
lady might feel
For a knave, who, in stealing her
miniature case,
Should take the gold setting, and
leave her the face!
But soon growing calm as the
breast of the deep,
When the breezes are hushed that
the waters may sleep,
She sat in her chair, like a digni-
fied elf,
And thus, while I listened, she
talked to herself: —
"Nay, 't was idle to think of so
foolish a plan
As a match with this pert Univer-
sity-man,
For I have n't a chick but would
redden with shame
At the very idea of my losing my
name;
And would feel that no sorrow so
heavy could come

To his mother as losing her excel-
lent home.
'T is true I am weak, but my chil-
dren are strong,
And won't see me suffer privation
or wrong;
So, away with the dream of con-
nubial joys,
I 'll stick to the homestead, and
look to the boys!"

How joyous, my friends, is the
cordial greeting
Which gladdens the heart at a
family meeting;
When brothers assemble at Friend-
ship's old shrine
To look at the present, and talk of
"Lang Syne"!
Ah! well I remember the halcyon
years,
Too earnest for laughter, too pleas-
ant for tears,
When life was a boon in yon clas-
sical court,
Though lessons were long, and
though commons were short!
Ah! well I remember those excel-
lent men,
Professors and tutors, who reigned
o'er us then;
Who guided our feet over Science's
bogs,
And led us quite safe through Phi-
losophy's fogs.
Ah! well I remember the Presi-
dent's * face,
As he sat at the lecture with dig-
nified grace,
And neatly unfolded the mystical
themes
Of various deep metaphysical
schemes, —
How he brightened the path of his
studious flock,

* Joshua Bates, D. D.

As he gave them a key to that
wonderful *Locke*;
How he taught us to feel it was
fatal indeed
With too much reliance to lean
upon *Reid*;
That *Stewart* was sounder, but
wrong at the last,
From following his master a little
too fast,—
Then closed the discourse in a
scholarly tone,
With a clear and intelligent creed
of his own.
That the man had his faults it were
safe to infer,—
Though I really don't recollect
what they were,—
I barely remember this one little
truth,
When his case was discussed by
the critical youth,
The Seniors and Freshmen were
sure to divide,
And the former were all on the
President's side!

And well I remember another,
whose praise
Were a suitable theme for more
elegant lays;
But even in numbers ungainly and
rough,
I must mention the name of our
glorious *HOUGH*!
Who does not remember? for who
can forget,
Till Memory's star shall forever
have set,
How he sat in his place unaffected
and bold,
And taught us more truths than
the lesson had told?
Gave a lift to "Old *NOL*," for the
love of the right,
And a slap at the Stuarts, with
cordial spite;

And, quite in the teeth of conven-
tional rules,
Hurled his adjectives down upon
tyrants and fools?
But, chief, he excelled in his prop-
er vocation
Of giving the classics a classic
translation;
In Latin and Greek he was almost
oracular,
And, what's more to his praise,
understood the vernacular.
O, 't was pleasant to hear him
make English of Greek,
Till you felt that no tongue was
inherently weak;
While Horace in Latin seemed
quite understated,
And rejoiced like old Enoch in be-
ing translated!

And others there were — but the
hour would fail,
To bring them all up in historic
detail;
And yet I would give, ere the
moment has fled,
A sigh for the absent, a tear for
the dead.
There's not one of them all, where-
e'er he may rove,
In the shadows of earth, or the
glories above,
In the home of his birth, or in
lands far away,
But comes back to be kindly re-
membered to-day!

One little word more, and my
duty is done; —
A health to our Mother, from each
mother's son!
Unfading in beauty, increasing in
strength,
May she flourish in health through
the century's length;

And next when her children come
round her to boast,
May *Esto perpetua* then be the
toast!

MY BOYHOOD.

AH me! those joyous days are gone!
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!
For, lest he break the pleasing
spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled
bell,

And hides his face in flowers!

Ah! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering
rays,

When all was fair and new;
When knaves were only found in
books,

And friends were known by friend-
ly looks,

And love was always true!

While yet of sin I scarcely
dreamed,
And everything was what it
seemed,

And all too bright for choice;
When fays were wont to guard
my sleep,

And *Crusoe* still could make me
weep,

And *Santa Claus*, rejoice!

When Heaven was pictured to my
thought

(In spite of all my mother taught
Of happiness serene)

A theatre of boyish plays, —
One glorious round of holidays,
Without a school between!

Ah me! those joyous days are gone;
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!

For, lest he break the pleasing
spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled
bell,
And hides his face in flowers!

POST-PRANDIAL VERSES.

RECITED AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE PSI
UPSILON FRATERNITY, IN BOSTON, JULY
21, 1853.

DEAR Brothers, who sit at this
bountiful board,
With excellent viands so lavishly
stored

That, in newspaper phrase, 't would
undoubtedly *groan*,

If groaning were but a convivial
tone,

Which it is n't, — and therefore,
by sympathy led,

The table, no doubt, is rejoicing
instead.

Dear Brothers, I rise, — and it
won't be surprising

If you find me, like bread, all the
better for rising, —

I rise to express my exceeding
delight

In our cordial reunion this glorious
night!

Success to "PSI UPSILON!" —
Beautiful name! —

To the eye and the ear it is pleasant
the same;

Many thanks to old Cadmus who
made us his debtors,

By inventing, one day, those capi-
tal letters

Which still, from the heart, we
shall know how to speak

When we've fairly forgotten the
rest of our Greek!

To be open and honest in all that
 you do;
 To every high trust to be faithful
 and true;
 In aught that concerns morality's
 scheme,
 To be more ambitious to *be* than
 to *seem*;
 To cultivate honor as higher in
 worth
 Than favor of fortune, or genius,
 or birth;
 By every endeavor to render your
 lives
 As spotless and fair as your—
 possible wives;
 To treat with respect all the inno-
 cent rules
 That keep us at peace with socie-
 ty's fools;
 But to face every *canon* that e'er
 was designed
 To batter a town or beleaguer a
 mind,
 Ere you yield to the Moloch that
 Fashion has reared
 One jot of your freedom, or hair
 of your beard,—
 All this, and much more, I might
 venture to teach,
 Had I only a "call"—and a
 "license to preach";
 But since I have not, to my mod-
 esty true,
 I'll lay it all by, as a layman
 should do,
 And drop a few lines, tipt with
 Momus's flies,
 To angle for shiners—that lurk in
 your eyes!

May you ne'er get in love or in
 debt with a doubt
 As to whether or no you will ever
 get out;
 May you ne'er have a mistress who
 plays the coquette,

Or a neighbor who blows on a
 cracked clarinet;
 May you learn the first use of a
 lock on your door,
 And ne'er, like Adonis, be killed
 by a bore;
 Shun canting and canters with
 resolute force;
 (A "canter" is shocking, except
 in a horse;)
 At jovial parties mind what you
 are at,
 Beware of your head and take care
 of your hat,
 Lest you find that a favorite son
 of your mother
 Has a brick in the one and an ache
 in the other;
 May you never, I pray, to worry
 your life,
 Have a weak-minded friend, or a
 strong-minded wife;
 A tailor distrustful, or partner sus-
 picious;
 A dog that is rabid, or nag that is
 vicious;
 Above all—the chief blessing the
 gods can impart—
 May you keep a clear head and a
 generous heart;
 Remember 't is blessed to give and
 forgive;
 Live chiefly to love, and love while
 you live;
 And dying, when life's little jour-
 ney is done,
 May your last, fondest sigh, be
PSI UPSILON!

THE SILVER WEDDING.

TO JOHN NEWMAN, D. D.

"A WEDDING of Silver!—and
 what shall we do?"
 I said in response to my excellent
 spouse,

Who hinted, this morning, we ought
to renew,
According to custom, our con-
jugal vows.

"I would n't much mind it, now —
if — and suppose —
The bride were a blooming —
Ah! well — on my life,
I think — to be candid — (don't
turn up your nose!)
That every new wedding should
bring a new wife!"

"And what if it should?" was the
laughing reply;
"Do you think, my dear John,
you could ever obtain
Another so fond and so faithful as I,
Should you purchase a wig, and
go courting again?"

"Ah! darling," I answered, "'t is
just as you say";
And clasping a waist rather
shapely than small
I kissed the dear girl in so ardent
a way
You would n't have guessed we
were married at all!

My wedding-day, Doctor, is also
your own!
And so I send greeting to bride-
groom and bride, —
The latter a wife good as ever was
known;
The former well worthy her hom-
age and pride.

God bless your new nuptials! —
Still happy at home,
May you both grow serenely and
gracefully old;

And, till the auriferous wedding
shall come,
Find the years that are past were
as silver to gold!

September 9, 1866.

LOOKING OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

Looking out into the night,
I behold in space afar
Yonder beaming, blazing star;
And I marvel at the might
Of the Giver of the rays,
And I worship as I gaze,
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,
I espy two lovers near,
And their happy words I hear,
While their solemn troth they
plight;
And I bless the loving twain,
Half in pleasure, half in pain, —
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,
Lo! a woman passing by,
Glancing round with anx-
ious eye,
Tearful, fearful of the light;
And I think what might
been
But for treachery and sin
Looking out into the night

Looking out into the night,
I behold a distant star
Roughly beaten by
Till it vanishes from
And I ponder on
Of our fleeting
Looking out into the night

Looking out into the night,
 I bethink me of the rest
 And the rapture of the blest
 In the land where all is light;
 Sitting on the heavenly shore,
 Weeping never, — nevermore
 "Looking out into the night!"

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Good by, Old Year! I can but
 say,
 Sadly I see thee passing away;
 Passing away with the hopes and
 fears,
 The bliss and pain, the smiles
 and tears,
 That come to us all in all the
 years.

Good by, Old Year! Little indeed
 Thy friendly voice we were wont
 to heed,
 Telling us, warning us every
 day:—
 "Transient mortals! work and
 pray;
 You, like me, are passing
 away!"

Good by, Old Year! Whatever
 may be
 sins and stains thou hast
 chanced to see,
 O Year! to purge the
 same,
 Wash away the sin and
 shame,
 thou wert passing,
 STMAS came!

Year! With words
 who takes thy

And say, Old Year, unto the
 New,
 "Kindly, carefully, carry them
 through,
 For much, I ween, they have
 yet to do!"

DE MUSA.

"WRITE a poem — solemn — ear-
 nest —
 Worthy of your muse!"
 Ah! when loving lips command
 me,
 How can I refuse?
 But the subject! — that's the
 pother —
 What am I to choose?

War? The theme is something
 hackneyed;
 Since old Homer's time,
 Half the minstrels, large and
 little,
 Have been making rhyme
 With intent to prove that murder
 (Wholesale) is sublime!

Love? A most delicious topic;
 But how many score,
 Nay, how many thousand poets
 Deal in Cupid's lore,
 From *Anacreon* to *Catullus*,
 Not to mention *Moore*.

Grief? Ah! little joy has Sorrow
 In the mimic art;
 Can the lyre's melodious moaning
 Ease the mourner's smart,
 Though the strings were very fibres
 Of the player's heart?

Nature, — posies, woods and wa-
 ters?
 Everlasting themes, —

Can the poets, in the rapture
Of their finest dreams,
Paint the lily of the valley
Fairer than she seems?

Metaphysics? Quite in fashion, —
But Apollo's curse
Blasts the syllogistic rhymers;
Why should I rehearse
Kant in cantos, or old *Plato*
Torture into verse?

Humor, satire, fun and fancy,
Wit with wisdom blent, —
These, to give my Muse amuse-
ment,
Heaven has kindly lent;
Let her live and die a-laughing,
I shall be content!

AUGUSTA.

"Incedit regina!"

"HANDSOME and haughty!" — a
comment that came
From lips which were never ac-
customed to malice;
A girl with a presence superb as
her name,
And charmingly fitted for love —
in a palace!
And oft I have wished (for in mus-
ing alone
One's fancy is apt to be very
erratic)
That the lady might wear — No!
I never will own
A thought so decidedly undemo-
cratic! —
But *if* 't were a *coronet* — this I'll
aver,
No duchess on earth could more
gracefully wear it;

And even a democrat, thinking of
her,
Might surely be pardoned for
wishing to share it!

ROGER BONTEMPS.

IMITATED FROM BÉRANGER.

I.

By way of good example
To all the gloomy clan,
There came into existence
Good Robin Merryman.
To laugh at those who grumble,
And be jolly as he can, —
O that 's the only system
Of Robin Merryman!

II.

A hat so very ancient
It might have covered Moses,
Adorned, on great occasions,
With ivy-leaves or roses;
A coat the very coarsest
Since tailoring began, —
O that 's the gay apparel
Of Robin Merryman!

III.

Within his cottage Robin
With joyful eye regards
A table and a bedstead,
A flute, a pack of cards,
A chest, with nothing in it,
An earthen water-can, —
O these are all the riches
Of Robin Merryman!

IV.

To teach the village children
The funniest kind of plays;
To tell a clever story;
To dance on holidays;

To puzzle through the almanac;
A merry song to scan, —
O that is all the learning
Of Robin Merryman!

V.

To drink his mug of cider,
And never sigh for wine;
To look at courtly ladies,
Yet think his *Mag* divine;
To take the good that's going,
Content with Nature's plan, —
O that is the philosophy
Of Robin Merryman!

VI.

To say, "O Gracious Father!
Excuse my merry pranks;
For all thy loving-kindness
I give thee hearty thanks;
And may I still be jolly
Through life's remaining
span," —
O that's the style of praying
With Robin Merryman!

VII.

Now, all ye wretched mortals
Aspiring to be rich;
And ye whose gilded coaches
Have tumbled in the ditch;
Leave off your silly whining,
Adopt a wiser plan;
Go follow the example
Of Robin Merryman!

 THE KING OF NORMANDY.

(From Béranger's "Le Roi d'Yvetot.")

I.

In Normandy there reigned a king
(I've quite forgot his name)

Who led a jolly sort of life,
And did n't care for fame.
A nightcap was his crown of state,
Which Jenny placed upon his
pate.
Ha! ha! laugh and sing:
O was n't he a funny king?

II.

He ate his meals, like other folk,
Slept soundly and secure,
And on a donkey every year
He made his royal tour;
A little dog — it was his whim —
Was body-guard enough for him.
Ha! ha! laugh and sing:
O was n't he a funny king?

III.

A single foible he confessed, —
A tendency to drink;
But kings who heed their subjects'
need
Should mind their own, I think;
And thus it was his tax he got, —
For every cask an extra pot.
Ha! ha! laugh and sing:
O was n't he a funny king?

IV.

The lasses loved this worthy king;
And many a merry youth
Would hail his majesty as "Sire,"
And often spoke the truth.
He viewed his troops in goodly
ranks,
But still their cartridges were
blanks.
Ha! ha! laugh and sing:
O was n't he a funny king?

V.

He never stole his neighbors' land
To magnify his realm;
But steered his little ship of state
With honor at the helm;

And when at last the king was
dead,
No wonder all the people said, —
“ Ah! ah! weep and sing:
O was n't he a noble king? ”

THE HUNTER AND THE MILKMAID.

(From Béranger's “ Le Chasseur et la
Laitière.”)

I.

THE lark is singing her matin lay,
O come with me, fair maiden, I
pray;
Sweet, O sweet is the morning
hour,
And sweeter still is yon ivied
bower;
Wreaths of roses I'll twine for thee,
O come, fair maiden, along with
me!

Ah! Sir Hunter, my mother is
near;
I really must n't be loitering
here.

II.

Thy mother, fair maiden, is far
away,
And never will listen a word we
say.
I'll sing thee a song that ladies
sing
In royal castles to please the king;
A wondrous song, whose magical
charm
Will keep the singer from every
harm.

Fie! Sir Hunter, a fig for your
song.
Good by! for I must be going
along.

III.

Ah! well, if singing will not pre-
vail,
I'll tell thee, then, a terrible tale;
'T is all about a Baron so bold,
Huge and swart, and ugly and old,
Who saw the ghost of his murdered
wife, —
A pleasant story, upon my life!
Ah! Sir Hunter, the story is flat;
I know one worth a dozen of
that.

IV.

I'll teach thee, then, a curious
prayer
Of wondrous power the wolf to
scare,
And frighten the witch that hovers
nigh
To blight the young with her evil
eye.
O guard, fair maiden, thy beauty
well,
A fearful thing is her wicked spell!
O, I can read my missal, you
know.
Good by, Sir Hunter, for I must
go.

V.

Nay, tarry a moment, my charm-
ing girl:
Here is a jewel of gold and pearl;
A beautiful cross it is, I ween,
As ever on beauty's breast was
seen.
There's nothing at all but love to
pay;
Take it, and wear it, but only stay!
Ah! Sir Hunter, what excellent
taste!
*I'm not — in such — particular
— haste!*

THE POET TO HIS GARRET.

(FROM BÉRANGER.)

THRICE welcome the place where
at twenty I sought

A nest for myself and my darling
grisette;

Where I learned the queer lessons
that poverty taught,

And with friendship and love
banished care and regret.

'T was here that we managed our
social affairs,

Unheeding what dunces or sages
might say;

How lightly I bounded up six pair
o' stairs!

Ah! life in a garret at twenty is
gay!

'T was only a garret! the table
stood here;

And there a flock-bed, — 't was
the best we could get;

And here on the plaster in charcoal
appear

Three lines of a poem, un-
finished as yet.

"Come back to me, Pleasures!"
I eagerly shout;

"To keep you alive in my juve-
nile day

How oft my repeater was 'put up
the spout!'"

Ah! life in a garret at twenty is
gay!

My laughing Lisette! would she
only come back.

In her jaunty straw bonnet how
charming was she!

Full well I remember her dexterous
knack

Of hanging her shawl where the
curtain should be;

Love! kiss her silk gown with your
fondest caress;

You know where she got it, I
venture to say.

I never was certain who paid for
the dress;

Ah! life in a garret at twenty is
gay!

One notable day in those glorious
years,

As we sat in the midst of our
feasting and fun,

A shout from the people saluted
our ears,

"Napoleon is victor! Marengo
is won!"

A new song of triumph at once we
essay'd,

While cannon were blazing and
booming away,

"The free soil of France kings
shall never invade!"

Ah! life in a garret at twenty is
gay!

Away! I must go lest my reason
should reel;

For one of those days I would
cheerfully give,

With the pulses of youth that no
longer I feel,

All the lingering years I am des-
tined to live;

The love, hope, and joy that at
twenty I had,

To have them condensed in one
glorious day,

Like those that I spent when a
light-hearted lad!

Ah! life in a garret at twenty is
gay!

THE DINNER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

AH! many a guest is coming
Around my table to-day;

The fish, the flesh, and the poultry
Are smoking in goodly array;

The invitations were special,
They say they will surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;
Time that the people were here!

Girls are coming by dozens,
Maidens whom even their foes
Never have once detected
Kissing beneath the rose;
Such are the damsels invited;
They said they would surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;
Time that the maidens were here!

Plenty of fine young fellows
Are coming to drink my health;
Civil, and moral, and modest,
Spite of their titles and wealth.
The invitations were early;

They say they will surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;
Time that the youngers were here!

Plenty of wives are coming,
Such as the ugliest spouse
Never has driven a moment
To think of breaking their vows.
How pleasant to see them together!
They said they would surely appear;

Hans, go look at the window;
Time that the women were here!

Husbands also are coming,
Models of temperate lives;
Men who are blind to beauty,
Save in their excellent wives.

All were politely invited,
And say they will surely appear;

Hans, go look at the window;
Time that the fellows were here!

Poets are also invited;
The pleasantest ever were known;

Who list to another's verses
Cheerfully as to their own;
What capital dining companions!
They said they would surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;
Time that the poets were here!

Alas! with watching and waiting,
The dinner is certainly spoiled;
The viands are cold in the dishes,
The roast and the baked and the boiled.

Perhaps we were over-punctilious;
Our feast is a failure, I fear.

Hans, come away from the window;
Never a one will be here!

FOOLS INCORRIGIBLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I.

ALL the old sages, however indeed
They wrangle and fight in the bitterest way,

In one thing, at least, are fully agreed:

They wink at each other and laughingly say,

For the mending of fools it is foolish to wait,

Fools will be fools as certain as fate.

Sons of Wisdom! make 'em your tools;

That, only that, is the use of fools!

II.

MERLIN, the ancient, long in his shroud,

Where I accosted him once in my youth,

Unto my questioning answered
aloud,
Solemnly speaking this notable
truth:

*For the mending of fools it is foolish
ish to wait,
Fools will be fools as certain as fate.
Sons of Wisdom! make 'em
your tools;
That, only that, is the use of
fools!*

III.

High on the top of an Indian mound
I heard it once in the passing air;
And Egypt's vaults, deep under the
ground,

The same old tale were echoing
there:
*For the mending of fools it is foolish
ish to wait,
Fools will be fools as certain as fate.
Sons of Wisdom! make 'em
your tools,
That, only that, is the use of
fools!*

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O I HAVE a man as good as can be,
No woman could wish for a better
than he.
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance
to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly
strong.

He has one little fault that makes
me fret,
He has ever less money, by far,
than debt;

Moreover, he thrashes me now and
then;
But, excepting that, he 's the best
of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to
drink,
Besides, he is rather too fond, I
think,
Of playing at cards and dice; but
then,
Excepting that, he 's the best of
men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I
know
('T is the way with men, they are
always so),
But what care I for his flirting,
when,
Excepting that, he 's the best of
men?

When soaked with rum, he is hard-
ly polite,
But knocks the crockery left and
right,
And pulls my hair, and growls
again;
But, excepting that, he 's the best
of men!

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter, and spend
the cash,
But I have n't the heart to scold
him, when,
Excepting that, he 's the best of
men!

What joy to think he is all my own!
The best of husbands that ever was
known;
As good, indeed, as a man can be;
And who could wish for a better
than he?

LOVE POEMS.



LOVE POEMS.

WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO
KNOW?

A. MADRIGAL.

I.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives, — ah! well,
I must not tell, —
Would n't you like to know?

II.

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress, —
Would n't you like to know?

III.

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam, —
Would n't you like to know?

IV.

Her lips are red and finely wed,
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips, —
Would n't you like to know?

V.

Her fingers are like lilies fair
When lilies fairest grow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress, —
Would n't you like to know?

VI.

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snowflakes on the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose, —
Would n't you like to know?

VII.

She has a name, the sweetest
name
That language can bestow.
'T would break the spell
If I should tell, —
Would n't you like to know?

THE LOVER'S VISION.

I.

IN my watching or my dreaming,
Came to me a blessed vision;
Whether real or but seeming,
Boots me not to make decision:
This I know — 't was all elysian.

II.

By me sat a maiden fairer
 Than the Oda's king possesses;
 But I wrong her to compare her.
 Happy, happy whom she blesses
 With her kisses and caresses!

III.

Golden hair, like sunlight stream-
 ing
 On the marble of her shoulder,
 That with soft and snowy gleaming
 Witched the eye of the behold-
 er,
 Dazed me, crazed me to enfold
 her!

IV.

Heart to heart we sat together;
 (Ah, to feel her bosom's beat-
 ing!)
 Hand in hand in loving tether,
 Lip with lip in rapture meeting,
 Parting but for closer greeting.

V.

Oft and oft I would be dreaming,
 Could I bring that happy vision!
 Was it real, or but seeming?
 Boots me not to make decision:
 This I know — 't was all elysian.

THE OATH.

"Don't forget me!" sighing sad-
 ly,
 So my darling bade farewell,
 Haply deeming I would gladly
 Disenchant me of her spell.
 Ah, the siren! when did Beauty
 Ask in vain Love's simple debt?

Or when'er did languid Duty
 Heed the warning, "Don't for-
 get"?

By her eyes where love reposes,
 By her wealth of golden hair,
 By her cheek's ungathered roses,
 By her neck divinely fair,

By her bosom, throne of blisses,
 Hiding from the wanton light,
 Pale with envy at the kisses
 That her bolder lips invite;

By the hours so sweetly squandered
 In the summer afternoons;
 By the orchard where we wandered
 In the sheen of harvest moons;

By the poets, new and olden,
 Who in pity lent us speech
 For the fancies, rare and golden,
 That our words could never
 reach, —

By all these my oath is given:
 Though my soul remember not
 Earthly fame or hope of heaven,
 She shall never be forgot!

UNREST.

ONE o'clock! and still I ponder
 On the joys of yesterday;
 Never lover weaker, fonder,
 Sighed the weary hours away.

Ill-content with saying, singing,
 All its worship o'er and o'er;
 Still the heart would fain be cling-
 ing
 Round its idol, evermore!

Half in pleasure, half in sorrow,
Thinking o'er each fervent
kiss,
Still I vainly strive to borrow
From the Past its buried bliss.

Now I hear her fondly sighing,
As when late we sat alone,
While the dancer's feet were fly-
ing, —
Ah! the sigh is but my own!

"Thus my darling I would smother!"
In my dreaming oft I say.
Foolish lips, that kiss each other!
Hers, alas! are far away.

On my cheek I feel the billow
Of her glowing bosom beat, —
Ah! 't is but the pulseless pillow!
Shall I curse or bless the cheat?

Dreaming, waking, I am weary.
Would that morning might appear!
O, 't is dreary, very dreary,
Thus to love, and not be near!

TO MY LOVE.

"Da mi basia." — CATULLUS.

I.

Kiss me softly and speak to me
low;
Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking
near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me
low.

II.

Kiss me softly and speak to me
low;
Envy too has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to
hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me
low.

III.

Kiss me softly and speak to me
low;
Trust me, darling, the time is
near
When we may love with never
a fear;
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me
low.

TO LESBIA.

"On s'embrasse à chaque instant,
Puis encore!"
VICTOR HUGO.

I.

GIVE me kisses! Do not stay,
Counting in that careful way.
All the coins your lips can print
Never will exhaust the mint.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment — and again!

II.

Give me kisses! Do not stop,
Measuring nectar by the drop.
Though to millions they amount,
They will never drain the fount.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment — and again!

III.

Give me kisses! All is waste
 Save the luxury we taste;
 And for kissing, — kisses live
 Only when we take or give.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment — and again!

IV.

Give me kisses! Though their
 worth

Far exceeds the gems of earth,
 Never pearls so rich and pure
 Cost so little, I am sure.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment — and again!

V

Give me kisses! Nay, 't is true
 I am just as rich as you;
 And for every kiss I owe,
 I can pay you back, you know.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment — and again!

MY SAXON BLONDE.

THEY say the dark-eyed maids of
 Spain

Are passionate and fond;
 But eyes of blue are tender and
 true, —

Give me my Saxon blonde!

An arch coquette is the bright
 brunette,

Blithe and merry and gay;
 Her love may last till the Summer
 is past,

But my blonde's forever and aye!

If bards of old the truth have told,
 The Sirens have raven hair;

But o'er the earth, since art had
 birth,
 They paint the Angels fair.

Ah! well, maybe, the truth to
 see,

A lover is over fond;
 And I can't deny — nor will I
 try —

My love is a golden blonde!

DARLING, TELL ME YES.

A SONG.

I.

ONE little moment more, Maud;
 One little whisper more;
 I have a word to speak, Maud,
 I never breathed before.
 What can it be but *love*, Maud?
 And do I rightly guess
 'T is pleasant to your ear, Maud?
 O darling! tell me *yes*!

II.

The burden of my heart, Maud,
 There 's little need to tell;
 There 's little need to say, Maud,
 I 've loved you long and well.
 There 's language in a sigh, Maud,
 One's meaning to express;
 And yours — was it for *me*, Maud?
 O darling! tell me *yes*!

III.

My eyes have told my love, Maud;
 And on my burning cheek
 You 've read the tender thought,
 Maud,

My lips refused to speak.
 I gave you all my heart, Maud,
 'T is needless to confess;

And did you give me yours,
Maud?
O darling! tell me *yes!*

IV.

'T is sad to starve a love, Maud,
So worshipful and true;
I know a little cot, Maud,
Quite large enough for two;
And you will be my wife, Maud?
So may you ever bless,
Through all your sunny life,
Maud,
The day you answered *yes!*

TIME AND LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

OLD Time and young Love, on a
morning in May,
Chanced to meet by a river in
halcyon weather,
And, agreeing for once, ('t is a
fable, you 'll say,)
In the same little boat made a
voyage together.

Strong, steady, and patient, Time
pulled at his oar,
And swift o'er the water the
voyagers go;

But Love, who was thinking of
Pleasure on shore,
Complained that his boatman
was wretchedly slow.

But Time, the old sailor, expert at
his trade,

And knowing the leagues that
remained to be done,
Content with the regular speed
that he made,

Tugged away at his oar and kept
steadily on.

Love, always impatient of doubt
or delay,

Now sighed for the aid of the
favoring gales,
And scolded at Time, in the sau-
ciest way,
For not having furnished the
shallop with sails.

But Time, as serene as a calendar
saint,
(Whatever the graybeard was
thinking upon,)
All deaf to the voice of the young-
er's complaint,
Tugged away at his oar and kept
steadily on.

Love, vexed at the heart, only
clamored the more,
And cried, "By the gods! in
what country or clime
Was ever a lubber who handled an
oar
In so lazy a fashion as old Father
Time?"

But Time only smiled in a cynical
way,
('T is often the mode with your
elderly Don,)
As one who knows more than he
cares to display,
And still at his oar pulled stead-
ily on.

Grown calmer at last, the exuber-
ant boy
Enlivens the minutes with
snatches of rhyme;
The voyage, at length, he begins
to enjoy,
And soon has forgotten the pres-
ence of Time!

But Time, the severe, egotistical elf,
Since the day that his travels he
entered upon,

Has ne'er for a moment forgotten
himself,
But tugs at his oar and keeps
steadily on.

Awaking once more, Love sees
with a sigh
That the River of Life will be
presently passed,
And now he breaks forth with a
piteous cry,
"O Time, gentle Time! you are
rowing too fast!"

But Time, well knowing that Love
will be dead,
Dead, — dead! in the boat! — ere
the voyage is done,
Only gives him an ominous shake
of the head,
While he tugs at his oar and
keeps steadily on!

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

O SINCE 't is decreed by the envi-
ous Fates,
All deaf to the clamoring heart,
That the truest and fondest of con-
jugal mates
Shall often be sighing apart;
Since the Days of our absence are
many and sad,
And the Hours of our meeting
are few,
Ah! what in a case so exceedingly
bad,
Can the deepest philosophy do?
Pray what can we do, — unfortu-
nate elves,
Unconscious of folly or crime, —

But make a new Calendar up for
ourselves,
For the better appraisal of time?

And the *Hours* alone shall the Cal-
endar fill,
(While *Blanks* show their dis-
tance apart,)
Just sufficiently near to keep off
the chill
That else might be freezing the
heart;

And each Hour shall be such a
glorious hour,
Its moments so precious and
dear,
That in breadth, and in depth, and
in bliss-giving power,
It may fairly be reckoned a
year!

THE LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

I'M notified, fair neighbor mine,
By one of our profession,
That this — the Term of Valen-
tine —
Is Cupid's Special Session.

Permit me, therefore, to report
Myself, on this occasion,
Quite ready to proceed to Court,
And File my Declaration.

I've an Attachment for you, too;
A legal and a strong one;
O, yield unto the Process, do;
Nor let it be a long one!

No scowling bailiff lurks behind;
He 'd be a precious noddv,
Who, failing to Arrest the mind,
Should go and Take the Body!

For though a form like yours might
throw

A sculptor in distraction;
I could n't serve a Capias, — no,
I 'd scorn so base an Action!

O, do not tell me of your youth,
And turn away demurely;
For though you 're very young, in
truth,
You 're not an Infant surely!

The Case is everything to me;
My heart is love's own tissue;
Don't plead a Dilatory Plea;
Let 's have the General Issue!

Or, since you've really no De-
fence,
Why not, this present Session,
Omitting all absurd pretence,
Give judgment by Confession?

So shall you be my lawful wife;
And I — your faithful lover —
Be Tenant of your heart for Life,
With no Remainder over!

A REASONABLE PETITION.

You say, dearest girl, you esteem
me,
And hint of respectful regard,
And I 'm certain it would n't be-
seem me

Such an excellent gift to discard.
But even the Graces, you 'll own,
Would lose half their beauty
apart;

And Esteem, when she stands all
alone,

Looks most unbecomingly tart.
So grant me, dear girl, this peti-
tion: —

If Esteem e'er again should come
hither,

Just to keep her in cheerful con-
dition,
Let Love come in company with
her!

THE CHAPEL OF TWO SAINTS.

In a famous Tuscan city
Stands a chapel snug and small;
Some old penitent's oblation,
With a double dedication,
To St. Peter and St. Paul.

To a soul so stoutly guarded
What of evil could befall?
When was ever plan completer
Without robbery of Peter,
Paying thus his due to Paul?

There it was I saw a lady,
Very round and ripe and tall;
Surely never face was sweeter
Than she turned upon St. Peter,
After bowing to St. Paul.

Long and ardently I worshipped, —
Not the Saints, nor yet their
Master,
But my feminine ideal;
Mea culpa! she was real
Flesh and blood, and they were
plaster!

Good St. Anthony was tempted,
Though a frigid old divine
(Showing saints are only human),
But he never saw a woman
Half so beautiful as mine!

Pardon then my bad behavior,
(Thus upon the twain I call,)
As if you were in my case,
And were asking special grace
Of St. Peter and St. Paul!

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE
LAWYER.

A SONG.

I.

THEY say, little maid, quoth Law-
yer Brown,
I'm the cleverest man in all the
town.
Heigh-ho! says she,
What 's that to me?
But they say, little maid, quoth
Lawyer Brown,
You 're the prettiest girl in all the
town.
Says she, If they do,
What 's that to you?

II.

They say, little maid, quoth Law-
yer Brown,
I'm the richest man in all the
town.
Heigh-ho! says she,
What 's that to me?
But they say, little maid, quoth
Lawyer Brown,
You ought to be dressed in a finer
gown.
Says she, If they do,
What 's that to you?

III.

They say, little maid, quoth Law-
yer Brown,
That Johnny Hodge is an awkward
clown.
Heigh-ho! says she,
What 's that to me?
But they say, little maid, the law-
yer said,
That you and Johnny are going to
wed.
Says she, If we do,
What 's that to you?

DRINKING SONG.

BY A TEETOTALER.

"Ex ipso fonte bibi." — OVID.

I 'VE been drinking, I 've been
drinking,
To intoxication's edge;
Do not chide me; for the tippie
Was n't mentioned in the pledge.

Nay, believe me, — 't was not
Brandy
Wrought the roses that you see;
One may get a finer crimson
From a purer *eau-de-vie*.

No, indeed; it was not Claret
(That were something over-
weak);
There 's a vastly better vintage
For the painting of a cheek.

Not Angelica, — the honey
By Loyola's children pressed
From the Andalusian clusters
Ripened in the Golden West;

Not Madeira, Hock, nor Sherry;
No, indeed, 't is none of these
Makes me giddy in the forehead,
Makes me tremble in the knees.

No; 't is not the Gallic "Widow"
That has turned my foolish
brain,
Nor the wine of any vineyard
Found in Germany or Spain.

Nay — I own it! — 't is the nectar
That a favored lover sips
(All unheeding of the danger!)
From a maiden's pulpy lips!

This it is that I 've been drinking
To intoxication's edge;

Till I marvel that the tippie
Is n't mentioned in the pledge!

For the taste is so enchanting
'T is impossible to see,
Should it grow into a habit,
What the consequence may be.

Well, I'll heed the sage's lesson,
Pleasant, though it prove in
vain,
And by drinking very largely
Try to sober me again!

EGO ET ECHO.

A FANTASY.

I.

I ASKED of Echo, 't other day,
(Whose words are few and often
funny,)
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matri-
mony?
Quoth Echo, plainly: "*Mat-
ter-o'-money!*"

II.

Whom should I marry? should it
be
A dashing damsel, gay and
pert, —
A pattern of inconstancy;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply: "*Nary
flirt!*"

III.

What if, aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear
deceiver,

She promised to amend her life,
And sin no more, can I believe
her?

Quoth Echo, very promptly:
"*Leave her!*"

IV.

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow
it:

Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego
it?

Quoth Echo, with decision: "*Go
it!*"

V.

Suppose a billet-doux (in rhyme),
As warm as if Catullus penned it,
Declare her beauty so sublime
That Cytherea's can't transcend
it, —

Quoth Echo, very clearly: "*Send
it!*"

VI.

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's
fetter,
She vow she means to die a
maid, —

In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: "*Let
her!*"

VII.

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: "*Get
out!*"

VIII.

But if some maid with beauty
blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can
make her,

Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious Death shall overtake
her?

Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*): "Take
her!"

THE MAIDEN TO THE MOON.⁴

O MOON! did you see
My lover and me
In the valley beneath the sycamore-
tree?

Whatever befell,
O Moon! don't tell;
'T was nothing amiss, you know
very well.

O Moon! you know,
A long time ago
You left the sky and descended
below,
Of a Summer's night,
By your own sweet light,
To meet your Endymion on Lat-
mos height.

And there, O Moon!
You gave him a boon,
You would n't, I'm sure, have
granted at noon;
'T was nothing amiss,
Being only the bliss
'Of giving — and taking — an inno-
cent kiss!

Some churlish lout,
Who was spying about,
Went off and blabbed, and so it
got out;
But for all the gold
The sea could hold,
O Moon! I would n't have gone
and told!

So, Moon! don't tell,
Whatever befell
My lover and me in the leafy dell;
He is honest and true,
And, remember, too,
We only behaved like your lover
and you!

DAISY DAY.

A REMINISCENCE OF TRAVEL.

It was in an Irish city,
In the pleasant month of May,
That I met the clever, pretty,
Lively, lovely Daisy Day.
Like myself, a transient ranger
From Columbia's troubled shore,
Could I deem her quite a stranger,
Though we never met before?

Love of country — so despotic
In our precious native land —
Finds us doubly patriotic,
Straying on a foreign strand;
Hence, perhaps, her friendly man-
ner,
And my pulse's quicker play,
When, beneath St. Patrick's ban-
ner,
I accosted Daisy Day.

Bless me! how all eyes were cen-
tered
On her, when the parlor door
Opened, and the lady entered
Like a queen upon the floor!
'T was as if, that summer even,
Some superlative perfume,
Wafted by the breath of Heaven,
Suddenly had filled the room!

Happy favorite of Nature,
Hebe in her sunny face,

Juno in her queenly stature,
 More than Juno in her grace,
 Eyes befitting Beauty's goddess,
 Mouth to steal your heart away,
 Bust that strained her ample bod-
 ice, —
 Such was charming Daisy Day.

Well, what then? Ah! Holy
 Mother!
 Pardon one pathetic sigh;
 She 's the "partner" of another,
 And — I own it — so am I!
 But a poet owes to Beauty
 More than common men can pay,
 And I 've done my simple duty,
 Singing thus of Daisy Day.

A SUMMER SCENE.

I saw you, lately, at an hour
 To lovers reckoned dear
 For tender trysts; and this is what
 I chanced to see and hear:

You sat beneath the Summer
 moon,
 A friend on either hand,
 And one applauded your discourse,
 And one — could understand.

You quoted gems of poesy
 By mighty masters wrought;
 And one remarked the pleasant
 rhyme,
 And one, the golden thought.

Your smiles (how equally be-
 stowed!)
 Upon the list'ners fell;
 And one was fain to praise your
 eyes,
 And one, to read them well.

You jested in a merry vein,
 And, conscious, played the
 child;
 And one was moved to brave re-
 tort,
 And one, in silence, smiled.

You spoke of angel-life above
 That evermore endures;
 And one looked up, with lifted
 hands,
 And one — was kissing yours!

And then you laughed the ringing
 laugh
 That shows a spirit glad;
 And one, thereat, was very gay,
 And one was something sad.

And did you guess (ah! need I
 ask?).
 While thus they sat with you,
 That one was but a light gallant,
 And one a lover true?

TO A BEAUTIFUL STRAN- GER.

A GLANCE, a smile, — I see it
 yet!
 A moment ere the train was
 starting;
 How strange to tell! we scarcely
 met,
 And yet I felt a pang at parting.

And you, (alas! that all the while
 'T is I alone who am confessing!)
 What thought was lurking in your
 smile
 Is quite beyond my simple guess-
 ing.

I only know those beaming rays
 Awoke in me a strange emotion,
 Which, basking in their warmer
 blaze,
 Perhaps might kindle to devo-
 tion.

Ah! many a heart as stanch as
 this,
 By smiling lips allured from
 Duty,
 Has sunk in Passion's dark
 abyss, —
 "Wrecked on the coral reefs of
 Beauty!"

And so, 't is well the train's swift
 flight
 That bore away my charming
 stranger
 Took her — God bless her! — out of
 sight,
 And me, as quickly, out of dan-
 ger!

HERCULES SPINNING.

I.

BOND slave to Omphalè,
 The haughty Lydian queen,
 Fond slave to Omphalè,
 The beauteous Lydian queen,
 Lo! Hercules is seen
 Spinning, spinning like a maid,
 While aside his club is laid,
 And the hero boasts no more
 All his doughty deeds of yore,
 But with sad, submissive mien
 Spinning, spinning still is seen,
 Bond slave to Omphalè,
 Fond slave to Omphalè,
 The haughty Lydian queen.

II.

Shame! that for a woman's whim,
 He, so stout of heart and limb,
 Must his nature so abuse
 Thus his mighty arm to use, —
 Not the manly mace to whirl,
 But a tiny spindle twirl,
 Spinning, spinning like a girl,
 With a soft, submissive mien,
 Bond slave to Omphalè,
 Fond slave to Omphalè,
 The haughty Lydian queen.

III.

Fond slave to Omphalè, —
 Bond slave no more;
 Love has loosed whom Tyranny
 Basely bound before!
 The distaff now is cast aside,
 And, leaning on his club in pride,
 Lo! Hercules is seen
 In majesty serene, —
 A hero sitting by his bride,
 Fair Omphalè, his queen!

IV.

Whatever mortals crave,
 So rule the gods above
 That manly Strength is Beauty's
 slave,
 And Beauty yields to Love.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"AH! we love each other well,
 Better far than words can tell,"
 Said my charmer; "but in vain
 Are my efforts to explain
 How it happened. Tell me now,
 Dearest, of the *why* and *how*!
 Since the fact we cannot doubt,
 Tell me how it came about."

Well, my darling, I will try
To explain the *how* and *why*,
(Speaking for myself, not *you*;
That, of course, I cannot do.)
Not your brilliant mind alone
Could have thus enthralled my
own;

Not the charm of every grace
Beaming from your sunny face;
Not your voice, though music be
Less melodious to me;
Not your kisses, sweeter far
Than the drops of Hybla are;
None of these, from each apart,
Could have so enchained my heart;
Nay, not e'en the wondrous whole
Could have fixed my wayward
soul;

Had not love *your* love pre-
vailed,

All the rest had surely failed.

There! you have the reason,
dear;

Is the explanation clear?

Ah! I own it seems but weak;
Half the *why* is yet to seek;
Only this I surely know,
Never woman witched me so!

Happy let my charmer be,
Since her eyes in mine may see
Flashes of the hidden fire
(Half devotion, half desire),
And her ears may hear the sighs
That from yearning love arise,
Whispering, in the fondest tone,
"Take me! I am all your own!"

EXAUDI ANGELUS.

HEAR thou my prayer, O angel
kind!

Who brought my gladdened eyes
to see

Him whom so long I yearned to
find,

And gave his dear heart all to
me;
O, guard him well, that I may
prove
Blest in my lover and my love.

And keep thou her whose fearful
breast

Still trembles for its new-found
joy,

(Knowing, ah me! but little rest)
Lest envious maids or gods de-
stroy

This wondrous happiness that
seems

Too bright for aught save angel
dreams.

O, bless us twain! and kindly
teach;

And safely guard each hallowed
name

From blighting hint or blasting
speech

To make our cheeks all red for
shame,

That blush not for the love they
bear

In thy pure presence, angel fair.

And while, with lips that closer
cling

In dread to part, we say "Fare-
well!"

Keep thou this love a holy thing
That in us evermore may dwell,
By circling hearth or sundering
sea,

Where'er our thankful hearts may
be!

CARL AND I.

HE calls me beautiful; and I
Ask of my glass the reason why;
Alack for me!

And yet though little there I see,
I must be beautiful, I trow,
When such as he can deem me so.

He calls me brilliant; all in vain
I strive the wonder to explain;
Alack for me!

And yet, whate'er my fancy be,
Some spark of wit therein must
glow
When such as he can think it so.

He calls me noble; and I turn
My soul within my soul to learn;
Alack for me!
I am not proud of what I see;
And yet some goodness there must
grow,
When such as he can find it so.

He calls me lovely; and I try
To seek the specious reason why;
Alack for me!
And yet though vain my question
be,
I must be lovely — well I know —
When such as he can love me so!

DO I LOVE THEE ?

A SONG.

Do I love thee? Ask the bee
If she loves the flowery lea
Where the honeysuckle blows
And the fragrant clover grows.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling! take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the bird
When her matin song is heard,
If she loves the sky so fair,
Fleecy cloud and liquid air.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling! take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower
If she loves the vernal shower,
Or the kisses of the sun,
Or the dew, when day is done.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling! take my answer so.

THE LOVER'S CONFESSION.

"COME, name my fault!" I said,
"that I
May mend it." So I made reply
To Laura, darling of my heart,
Whom long, in vain, by every art
I tried to force to franker speech.
"Do tell me plainly, I beseech,
For my soul's sake, that while I
live
I may repent and Heaven forgive!"
"'T is *worldliness*!" at last she
said,
And, blushing, drooped her lovely
head,
As if she feared I might infer
She meant forgetfulness of *her*.
"And is that *all*?" I answered.
"Well,
I own the world's enchanting
spell;
The fault is one I cannot hide;
But ah! 't is not for you to chide;
Still, dearest, let me worldly be,
Since *you* are 'all the world' to
me!"

A PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.

TO —.

IF Virtue be measured by what we
relist,
When against Inclination we
strive,

You and I have been proved, we
 may fairly insist,
 The most virtuous mortals alive!
 Now Virtue, we know, is the
 brightest of pearls,
 But as Pleasure is hard of evasion,
 Should we envy, or pity, the stoical
 churls
 Who never have known a temptation?

LIP-SERVICE.

I.

JULIA once and once again,
 In coquettish fashion

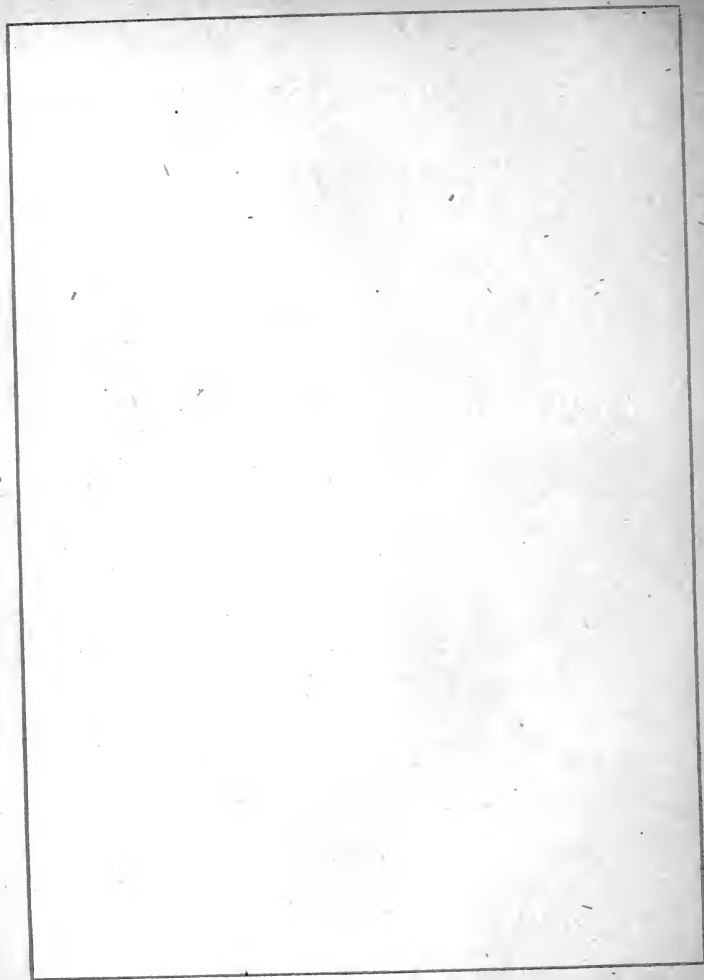
Heedless of her lover's pain,
 Mocked his burning passion:
 "Words of worship lightly fall
 From a courtier, surely;
 Mere lip-service, — that is all!"
 Said the maid, demurely.

II.

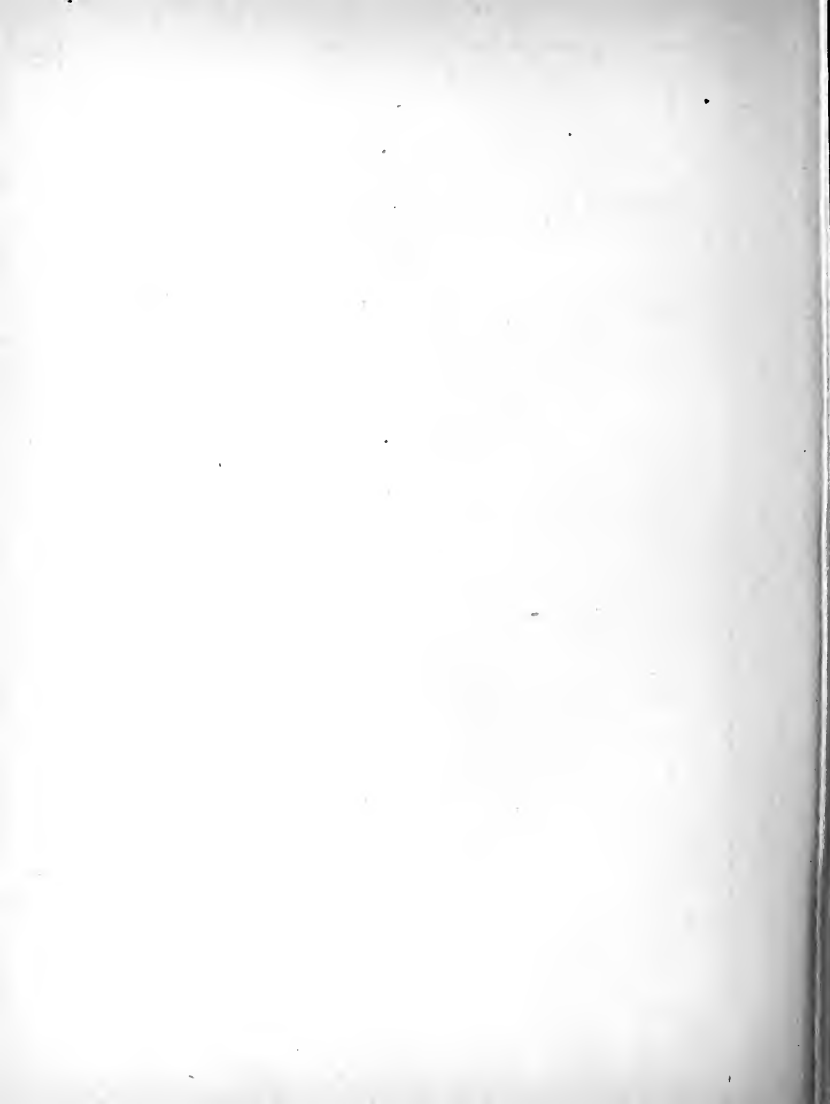
Then his kisses fell like dew
 (Just where Love would choose
 'em)
 On her mouth; and through and
 through
 Thrilled her glowing bosom;
 Till she felt — nor uttered she
 Whisper of negation —
 "Mere lip-service" still may be
 Perfect adoration!



FAIRY TALES LEGENDS, AND
APOLOGUES.







FAIRY TALES, LEGENDS, AND APOLOGUES.

FATHER PUMPKIN; OR, AL- WAYS IN LUCK.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

I.

IN Cairo once there dwelt a worthy
man,
Toilsome and frugal, but ex-
tremely poor;
"Howe'er," he grumbled, "I
may toil and plan,
The wolf is ever howling at my
door,
While arrant rascals thrive and
prosper; hence
I much misdoubt the ways of
Providence.

II.

"Allah is Allah; and, we all agree,
Mohammed is his Prophet." Be
it so;
But what's Mohammed ever done
for me,
To boil my kettle, I should like
to know?
The thieves fare better; and I
much incline
From this day forth to make their
calling mine."

III.

"Dog of an Arab!" cried his pi-
ous spouse,
"So you would steal to better
your estate,

And hasten Allah's vengeance!
Shame! arouse!

Why sit you there repining at
your fate?
Pray to the Prophet, — sinner that
you are, —
Then wash your face and go to the
Bazaar.

IV.

"Take with you pen and paper
and a book,
And, sitting in a corner, gravely
make
Some mystic scrawls; put on a
solemn look,
As if you were a wise and
learned sheik;
And, mark my word, the people
in a trice
Will come in throngs to purchase
your advice."

V.

"'T is worth a trial, woman, I
confess;
Things can't be worse," the
moody Arab said;
"But then, alas! I have no proper
dress,
Not e'en a turban to adorn my
head."
"Allah be praised!" Just here
the woman spied
A hollow pumpkin lying at her
side.

VI.

"See! this will do!" and, cutting
it in twain,
She placed the half upon her
husband's pate;
"T is quaint and grave, and well
befits thy brain,
Most reverend master," cried
the dame, elate.
"Now to thy labor hasten thee
away,
And thou shalt prosper from this
very day!"

VII.

And so, obedient to his wife's com-
mand,
The anxious sheik procured a
little nook
In the Bazaar, where, sitting by a
stand,
With much grimace he pored
upon his book,
Peering around, at intervals, to spy
A customer, if such a thing were
nigh.

VIII.

And soon, indeed, a customer ap-
peared,
A peasant pale and sweating
with distress.
"Good Father Pumpkin! may
your mighty beard"
(Bowing in reverence) "be nev-
er less!
I come to crave your counsel; for,
alas!
Most learned Father, I have lost
my ass."

IX.

"Now, curse the donkey!" cried
the puzzled man,
Unto himself, "and curse Fati-
ma too,

Who sent me here! for, do the
best I can,
And that 's the best that any
one can do,
I 'm sure to blunder." So, in
sheer despair,
He named the graveyard; "Seek
your donkey there!"

X.

It chanced the ass that very mo-
ment grazed
Within the graveyard, as the
sheik had told;
And so the peasant, joyful and
amazed,
Gave thanks and money; nor
could he withhold
His pious prayers, but, bowing to
the ground,
Cried, "Great is Allah! — for my
ass is found!"

XI.

"Allah is Allah!" said the grate-
ful sheik,
Returning homeward with his
precious fee;
"I much rejoice for dear Fatima's
sake;
Few men, in sooth, have such a
mate as she;
Most wives are bosh, or worse than
bosh, but mine
In wit and beauty is almost di-
vine!"

XII.

Next day he hastened early to his
post,
But found some clients had ar-
rived before;
One eager dame a skein of silk
had lost;
Another money; and a dozen
more,

Of either sex, were waiting to re-
cover
A fickle mistress or a truant lover.

XIII.

With solemn face the sheik replied
to each
Whate'er his whim might move
his tongue to say;
And all turned out according to
his speech;
And so it chanced for many a
lucky day,
Till "Father Pumpkin" grew a
famous seer,
Whose praise had even reached the
Sultan's ear.

XIV.

"Allah is Allah!" cried the hap-
py sheik;
"And nevermore, Fatima, will
I doubt
Mohammed is his prophet; let us
take
Our ease henceforward —"
Here a sudden shout
Announced the Sultan's janizaries,
sent,
They said, to seize him, — but
with kind intent.

XV.

"The Grand Seraglio has been
robbed by knaves
Of all the royal jewels; and the
Porte,
To get them back again, your
presence craves
In Stamboul; he will pay you
richly for 't,
If you succeed; if not, — why
then, instead
Of getting money, you will lose
your head."

XVI.

"My curse upon thee!" cried the
angry man
Unto Fatima; "see what thou
hast done!
O woman, woman! since the
world began
All direst mischiefs underneath
the sun
Are woman's doing —" Here the
Sultan's throng
Of janizaries bade him, "Come
along!"

XVII.

The seer's arrival being now pro-
claimed,
Throughout the capital, the rob-
bers quake
With very fear; while, trembling
and ashamed,
In deeper terror sits the wretched
sheik,
Cursing Fatima for a wicked wife
Whose rash ambition has betrayed
his life.

XVIII.

"But seven short days my sands
have yet to run,
And then, alas! I lose my fool-
ish head;
These seven white beans I'll swal-
low, one by one,
To mark each passing day ere I
am dead.
Alas! alas! the Sultan's hard de-
cree!
The sun is setting : *there goes one!*"
said he.

XIX.

Just then a thief (the leader of the
band
That stole the Sultan's jewels)
passing by,

Heard the remark, and saw the
 lifted hand,
 And ran away as fast as he could
 fly,
 To tell his comrades that, beyond
 a doubt,
 The cunning seer had fairly found
 him out.

XX.

Next day another, ere the hour was
 dark,
 Passed by the casement where
 the sheik was seen;
 His hand was lifted warningly, and
 hark!
 "There goes a second!" (swallowing the bean.)
 The robber fled, amazed, and told
 the crew
 'T was time to counsel what were
 best to do.

XXI.

But still,—as if the faintest doubt
 to cure,—
 The following eve the robbers
 sent a third;
 And so till six had made the matter
 sure,
 (For unto each the same event
 occurred),
 When, taking counsel, they at once
 agreed
 To seek the wizard and confess the
 deed.

XXII.

"Most reverend Father," thus the
 chief began,
 "Thy thoughts are just; thy
 spoken words are true;
 To hide from thee surpasses mortal man;
 Our evil works henceforward we
 eschew,

For now we know that sinning
 never thrives;
 Here, take the jewels, but O, spare
 our lives!"

XXIII.

"The law enjoins," the joyful
 sheik replied,
 "That bloody Death shall end
 the robber's days;
 But, that your sudden virtue may
 be tried,
 Swear on the Koran you will
 mend your ways,
 And then depart." The robbers
 roundly swore,
 In Allah's name, that they would
 rob no more.

XXIV.

"Allah is Allah!" cried the grateful
 sheik,
 Holding the jewels in the vizier's
 face.
 The vizier answered, "Sir, be
 pleased to take
 The casket to the Sultan. "No,
 your Grace,"
 The sheik replied, "the gems are
 here, you see;
 Pray tell the Sultan he may come
 to me!"

XXV.

The Sultan came, and, ravished to
 behold
 The precious jewels to his hand
 restored,
 He made the finder rich in thanks
 and gold,
 And on the instant pledged his
 royal word,
 And straight confirmed it in the
 Prophet's name,
 To grant whatever he might choose
 to claim.

XXVI.

"Sire of the Faithful! publish a decree"

(The sheik made answer) "and proclaim to all

That none henceforth shall ever question me

Of any matter either great or small;

I ask no more. So shall my labors cease;

My waning life I fain would spend in peace."

XXVII.

The Sultan answered: "Be it even so;

And may your beard increase a thousand-fold;

And may your house with children overflow!"

And so the sheik, o'erwhelmed with praise and gold,

Returned unto the city whence he came,

Blessing Mohammed's and Fati-ma's name!

THE KING AND THE COTTAGER.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

I.

PRAY list unto a legend

The ancient poets tell;

'T is of a mighty monarch

In Persia once did dwell;

A mighty queer old monarch

Who ruled his kingdom well.

II.

"I must build another palace,"

Observed this mighty King;

"For this is getting shabby
Along the southern wing;
And, really, for a monarch,
It is n't quite the thing.

III.

"So I will have a new one,
Although I greatly fear,
To build it just to suit me,
Will cost me rather dear;
And I'll choose, God wot, another
spot,
Much finer than this here."

IV.

So he travelled o'er his kingdom
A proper site to find,
Where he might build a palace
Exactly to his mind,
All with a pleasant prospect
Before it, and behind.

V.

Not long with this endeavor
The King had travelled round,
Ere, to his royal pleasure,
A charming spot he found;
But an ancient widow's cabin
Was standing on the ground.

VI.

"Ah! here," exclaimed the monarch,

"Is just the proper spot,
If this woman would allow me
To remove her little cot."

But the beldam answered plainly,
She had rather he would not!

VII.

"Within this lonely cottage,
Great Monarch, I was born;
And only from this cottage
By Death will I be torn:
So spare it in your uestice,
Or spoil it in your scorn!"

VIII.

Then all the courtiers mocked her,
 With cruel words and jeers:—
 “’T is plain her royal master
 She neither loves nor fears;
 We would knock her ugly hovel
 About her ugly ears!

IX.

“When ever was a subject
 Who might the King withstand?
 Or deem his spoken pleasure
 As less than his command?
 Of course he’ll rout the beldam,
 And confiscate her land!”

X.

But, to their deep amazement,
 His Majesty replied:
 “Good woman, never heed them,
 The *King* is on your side;
 Your cottage is your castle,
 And here you shall abide.

XI.

“To raze it in a moment,
 The power is mine, I grant;
 My absolute dominion
 A hundred poets chant;
 For being *Khan* of Persia,
 There’s nothing that I *can’t*!”

XII.

(’T was in this pleasant fashion
 The mighty monarch spoke;
 For kings have merry fancies
 Like other mortal folk:
 And none so high and mighty
 But loves his little joke.)

XIII.

“But power is scarcely worthy
 Of honor or applause,
 That in its domination
 Contemns the widow’s cause,

Or perpetrates injustice
 By trampling on the laws.

XIV.

“That I have wronged the mean-
 est
 No honest tongue may say:
 So bide you in your cottage,
 Good woman, while you may;
 What’s yours by deed and pur-
 chase
 No man may take away.

XV.

“And I will build beside it,
 For though your cot may be
 In such a lordly presence
 No fitting thing to see,
 If it honor not my castle,
 It will surely honor me!

XVI.

“For so my loyal people,
 Who gaze upon the sight,
 Shall know that in oppression
 I do not take delight;
 Nor hold a king’s convenience
 Before a subject’s right.”

XVII.

Now from his spoken purpose
 The King departed not;
 He built the royal dwelling
 Upon the chosen spot,
 And there they stood together,
 The palace and the cot.

XVIII.

Sure such unseemly neighbors
 Were never seen before;
 “His Majesty is doting,”
 His silly courtiers swore;
 But all true loyal subjects,
 They loved the King the more.





XIX.

Long, long he ruled his kingdom
 In honor and renown;
 But danger ever threatens
 The head that wears a crown,
 And Fortune, tired of smiling,
 For once put on a frown.

XX.

For ever secret Envy
 Attends a high estate;
 And ever lurking Malice
 Pursues the good and great;
 And ever base Ambition
 Will end in deadly Hate.

XXI.

And so two wicked courtiers,
 Who long had strove in vain,
 By craft and evil counsels,
 To mar the monarch's reign,
 Contrived a scheme infernal
 Whereby he should be slain.

XXII.

But as all deeds of darkness
 Are wont to leave a clew
 Before the glaring sunlight
 To bring the knaves to view,
 That sin may be rewarded,
 And Satan get his due, —

XXIII.

To plan their wicked treason,
 They sought a lonely spot
 Behind the royal palace,
 Hard by the widow's cot,
 Who heard their machinations,
 And straight revealed the plot!

XXIV.

"I see," exclaimed the Persian,
 "The just are wise alone;

Who spares the rights of others
 May chance to guard his own;
 The widow's humble cottage
 Has propped a monarch's
 throne!"

THE YOUTH AND THE
NORTHWIND.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

ONCE on a time -- 't was long
 ago —
 There lived a worthy dame
 Who sent her son to fetch some
 flour,
 For she was old and lame.

But while he loitered on the road,
 The Northwind chanced to stray
 Across the careless younker's path,
 And stole the flour away.

"Alas! what shall we do for
 bread?"
 Exclaimed the weeping lad;
 "The flour is gone, — the flour is
 gone, —
 And it was all we had!"

And so he sought the Northwind's
 cave,
 Beside the distant main;
 "Good Mister Boreas," said the
 lad,
 "I want my flour again."

"'T was all we had to live
 upon, —
 My mother old and I;
 O give us back the flour again,
 Or we shall surely die!"

"I have it not," the Northwind
growled;

"But, for your lack of bread,
I give to you this table-cloth;
'T will serve you well instead;

"For you have but to spread it
out,
And every costly dish
Will straight appear at your com-
mand,
Whatever you may wish."

The lad received the magic cloth
With wonder and delight,
And thanked the donor heartily,
As well, indeed, he might.

Returning homeward, at an inn
Just half his journey through,
He fain must show his table-cloth,
And what the cloth could do.

So while he slept the knavish
host
Went slyly to his bed,
And stole the cloth, — but shrewd-
ly placed
Another in its stead.

Unknowing what the rogue had
done,
The lad went on his way,
And came unto his journey's end
Just at the close of day.

He showed the dame his table-
cloth,
And told her of its power;
"Good sooth!" he cried, "'t was
well for us
The Northwind stole the flour."

"Perhaps," exclaimed the cau-
tious crone,
"The story may be true;
'T is mighty little good, I ween,
Your table-cloth can do."

And now the younker spread it
forth,

And tried the spell. Alas!
'T was but a common table-cloth,
And nothing came to pass.

Then to the Northwind, far away,
He sped with might and main;
"Your table-cloth is good for
naught;
I want my flour again!"

"I have it not," the Northwind
growled,
"But, for your lack of bread,
I give to you this little goat,
'T will serve you well instead.

"For you have but to tell him
this: —
'Make money, Master Bill!'
And he will give you golden coins,
As many as you will."

The lad received the magic goat
With wonder and delight,
And thanked the donor heartily,
As well, indeed, he might.

Returning homeward, at the inn
Just half his journey through,
He fain must show his little goat,
And what the goat could do.

So while he slept the knavish host
Went slyly to the shed,
And stole the goat, — but shrewdly
placed
Another in his stead.

Unknowing what the rogue had
done,
The youth went on his way,
And reached his weary journey's
end
Just at the close of day.

He showed the dame his magic
goat,

And told her of his power;
"Good sooth!" he cried, "'t was
well for us
The Northwind stole the flour."

"I much misdoubt," the dame
replied,

"Your wondrous tale is true;
'T is little good, for hungry folk,
Your silly goat can do!"

"Good Master Bill," the lad ex-
claimed,

"Make money!" but, alas!
'T was nothing but a common goat,
And nothing came to pass.

Then to the Northwind, angrily,
He sped with might and main;
"Your foolish goat is good for
naught;
I want my flour again!"

"I have it not," the Northwind
growled,

"Nor can I give you aught,
Except this cudgel, — which, in-
deed,
A magic charm has got;

"For you have but to tell it this:
'My cudgel, hit away!'
And, till you bid it stop again,
The cudgel will obey."

Returning home, he stopt at night
Where he had lodged before;
And feigning to be fast asleep,
He soon began to snore.

And when the host would steal the
staff,

The sleeper muttered, "Stay,
I see what you would fain be at;
Good cudgel, hit away!"

The cudgel thumped about his
ears,

Till he began to cry,
'O stop the staff, for mercy's sake!
Or I shall surely die!"

But still the cudgel thumped away
Until the rascal said,

"I 'll give you back the cloth and
goat,
O spare my broken head!"

And so it was the lad reclaimed
His table-cloth and goat;
And, growing rich, at length be-
came

A man of famous note;

He kept his mother tenderly,
And cheered her waning life;
And married — as you may sup-
pose —

A princess for a wife;

And while he lived had ever near,
To favor worthy ends,
A cudgel for his enemies,
And money for his friends.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A HINDOO FABLE.

I.

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.

The *First* approached the Ele-
phant,
And happening to fall

Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl:
 "God bless me! but the Elephant
 Is very like a wall!"

III.

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
 Cried, "Ho! what have we
 here
 So very round and smooth and
 sharp?
 To me 't is mighty clear
 This wonder of an Elephant
 Is very like a spear!"

IV.

The *Third* approached the animal,
 And happening to take
 The squirming trunk within his
 hands,
 Thus boldly up and spake:
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
 Is very like a snake!"

V.

The *Fourth* reached out his eager
 hand,
 And felt about the knee.
 "What most this wondrous beast
 is like
 Is mighty plain," quoth he;
 "'T is clear enough the Elephant
 Is very like a tree!"

VI.

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch
 the ear,
 Said: "E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most;
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an Elephant
 Is very like a fan!"

VII.

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

VIII.

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the
 right,
 And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So oft in theologic wars,
 The disputants, I ween,
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean,
 And prate about an Elephant
 Not one of them has seen!

THE TREASURE OF GOLD.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

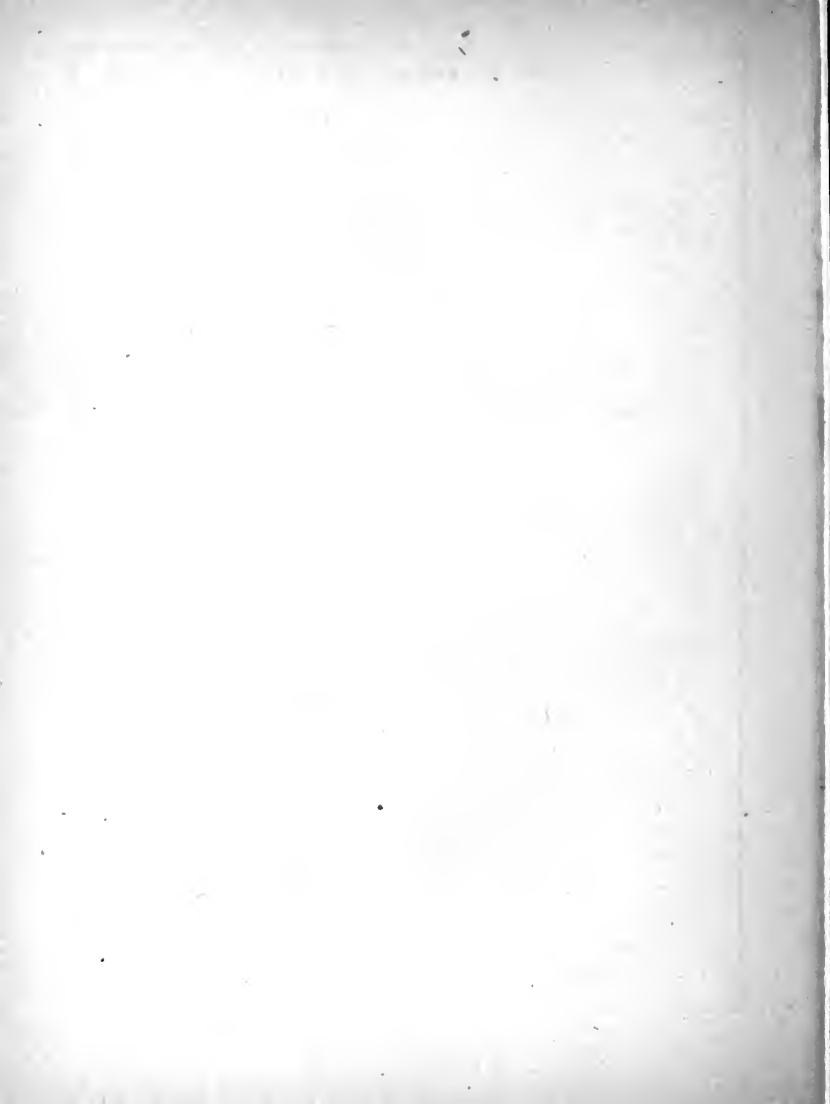
I.

A BEAUTIFUL story, my darlings,
 Though exceedingly quaint and
 old,
 Is a tale I have read in Italian,
 Entitled, The Treasure of Gold.

II.

There lived near the town of Bologna
 A widow of virtuous fame,





Alone with her only daughter, —
Madonna Lucrezia by name.

III.

A lady whom changing fortune
Had numbered among the poor;
And she kept an inn by the way-
side,
For the use of peasant and
boor.

IV.

One day at the door of the tavern
Three roving banditti appeared,
And one was a wily Venetian,
To guess by his curious beard.

V.

And he spoke to the waiting host-
ess
In phrases exceedingly fine,
And sat himself down with his
fellows,
And called for a flagon of wine.

VI.

At length, after deeply discoursing
In voices suspiciously low,
The travellers rose from the table,
And made preparation to go.

VII.

"Madonna," up spoke the Ve-
netian,
"Pray do us the kindness to
hold
Awhile, for our better convenience,
This snug little treasure of gold."

VIII.

"Indeed," said the smiling Lucre-
zia,
"You're welcome to leave it,
— but stay;

I have never a lock in my hovel,
And the bag may be stolen away.

IX.

"Besides," said the woman, "con-
sider,
There's no one the fact to attest;
In pledge for so precious a treasure
You have only my word, at the
best."

X.

"In faith!" said the civil Vene-
tian,
"We have n't a morsel of fear;
But to guard against awkward
mischances,
Let the matter in writing ap-
pear."

XI.

And this was a part of the writing
She gave the banditti to hold:
"Not to one, nor to two, but to all
Will I render the treasure of
gold."

XII.

Now the robbers were scarcely de-
parted
When the cunning Venetian
came back,
With, "Madam, allow me the
favor
Of putting my seal to the sack."

XIII.

But the moment she gave him the
treasure,
A horseman rode up, and behold!
While the woman went out to at-
tend him,
The villain ran off with the gold!

XIV.

"Alas!" cried the widow, in anguish,
 "Alas for my daughter forlorn;
 I would we had perished together,
 The day Giannetta was born!"

XV.

In sooth, she had reason for sorrow,
 Although it were idle to weep;
 She was sued in the court of Bologna
 For the money she promised to keep.

XVI.

"Now go, Giannetta," she faltered,
 "To one that is versed in the laws;
 But stop at the shrine of the Virgin,
 And beg her to favor our cause."

XVII.

Alas for Madonna Lucrezia!
 In vain Giannetta applied
 To each lawyer of note in the city;
 They were all on the opposite side!

XVIII.

At last, as the sorrowing maiden
 Sat pondering her misery over,
 And breathing a prayer to the Virgin,
 She thought of Lorenzo, her lover;

XIX.

A student well read in the statutes,
 According to common report,
 But one who, from modest aversion,
 Had never appeared in the court.

XX.

"I'll try!" said the faithful Lorenzo,
 After hearing her narrative through,
 "And for strength in the hour of trial,
 I'll think, Giannetta, of you!"

XXI.

Next morning the judges assembled;
 The claimants' attorneys were heard,
 And gave a most plausible version
 Of how the transaction occurred;

XXII.

Then showed, by the widow's confession,
 She had taken the money to hold,
 And proved that, though often requested,
 She failed to surrender the gold.

XXIII.

The judges seemed fairly impatient
 To utter the fatal decree,
 When, lo! the young student Lorenzo
 Stands up, and commences a plea:—

XXIV.

"Your Honors! I speak for the widow;
 Some words have been (carelessly) said
 Concerning a written agreement;
 I ask that the writing be read."

XXV.

"Of course," said the Court, "it is proper
 The writing appear in the case;

The sense of a written agreement
May give it a different face."

XXVI.

"Observe," said the student, "the bargain
To which we are willing to hold,—
'Not to one, nor to two, but to all,
Will I render the treasure of gold.'

XXVII.

"We stand by the writing, your Honors,
And candidly ask of you whether
These fellows can sue for their money
Till they come and demand it together?"

XXVIII.

And so it was presently settled,
For so did the judges decide;
And great was the joy of the widow,
And great was her daughter's pride.

XXIX.

And fast grew the fame of Lorenzo,
For making so clever a plea,
Till never in all Bologna
Was lawyer so wealthy as he.

XXX.

And he married his own Giannetta,
As the story is pleasingly told;
And such were the bane and the blessing
That came of the Treasure of Gold!

THE NOBLEMAN, THE FISHERMAN, AND THE PORTER.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

I.

It was a famous nobleman
Who flourished in the East,
And once, upon a holiday,
He made a goodly feast,
And summoned in of kith and kin
A hundred at the least.

II.

Now while they sat in social chat
Discoursing frank and free,
In came the steward, with a bow,
"A man below," said he,
"Has got, my lord, the finest fish
That ever swam the sea!"

III.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the nobleman,
"Then buy it in a trice;
The finest fish that ever swam
Must needs be very nice;
Go, buy it of the fisherman,
And never mind the price."

IV.

"And so I would," the steward said,
"But, faith, he would n't hear
A word of money for his fish,
(Was ever man so queer?)
But said he thought a hundred stripes
Could not be counted dear!"

V.

"Go bring him here," my lord replied;
"The man I fain would see;

A merry wag, by your report,
 This fisherman must be."
 "Go bring him here! Go bring
 him here!"
 Cried all the company.

VI.

The steward did as he was bid,
 When thus my lord began:
 "For this fine fish what may you
 wish?
 I'll buy it, if I can."
 "One hundred lashes on my
 back!"
 Exclaimed the fisherman.

VII.

"Now, by the Rood! but this is
 good,"
 The laughing lord replied;
 "Well, let the fellow have his way;
 Go, call a groom!" he cried;
 "But let the payment he demands
 Be modestly applied."

VIII.

He bared his back and took the
 lash
 As it were merry play;
 But at the fiftieth stroke, he said,
 "Good master groom, I pray
 Desist a moment, if you please;
 I have a word to say.

IX.

"I have a partner in the case, —
 The fellow standing there;
 Pray take the jacket off his back,
 And let him have his share;
 That one of us should take the
 whole
 Were surely hardly fair!"

X.

"A partner?" cried the noble-
 man,
 "Who can the fellow mean?"
 "I mean," replied the fisherman,
 With countenance serene,
 "*Your porter there!* the biggest
 knave
 That ever yet was seen.

XI.

"The rogue who stopped me at
 the gate,
 And would n't let me in
 Until I swore to give him half
 Of all my fish should win.
I've got my share! Pray let, my
 lord,
His payment now begin!"

XII.

"What you propose," my lord
 replied,
 "Is nothing more than fair;
 Here, groom, — lay on a hundred
 stripes,
 And mind you do not spare.
 The scurvy dog shall never say
 He did n't get his share!"

XIII.

Then all that goodly company
 They laughed with might and
 main,
 The while beneath the stinging lash
 The porter writhed in pain.
 "So fare all villains," quoth my
 lord,
 "Who seek dishonest gain!"

XIV.

Then, turning to the fisherman,
 Who still was standing near,

He filled his hand with golden
 coins,
 Some twenty sequins clear,
 And bade him come and take the
 like
 On each succeeding year.

THE DERVIS AND THE KING.

A TURKISH TALE.

A PIOUS Dervis, once upon a time,
 Of all his sect the wisest and the
 best,
 Journeyed, on foot, through many
 a foreign clime,
 To serve his Master in some holy
 quest.

And so it chanced that on a certain
 day,
 While plodding wearily along
 the road,
 He saw before him, near the pub-
 lic way,
 The house wherein the Tartar
 King abode.

Musing the while on some absorb-
 ing thought
 That quite engrossed the pious
 pilgrim's mind,
 The palace seemed — just what
 the Dervis sought —
 A caravansary of the better
 kind.

Entering the palace by an open
 door,
 Straight to the gallery the Dervis
 goes,
 Lays down his meagre wallet on
 the floor,
 And spreads his blanket for a
 night's repose.

It chanced the King, soon after,
 passing by,
 Observed the man, and with an
 angry air,
 As one who sees a robber or a spy,
 Bade him avow what business
 brought him there.

"My business here," the Dervis
 meekly said,
 "Is but to rest, as any traveller
 might;
 In this good tavern I have made
 my bed,
 And here I mean to tarry for the
 night."

"A caravansary — eh?" the King
 exclaimed
 (His visage mantling with a royal
 grin),
 "Now look around you, man, and
 be ashamed!
 How *could* you take my palace
 for an inn?"

"Sire," said the Dervis (seeing
 his mistake),
 "I purpose presently to answer
 this;
 But grant me, first, the liberty to
 make
 Some brief inquiries, if 't is not
 amiss.

"Pray tell me, Sire, who first re-
 sided here?"
 "My ancestors, — as the tradi-
 tion goes."
 "Who next?" "My father, —
 that is very clear."
 "Who next?" "Myself, — as
 everybody knows."

"And who — Heaven grant you
 many years to reign! —
 Will occupy the house when you
 have done?"

"Why," said the monarch, "that
is very plain, —
Of course 't will be the Prince,
my only son!"

"Sire," said the Dervis, gravely,
"I protest, —
Whate'er the building you may
choose to call, —
A house that knows so many a
transient guest,
Is but a caravansary, after
all!"

THE MONARCH AND THE MARQUIS.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

I.

It was a merry monarch
Who ruled a distant land,
And ever, for his pastime,
Some new device he planned,
And once, to all his servants,
He gave this queer command.

II.

Quoth he: "To every stranger
Who comes unto my court
Let a fried fish be given,
And of the finest sort;
Then mark the man's behavior,
And bring me due report.

III.

"If, when the man has eaten
The fish unto the bone,
The glutton turns it over, —
Then, by my royal throne,
For this, his misdemeanor,
The gallows shall atone!"

IV.

Now when this regal mandate,
According to report,
Had slain a score of strangers,
To serve the monarch's sport,
It chanced a gay young Marquis
Came to the royal court.

V.

His Majesty received him
As suited with his state,
But when he sat at dinner,
The fish was on the plate;
Alas! he turns it over,
Unconscious of his fate.

VI.

Then, to his dire amazement,
Three guardsmen, standing nigh,
Conveyed him straight to prison,
And plainly told him why, —
And how, in retribution,
That he was doomed to die!

VII.

The Marquis, filled with sorrow,
Implored the monarch's ruth,
Whereat the King relented
(A gracious deed, in sooth!)
And granted these conditions,
In pity of his youth: —

VIII.

That for three days the culprit
Should have the King's reprieve;
Also, to name three wishes
The prisoner had leave, —
One each succeeding morning, —
The which he should receive.

IX.

"Thanks!" said the grateful Mar-
quis,
"His Majesty is kind;

And, first, to wed his daughter
Is what I have in mind;
Go, bid him fetch a parson
The holy tie to bind."

X.

Now when the merry monarch
This bold demand had heard,
With grief and indignation
His royal breast was stirred;
But he had pledged his honor,
And so he kept his word.

XI.

Now, if the first petition
He reckoned rather bold,
What was the King's amazement
To hear the second told, —
To wit, the monarch's treasure
Of silver and of gold!

XII.

To beg the culprit's mercy
This mighty King was fain;
But pleading and remonstrance
Were uttered all in vain;
And so he gave the treasure
It cost him years to gain.

XIII.

Sure ne'er was mortal monarch
In such dismay as he!
He woke next morning early
And went himself to see
What, in the name of wonder,
The third demand would be.

XIV.

"I ask," replied the Marquis,
"(My third and final wish),
That you should call the servants
Who served the fatal dish,
And have the eyes extinguished
That saw me turn the fish."

XV.

"Good!" said the monarch gayly,
With obvious delight,
"What you demand, Sir Marquis,
Is reasonable, quite;
That they should pay this forfeit
Is nothing more than right.

XVI.

"How was it, — Mr. Chamberlain?"
But he at once denied
That he had seen the culprit
Turn up the other side;
"It must have been the Steward,"
The Chamberlain replied.

XVII.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Steward,
"It surely was n't I!
It must have been the Butler" —
Who quickly made reply,
"It must have been the guardsmen,
Unless the fellows lie!"

XVIII.

But they, in turn, protested,
With plausible surprise,
(And dreadful imprecations,
If they were telling lies!)
That nothing of the matter
Had come before their eyes.

XIX.

"Good father," said the Princess,
"I pray you ponder this,"
(And here she gave the monarch
A reverential kiss,)
"My husband must be guiltless,
If none saw aught amiss!"

XX.

The monarch frowned a little,
And gravely shook his head:

"Your Marquis should be punished;
Well, — let him live," he said,
"For though he cheats the galls,
The man, at least, is wed!"

THE CALIPH AND THE CRIPPLE.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

THE Caliph, Ben Akas, whose surname was "Wise,"
From the wisdom and wit he displayed,
One morning rode forth in a merchant's disguise
To see how his laws were obeyed.

While riding along, in a leisurely way,
A beggar came up to his side,
And said, "In the name of the Prophet, I pray
You 'll give a poor cripple a ride."

Ben Akas, amazed at the mendicant's prayer,
Asked where he was wishing to go.
"I'm going," he said, "to the neighboring fair;
But my crutches are wretchedly slow."

"Get up!" said the Caliph; "a saddle like this
Is hardly sufficient for two;
And yet, by the Prophet! —
't were greatly amiss
To snub a poor cripple like you."

The beggar got up, and together they rode
Till they came to the neighboring town,
When, hard by the house where the Cadi abode,
He bade his companion get down.

"Nay, get down *yourself*!" was the fellow's reply,
Without the least shame or remorse.
"Indeed!" said the Caliph, "and pray tell me why?"
Quoth the beggar, "To give me the horse!"

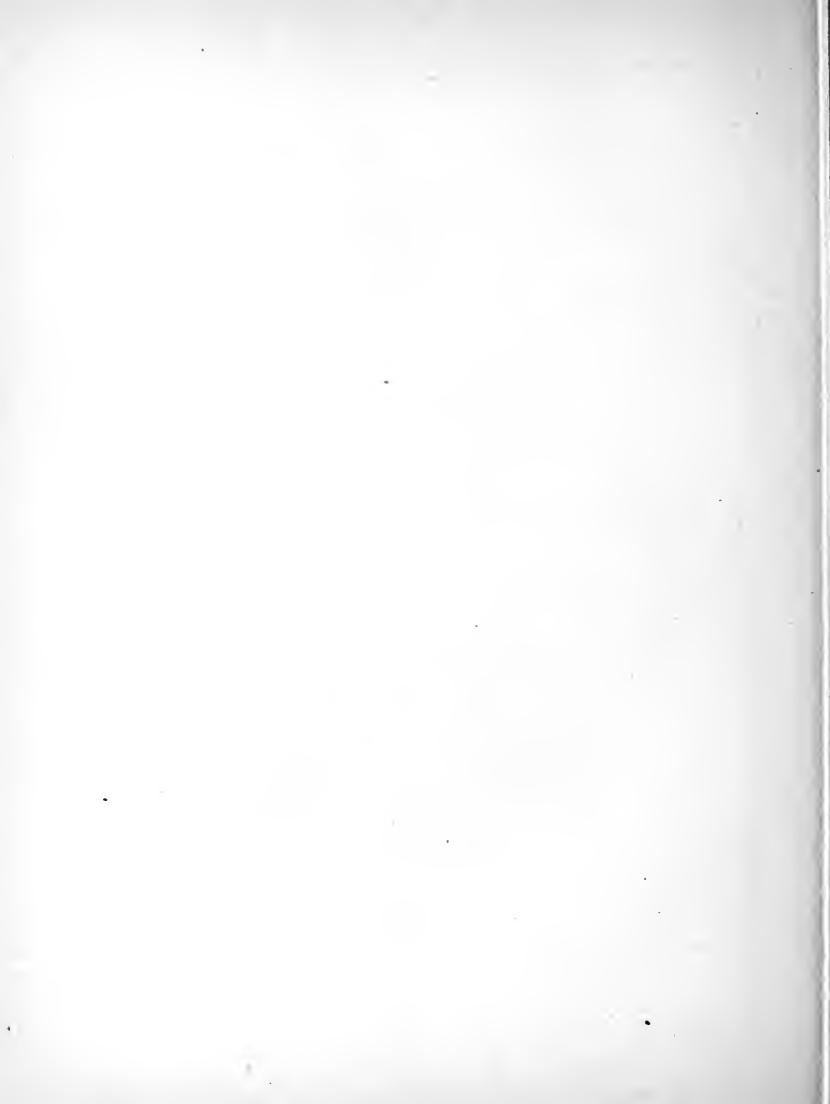
"You know very well that the nag is my own;
And if you resort to the laws,
You do not imagine your story alone
Sufficient to carry the cause?"

"The Cadi is reckoned the wisest of men,
And, looking at you and at me,
After hearing us both, 't is a hundred to ten
The cripple will get the decree."

"Very well!" said Ben Akas, astonished to hear
The impudent fellow's discourse,
"If the Cadi is wise, there is little to fear
But I soon shall recover my horse."

"Agreed!" said the beggar;
"whate'er the decree,
The verdict shall find me content."
"As to that," said the other,
"we 'll presently see."
And so to the Cadi they went.





It chanced that a cause was en-
grossing the Cadi,
Where a woman occasioned the
strife;
And both parties claimed the iden-
tical lady
As being his own lawful wife.

The one was a peasant; a scholar
the other;
And each made a speech in his
turn;
But, what was a very particular
pothor,
The woman refused to be sworn.

"Enough for the present!" the
Cadi declared,
"Come back in the morning,"
said he;
"And now" (to Ben Akas) "the
Court is prepared
To hear what your grievance
may be."

Ben Akas no sooner the truth had
narrated
When the beggar as coolly re-
plies:
"I swear, by the Prophet! the
fellow has stated
A parcel of impudent lies!

"I was coming to market, and
when I descried
A man by the wayside alone,
Looking weary and faint, why, I
gave him a ride;
Now he swears that the horse is
his own!"

"Very well," said the Judge, "let
us go to the stable,
And each shall select in his
turn."
Ben Akas went first, and was
easily able
His favorite steed to discern.

The cripple went next; though
the stable was full,
The true one was instantly
shown.
"Your Honor," said he, "did you
think me so dull
That I could n't distinguish my
own?"

Next morning the Cadi came into
the court,
And sat himself down at his
ease;
And thither the suitors and people
resort
To list to the Judge's decrees.

First calling the scholar, who sued
for his spouse,
His Honor thus settled the
doubt:
"The woman is yours; take her
home to your house,
And don't let her often go out."

Then calling before him Ben Akas,
whose cause
stood next in the calendar's
course,
He said: "By the Prophet's in-
flexible laws,
Let the merchant recover his
horse!

"And as for the beggar, I further
decide
His villany fairly has earned
A good hundred lashes well laid
on his hide;
Meshallah! The court is ad-
journd."

Ben Akas that night sought the
Cadi's abode,
And said: "'T is the Caliph you
see.
Though hither, indeed, as a mer-
chant I rode,
I am Abou Ben Akas to thee."

The Cadi, abashed, made the lowest of bows,

And, kissing his Majesty's hand,
Cried: "Great is the honor you do
to my house;

I wait for your royal command!"

"I fain would possess," was the
Caliph's reply,

"Your wisdom; so tell me, I
pray,

How your Honor discovered where
justice might lie

In the causes decided to-day."

"Why, as to the woman," the
Cadi replied,

"It was easily settled, I think;
Just taking the lady a moment
aside,

I said, 'Fill my standish with
ink.'

"And quick, at the order, the bottle
was taken,

With a dainty and dexterous
hold;

The standish was washed; the
fluid was shaken;

New cotton put in for the
old —"

"I see!" said the Caliph; "the
story is pleasant;

Of course it was easy to tell

The scholar swore truly; the
spouse of a peasant

Could never have done it so
well.

"And now for the horse?" "That
was harder, I own,

For, mark you, the beggarly elf
(However the rascal may chance
to have known)

Knew the palfrey as well as
yourself.

"But the truth was apparent, the
moment I learned

What the animal thought of the
two;

The impudent cripple he savagely
spurned,

But was plainly delighted with
you!"

Ben Akas sat musing and silent
awhile,

As one whom devotion employs;
Then, raising his head with a
heavenly smile,

He said, in a reverent voice: —

"Sure Allah is good and abundant
in grace!

Thy wisdom is greater than
mine;

I would that the Caliph might
rule in his place

As well as thou servest in
thine!"

THE UGLY AUNT.⁵

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

I.

It was a little maiden

Lived long and long ago,

(Though when it was, and where
it was,

I'm sure I do not know,)

And her face was all the fortune

This maiden had to show.

II.

And yet — what many people

Will think extremely rare

In one who, like this maiden,

Ne'er knew a mother's care —





The neighbors all asserted
That she was good as fair.

III.

"Alack!" exclaimed the damsel,
While bitter tears she shed,
"I'm little skilled to labor,
And yet I must be fed;
I fain by daily service
Would earn my daily bread."

IV.

And so she sought a palace,
Where dwelt a mighty queen,
And when the royal lady
The little maid had seen,
She loved her for her beauty,
Despite her lowly mien.

V.

Not long she served her Majesty
Ere jealousy arose
(Because she was the favorite,
As you may well suppose),
And all the other servants
Became her bitter foes.

VI.

And so these false companions,
In envy of her face,
Contrived a wicked stratagem
To bring her to disgrace,
And fill her soul with sorrow,
And rob her of her place.

VII.

They told her royal Majesty
(Most arrant liars they!)
That often, in their gossiping,
They'd heard the maiden say
That she could spin a pound of flax
All in a single day!

VIII.

"Indeed!" exclaimed her Majesty,
"I'm fond of spinning, too;
So come, my little maiden,
And make your boasting true:
Or else your foolish vanity
You presently may rue!"

IX.

Alas! the hapless damsel
Was now afflicted sore,
No mother e'er had taught her
In such ingenious lore;
A spinning-wheel, in all her life,
She ne'er had seen before!

X.

But fearing much to tell the queen
How she had been belied,
She tried to spin upon the wheel,
And still in vain she tried;
And so — 't was all that she could
do —
She sat her down and cried.

XI.

Now while she thus laments her fate
In sorrow deep and wild,
A beldam stands before her view,
And says, in accents mild:
"What ails thee now, my pretty
one,
Say, what's the matter, child?"

XII.

Soon as she heard the piteous case,
"Cheer up!" the beldam said,
"I'll spin for thee the pound of flax,
And thou shalt go to bed,
If only thou wilt call me 'aunt,'
The day that thou art wed!"

XIII.

The maiden promised true and fair,
And when the day was done,

The queen went in to see the task,
And found it fairly spun.
Quoth she, "I love thee passing
well,
And thou shalt wed my son.

XIV.

"For one who spins so well as thee
(In sooth! 't is wondrous fine!)
With beauty, too, so very rare,
And goodness such as thine,
Should be the daughter of a queen,
And I will have thee mine!"

XV.

Now when the wedding-day had
come,
And, decked in royal pride,
Around the smoking table sat
The bridegroom and the bride,
With all the royal kinsfolk,
And many guests beside,

XVI.

In came a beldam, with a frisk;
Was ever dame so bold?
Or one so lean and wrinkled,
So ugly and so old,
Or with a nose so very long
And shocking to behold?

XVII.

Now while they sat in wonderment
This curious dame to see,
She said unto the Princess,
As bold as bold could be:
"Good morrow, gentle lady!"
"Good morrow, *Aunt!*" quoth
she.

XVIII.

The Prince with gay demeanor,
But with an inward groan,
Then bade her sit at table,
And said, in friendly tone,

"If you're my bride's relation,
Why, then you are my own!"

XIX.

When dinner now was ended,
As you may well suppose,
The Prince still thought about his
Aunt,
And still his wonder rose
Where could the ugly beldam
Have got so long a nose.

XX.

At last he plainly asked her,
Before that merry throng,
And she as plainly answered
(Nor deemed his freedom wrong):
"T was spinning, in my girlhood,
That made my nose so long."

XXI.

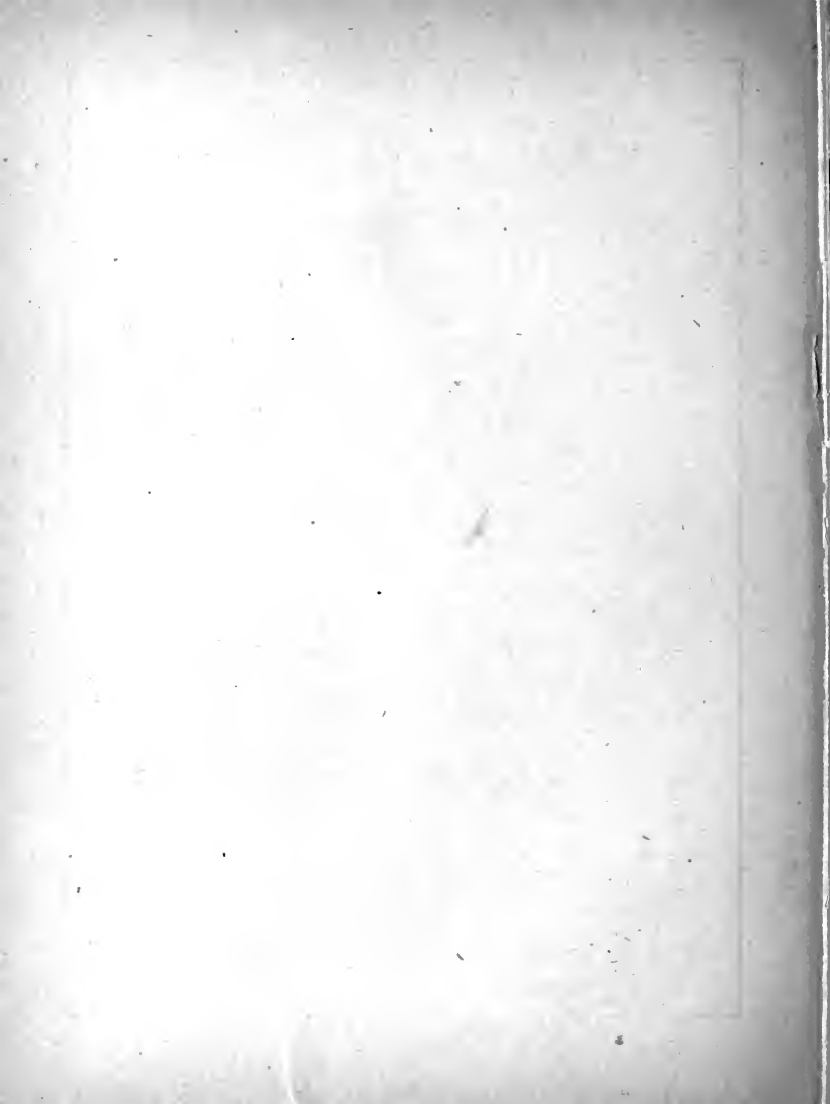
"Indeed!" exclaimed his High-
ness,
And then and there he swore:
"Though spinning made me hus-
band
To her whom I adore,
Lest she should spoil her beauty,
Why, she shall spin no more!"

THE THREE GIFTS.

A TALE OF NORTH GERMANY.

THREE gentlemen mounted their
horses one day,
And far in the country they rode,
Till they came to a cottage, that
stood by the way,
Where an honest old weaver
abode.





This honest old weaver was wretchedly poor,
 Yet he never was surly or sad;
 He welcomed the travellers into his door,
 And gave them the best that he had.

They ate and they drank, till the weaver began
 To fear that they never would cease;
 But when they had finished, they gave to the man
 A hundred gold guineas apiece.

Then the gentlemen mounted their horses again,
 And, bidding the weaver "Good night,"
 Went dashing away over valley and plain,
 And were presently lost to his sight.

Sure never was weaver so happy before,
 And never seemed guineas so bright;
 He counted the pieces a hundred times o'er,
 With more than a miser's delight.

Then snug in some rags he hid them away,
 As if he had got them by stealth,
 Lest his meddlesome wife, who was absent that day,
 Should know of his wonderful wealth.

Soon after, a travelling rag-dealer came,
 The rags in the bundle were sold,

And with them (the woman was little to blame)
 The three hundred guineas of gold.

When a calendar year had vanished and fled,
 The gentlemen came as before.
 "Now how does it happen," they moodily said,
 "We find you so wretchedly poor?"

"Alas!" said the weaver, "this many a day
 The money is missing, in sooth;
 In a bundle of rags it was hidden away,
 ('Fore God! I am telling the truth.)

"But once, in my absence, a rag-dealer came,
 The rags in the bundle were sold,
 And with them (the woman was surely to blame)
 The three hundred guineas of gold."

"It was foolishly done," the gentlemen swore;
 "Now, prithee, be careful of these."
 And they gave him again, the same as before,
 A hundred gold guineas apiece.

Then the gentlemen mounted their horses again,
 And, bidding the weaver "Good night,"
 Went dashing away over valley and plain,
 And were presently lost to his sight.

"I faith," said the weaver, "no wonder they chid;
But now I am wiser, I trust."
So the three hundred guineas he carefully hid
Far down in a barrel of dust.

But soon, in his absence, a dust-man came,
The dust in the barrel was sold;
And with it (the woman was little to blame)
The three hundred guineas of gold.

When a calendar year had vanished and fled,
The gentlemen came as before.
"Now how does it happen," they angrily said,
"We find you so wretchedly poor?"

"Was ever," he cried, "so luckless a wight?
As surely as Heaven is just,
The money I hid from my spouse's sight
Far down in a barrel of dust;

"But when I was absent the dust-man came,
The dust in the barrel was sold,
And with it (the woman was surely to blame)
The three hundred guineas of gold."

"Take that for your folly!" the gentlemen said;
"Was ever so silly a wight?"
And they tossed on the table a lump of lead,
And were presently out of his sight.

"'T is plain," said the weaver, "they meant to flout,
And little I marvel; alas! —
My wife is a fool; and there is n't a doubt
That I am an arrant ass!"

While thus he was musing in sorrow and shame,
And wishing that he were dead,
Into his cottage a fisherman came
To borrow a lump of lead.

"Ah! here," he cried, "is the thing I wish
To mend my broken net;
Will you give it me for the finest fish
That I this day may get?"

"With all my heart!" the weaver replies;
And so the fisherman brought
That night a fish of wondrous size, —
The finest that he had caught.

He opened the fish, when lo and behold!
He found a precious stone, —
A diamond large as the lead he sold,
And bright as the morning sun!

For a thousand guineas the stone he sold
(It was worth a hundred more),
And never, 't is said, in bliss or gold,
Was weaver so rich before.

But often — to keep her sway, no doubt,
As a genuine woman must —
The wife would say, "I brought it about
By selling the rags and dust!"

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I.

"ONCE on a time" there flourished
in Madrid

A painter, clever, and the pet of
Fame,
Don José, — but the rest were bet-
ter hid;

So please accept the simple
Christian name,
Only, to keep my verse from being
prosy,

Pray mind your *Spanish*, and pro-
nounce it, *Hozy*.

II.

Don José, — who, it seems, had
lately won

Much praise and cash, — to crown
a lucky week,
Resolved for once to have a little
fun,

To ease him of his easel, — so to
speak;
And so, in honor of his limning la-
bors,
He gave a party to his artist-neigh-
bors.

III.

A strange affair; for not a woman
came

To grace the table; e'en the
painter's spouse,
Donna Casilda, a most worthy
dame,

Was, rather roughly, told to quit
the house,
And go and gossip, for the evening,
down
Among her cousins in the lower
town.

IV.

The lady went; but presently came
back,

For mirth or mischief, with a
jolly cousin,
And sought a closet, where an
ample crack

Revealed the revellers, sitting,
by the dozen,
Discussing wine and — Art? — No,
"women folks!"
In senseless satire and indecent
jokes.

V.

"Women?" said José, "what do
women know
Of poetry or painting?" ("Hear
him talk!")

Whispered the list'ners.) "When
did woman show

A ray of genius in the higher
walk
Of either? No; to *them* the gods
impart
Arts, — quite enough, — but deuce
a bit of Art!"

VI.

("Wretch!" cried the ladies.)

"Yes," said José, "take
Away from women love-intrigues
and all
The cheap disguises they are wont
to make

To hide their spots, — they 'd
sing extremely small!"

("Fool!" said his spouse, "we' ll
settle, by and by,
Who sings the smallest, villain, —
you or I!")

VII.

To make the matter worse, the jo-
vial guests

Were duly mindful not to be ex-
ceeded

In coarse allusions and unsavory jests,

But — following José — talked, of course, as *he* did;

I've been, myself, to many a bachelor-party,

And found them, mainly, less refined than hearty.

VIII.

The party over, full of inward ire,
Casilda plotted, silently and long,

Some fitting vengeance. Women seldom tire

In their resentments, whether right or wrong:

In classic authors we are often warned

There 's naught so savage as a "woman scorned."

IX.

Besides, Casilda, be it known, had much

Of what the French applaud — and not amiss —

As *savoir-faire* (I do not know the Dutch);

The literal Germans call it *Mut-terwiss*,

The Yankees *gumption*, and the Grecians *nous*, —

A useful thing to have about the house.

X.

At length the lady hit upon a plan
Worthy of Hermes for its deep disguise;

She got a carpenter, — a trusty man, —

To make a door, and of a certain size,

With curious carvings and heraldic bands,

And bade him wait her ladyship's commands.

XI.

Then falling sick, — as gentle ladies know

The ready art, unless romances lie, —

She groaned aloud, and bade Don, José go,

And quickly, too, — or she should surely die, —

And fetch her nurse, — a woman who abode

Some three miles distant by the nearest road.

XII.

With many a frown and many a bitter curse

He heard the summons. 'T was a pretty hour,

He said, to go a-gadding for a nurse!

At twelve at night! — and in a drenching shower!

He'd never go, — unless the devil sent, —

And then Don José took his hat and went!

XIII.

A long, long hour he paced the dirty street

Where dwelt the nurse, but could n't find the place;

For he had lost the number; and his feet,

Though clad in leather, made a bootless chase;

He fain had questioned some one; all in vain, —

The very thieves were fearful of the rain!

XIV.

Returning homeward from his
weary tramp,

He reached his house, — or
where his house should be;
When, by the glimmer of the entry-
lamp,

Don José saw — and marvelled
much to see —

An ancient, strange, and most fan-
tastic door,

The like whereof he'd never seen
before!

XV.

"Now, by Our Lady! this is
mighty queer!"

Cried José, staring at the graven
wood,

"I know my dwelling stands ex-
actly here;

At least, I'm certain here is
where it stood

Two hours ago, when (here he gave
a curse)

Donna Casilda sent me for the
nurse.

XVI.

"I know the houses upon either
side;

There stands the dwelling of the
undertaker;

Here my good friend Morena lived
and died;

And here 's the shop of old Trap-
pal, the baker;

And yet, as sure as iron is n't brass,
'T is not my door, or I'm a precious
ass!

XVII.

"However, I will knock"; and so
he did,

And called, "Casilda!" loud
enough to rouse

The very dullest watchman in
Madrid;

But woke, instead, the porter of
the house,

Who rudely asked him, Where he
got his beer?

And bade him, "Go! — there 's no
Casilda here!"

XVIII.

Don José crossed himself in dire
dismay,

Lest he had lost his reason, or
his sight;

At least 't was certain he had lost
his way;

And, hoping sleep might set the
matter right,

He sought and found the dwelling
of a friend

Who lived in town, — quite at the
other end.

XIX.

Next morning José, rising with the
sun,

Returned, once more, to seek the
missing house;

And there it stood, as it had always
done,

And there stood also his indig-
nant spouse

With half her city cousins at her
back,

Waiting to put poor José on the
rack.

XX.

"A charming husband, *you!*" the
dame began,

"To leave your spouse in peril
of her life,

For tavern revellers! You're a
pretty man,

Thus to desert your lawful, wed-
ded wife,

And spend your nights — O villain!
— don't explain,
I'll be revenged if there is law in Spain!"

XXI.

"Nay, Madam, hear me! — just a single word —"

And then he told her of his fruitless search
To find the beldam; and of what occurred, —
How his own house had left him in the lurch!

Here such a stream of scorn came pouring in,
Don José's voice was smothered in the din.

XXII.

"Nay," said Casilda, "*that* will never do;
Your own confession plainly puts you down!
Say you were tipsy (it were nothing new),
And spent the night carousing through the town
With other toppers; *that* may be received;
But, faith! *your* tale will never be believed!"

XXIII.

Crazed with the clamor of the noisy crew
All singing chorus to the injured dame,
Say, what the deuce could poor Don José do? —
He prayed for pardon, and confessed his shame;

And gave no dinners, in his future life,
Without remembering to invite his wife!

THE DERVIS AND HIS ENEMIES.

A TURKISH LEGEND.

I.

NEAR Babylon, in ancient times,
There dwelt a humble, pious Dervis
Who lived on alms, and spent his days
In exhortation, prayer, and praise, —
Devoted to the Prophet's service.

II.

To him, one day, a neighbor sent
A gift extremely rare and pleasant, —
A fatted ox of goodly size;
Whereat the grateful Dervis cries,
"Allah be praised for this fine present!"

III.

So large a gift were hard to hide;
Nor was he careful to conceal it;
Indeed, a thief had chanced to spy
The ox as he was passing by,
And so resolved to go and steal it.

IV.

Now while he sought, with this intent,
The owner's humble habitation,

He met a stranger near the place,
Who seemed, to judge him by his
face,
A person of his own vocation.

V.

And so the thief, as one who knew
What to a brother-rogue was
owing,
Politely bade the man "Good day,"
And asked him, in a friendly way,
His name, and whither he was
going.

VI.

The stranger bowed, and gruffly
said:
"My name is Satan, at your ser-
vice!
And I am going, Sir, to kill
A man who lives near yonder
hill, —
A fellow called the 'Holy Dervis.'

VII.

"I hate him as a mortal foe;
For, spite of me and Nature's
bias,
There's scarce a knave in all these
parts
But this vile Dervis, by his arts,
Has made him honest, chaste,
and pious!"

VIII.

"Sir, I am yours!" the thief re-
plied;
"I scorn to live by honest labor;
And even now I'm on my way
To steal an ox received to-day
By this same Dervis from a
neighbor."

IX.

"I'm glad to see you," said the
fiend,
"You seem, indeed, a younger
brother;
And, faith! in such a case as this,
It certainly were much amiss
If we should fail to aid each
other!"

X.

While thus discoursing, sooth to
say,
Each knave had formed the
resolution
(Lest aught occur to mar his plan)
To be himself the foremost man
To put his scheme in execution.

XI.

"For," said the thief unto himself,
"Before his work is half com-
pleted,
The Dervis, murdered where he
lies,
Will rouse the neighbors with his
cries,
And so my plan will be de-
feated!"

XII.

"If *he* goes first," the other
thought,
"His cursed ox may chance to
bellow;
Or else, in breaking through the
door,
He'll wake the Dervis with the roar,
And I shall fail to kill the fel-
low!"

XIII.

So when they reached the hermit's
house,
The devil whispered, quite de-
murely,

"While I go in, you stand without;
My job despatched, we'll go
about

The other business more secure-
ly."

XIV.

"Nay," said the robber, "I pro-
test

I don't at all approve the meas-
ure;

This seems to me the better plan:
Just wait till I have robbed the
man,

Then you may kill him at your
leisure."

XV.

Now when, at last, they both re-
fused

To yield the point in contro-
versy,

To such a height the quarrel rose,
From words and threats they came
to blows,

And beat each other without
mercy!

XVI.

Perceiving that the devil's strokes
Surpassed his own in weight
and number,

The thief, before he took to flight,
Cried, "Murder! help!" with all
his might,

And roused the Dervish from his
slumber.

XVII.

"Thieves! thieves!" cried Satan,
going off

(To figure at some tavern-revel).
And so by this fraternal strife

The Dervish saved his ox and life,
Despite the robber and the
devil!

RAMPSINITUS AND THE
ROBBERS.

AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

IN charming old Herodotus,
If you were college-bred,
The Tale of Rampsinitus
You may, perchance, have read;
If not, 't is little matter, —
You may read it here instead.

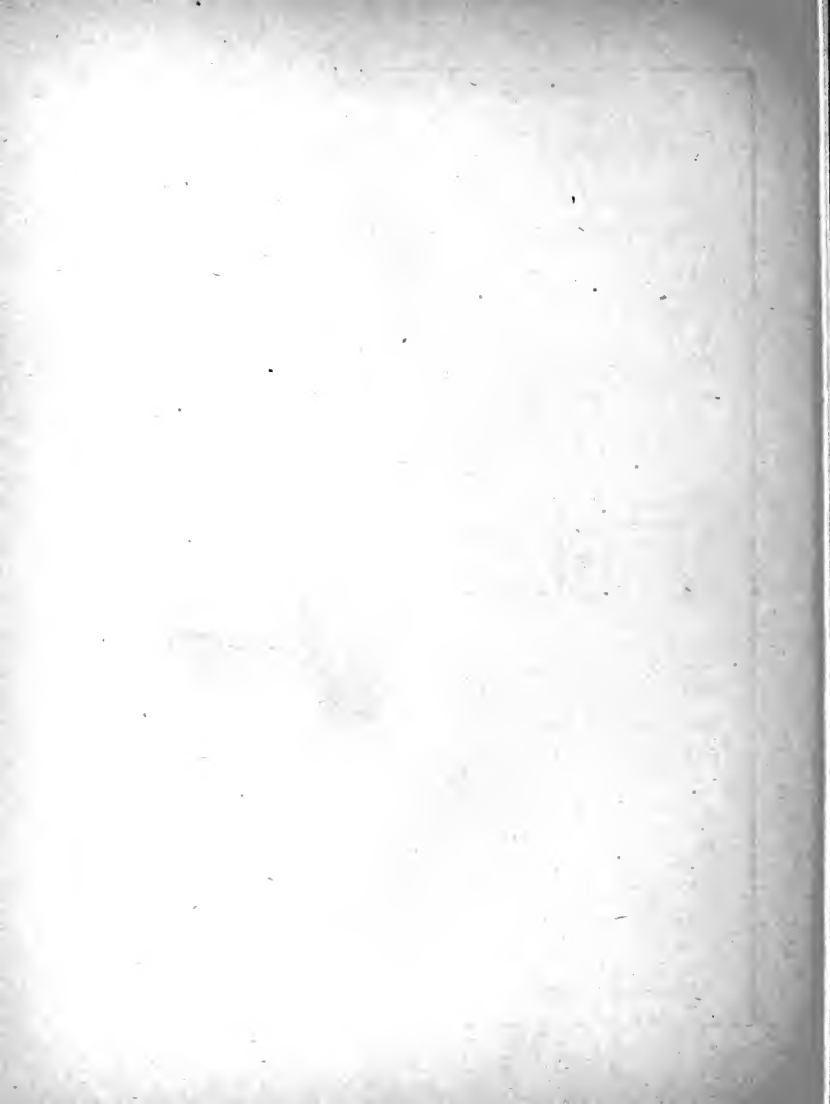
This Rampsinitus was a king
Who lived in days of old,
And, finding that his treasury
Was quite too small to hold
His jewels and his money-bags
Of silver and of gold,

He built a secret chamber,
With this intent alone,
(That is, he got an architect
And caused it to be done.)
A most substantial structure
Of mortar and of stone.

A very solid building
It appeared to every eye,
Except the master-mason's,
Who plainly could espy
One stone that fitted loosely
When the masonry was dry.

A dozen years had vanished,
When, in the common way,
The architect was summoned
His final debt to pay;





And thus unto his children
The dying man did say:—

“Come hither now, my darling
sons,

Come, list my children twain,
I have a little secret
I am going to explain;
'T is a comfort, now I'm dying,
That I have n't lived in vain.”

And then he plainly told them
Of the trick that he had done;
How in the royal chamber
He had put a sliding stone, —
“You 'll find it near the bottom,
On the side that 's next the sun.

“Now I feel that I am going;
Swift ebbs the vital tide;
No longer in this wicked world
My spirit may abide.”
And so this worthy gentleman
Turned up his toes and died.

It was n't long before the sons
Improved the father's hint,
And searched the secret chamber
To discover what was in 't;
And found, by self-promotion,
They were “Masters of the
Mint!”

At length King Rampsinitus
Perceived, as well he might,
His caskets and his money-bags
Were getting rather light;
“And yet,” quoth he, “my bolts
and bars
Are all exactly right!

“I wonder how the cunning dog
Has managed to get in;

However, it is clear enough,
I'm losing lots of tin;
I'll try the virtue of a trap
Before the largest bin!”

In came the thief that very night,
And soon the other chap,
Who waited at the opening,
On hearing something snap,
Went in and found his brother
A-sitting in the trap.

“You see me in a pretty fix!”
The gallant fellow said;
“'T is better, now, that one should
die
Than two of us be dead.
Lest both should be detected,
Cut off my foolish head!”

“Indeed,” replied the other,
“Such a cut were hardly kind,
And to obey your order,
I am truly disinclined;
But, as you're the elder brother,
I suppose I ought to mind.”

So, with his iron hanger
He severed, at a slap,
The noddle of the victim,
Which he carried through the
gap,
And left the bleeding body
A-sitting in the trap.

His Majesty's amazement
Of course was very great,
On entering the chamber
That held his cash and plate,
To find the robber's body
Without a bit of pate!

To solve the mighty mystery
Was now his whole intent;

And everywhere, to find the head,
His officers were sent;
But every man came back again
No wiser than he went.

At last he set a dozen men
The mystery to trace;
And bade them watch the body
In a very public place,
And note what signs of sorrow
They might see in any face.

The robber, guessing what it
meant,
Was naturally shy;
And, though he mingled in the
crowd,
Took care to "mind his eye,"
For fear his brother's body-guard
His sorrow should espy.

"I'll cheat 'em yet!" the fellow
said;
And so that very night,
He planned a cunning stratagem
To get the soldiers "tight";
And steal away his brother's trunk
Before the morning light.

He got a dozen asses,
And put upon their backs
As many loads as donkeys
Of wine in leather sacks;
Then set the bags a-leaking
From a dozen little cracks.

Then going where the soldiers
Were keeping watch and ward,
The fellows saw the leaking wine
With covetous regard,
And straightway fell a-drinking,
And drank extremely hard.

The owner stormed and scolded
With well-affected spunk,

But still they kept a-drinking
Till all of them were drunk;
And so it was the robber
Stole off his brother's trunk!

Now when King Rampsinitus
Had heard the latest news,
'T is said his royal Majesty
Expressed his royal views
In language such as gentlemen
Are seldom known to use.

Now when a year had vanished,
He formed another plan
To catch the chap who 'd stolen
The mutilated man;
And summoning the Princess,
His Majesty began:—

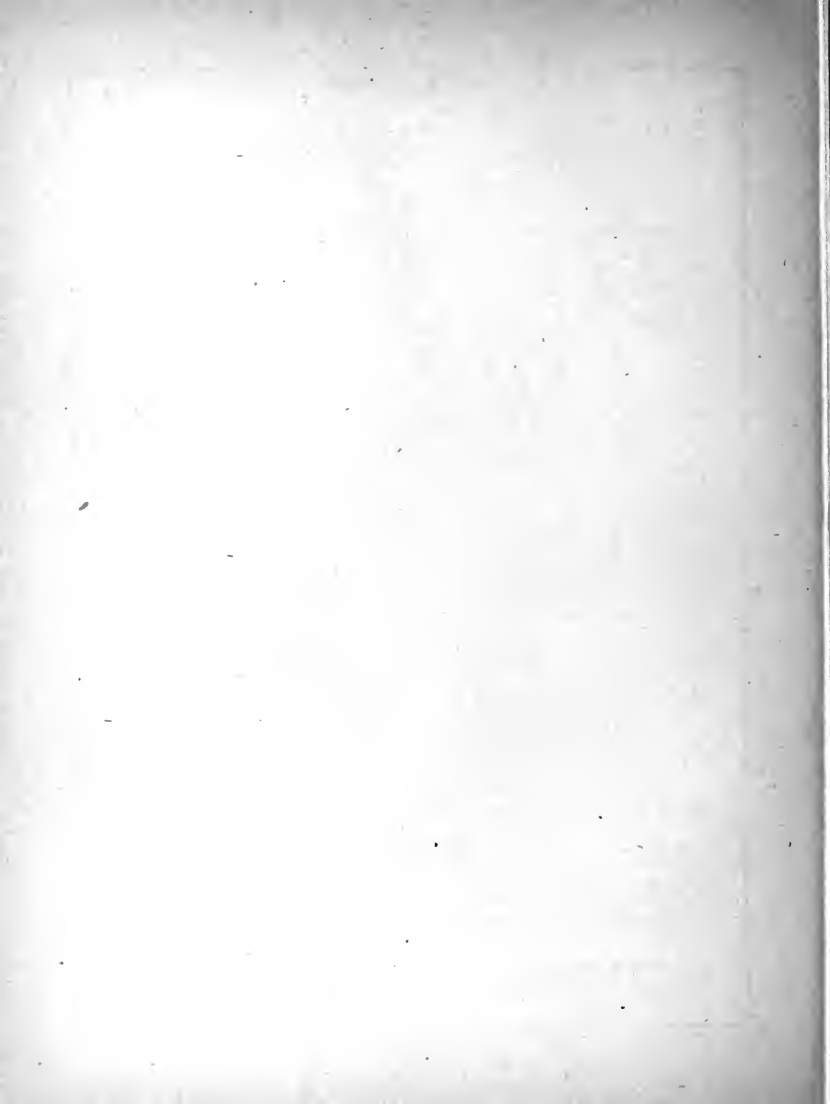
"My daughter, hold a masquerade,
And offer—as in fun—
Five kisses (in your chamber)
To every mother's son
Who'll tell the shrewdest mischief
That he has ever done.⁶

"If you chance to find the robber
By the trick that I have planned,
Remember, on the instant,
To seize him by the hand,
Then await such further orders
As your father may command."

The Princess made the party,
Without the least dissent.
'T was a general invitation,
And everybody went,—
The robber with the others,
Though he guessed the king's
intent.

Now when the cunning robber
Was questioned, like the rest,





He said: "Your Royal Highness,
I solemnly protest
Of all my subtle rogueries,
I scarce know which is best;

"But I venture the opinion,
'T was a rather pretty job,
When, having with my hanger
Cut off my brother's nob,
I managed from the soldiers
His headless trunk to rob!"

And now the frightened Princess
Gave a very heavy groan,
For, to her consternation,
The cunning thief had flown,
And left the hand she grappled
Still lying in her own!

(For he a hand had borrowed,
'T is needful to be said,
From the body of a gentleman
That recently was dead,
And *that* he gave the Princess
The moment that he fled!)

Then good King Rampsinitus
Incontinently swore
That this paragon of robbers
He would persecute no more
For such a clever rascal
Had never lived before!

And in that goodly company,
His Majesty declared
That if the thief would show him-
self
His person should be spared,
And with his only daughter
In marriage should be paired!

And when King Rampsinitus
Had run his mortal lease,

He left them in his testament
Just half a crown apiece;
May every modest merit
Thus flourish and increase!

POOR TARTAR.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

I.

THERE 's trouble in Hungary, now,
alas!
There 's trouble on every hand!
For that terrible man,
The Tartar Khan,
Is ravaging over the land!

II.

He is riding forth with his ugly
men,
To rob and ravish and slay;
For deeds like those,
You may well suppose,
Are quite in the Tartar-way.

III.

And now he comes, that terrible
chief,
To a mansion grand and old;
And he peers about
Within and without,
And what do his eyes behold?

IV.

A thousand cattle in fold and field,
And sheep all over the plain;
And noble steeds
Of rarest breeds,
And beautiful crops of grain.

V.

But finer still is the hoarded wealth
That his ravished eyes behold;
In silver plate
Of wondrous weight,
And jewels of pearl and gold!

VI.

A nobleman owns this fine estate;
And when the robber he sees,
'T is not very queer
He quakes with fear,
And trembles a bit in the knees.

VII.

He quakes in fear of his precious
life,
And, scarce suppressing a groan,
"Good Tartar," says he,
"Whatever you see
Be pleased to reckon your own!"

VIII.

The Khan looked round in a lei-
surely way
As one who is puzzled to choose;
When, cocking his ear,
He chanced to hear
The creak of feminine shoes.

IX.

The Tartar smiled a villanous
smile,
When, like a lily in bloom,
A lady fair
With golden hair
Came gliding into the room.

X.

The robber stared with amorous
eyes;
Was ever so winning a face?
And long he gazed
As one amazed
To see such beauty and grace.

XI.

A moment more, and the lawless
man
Had seized his struggling prey,
Without remorse,
And taking horse
He bore the lady away.

XII.

"Now Heaven be praised!" the
nobleman cried,
"For many a mercy to me!
I bow me still
Unto his will, —
God pity the Tartar!" said he.

THE FOUR MISFORTUNES.

A HEBREW TALE.

I.

A PIOUS Rabbi, forced by heathen
hate
To quit the boundaries of his
native land,
Wandered abroad, submissive to
his fate,
Through pathless woods and
wastes of burning sand.

II.

A patient ass, to bear him in his
flight,
A dog, to guard him from the
robber's stealth,
A lamp, by which to read the law
at night, —
Was all the pilgrim's store of
worldly wealth.

III.

At set of sun he reached a little town,
 And asked for shelter and a crumb of food;
 But every face repelled him with a frown,
 And so he sought a lodging in the wood.

IV.

"'T is very hard," the weary traveller said,
 "And most inhospitable, I protest,
 To send me fasting to this forest bed;
 But God is good, and means it for the best!"

V.

He lit his lamp to read the sacred law,
 Before he spread his mantle for the night;
 But the wind rising with a sudden flaw,
 He read no more, — the gust put out the light.

VI.

"'T is strange," he said, "'t is very strange, indeed,
 That ere I lay me down to take my rest,
 A chapter of the law I may not read, —
 But God is good, and all is for the best."

VII.

With these consoling words the Rabbi tries
 To sleep, his head reposing on a log,

But, ere he fairly shut his drowsy eyes,
 A wolf came up and killed his faithful dog.

VIII.

"What new calamity is this?" he cried;
 "My honest dog — a friend who stood the test
 When others failed — lies murdered at my side!
 Well, — God is good, and means it for the best!"

IX.

Scarce had the Rabbi spoken, when, alas!
 As if, at once, to crown his wretched lot,
 A hungry lion pounced upon the ass,
 And killed the faithful donkey on the spot.

X.

"Alas! alas!" the weeping Rabbi said,
 "Misfortune haunts me like a hateful guest;
 My dog is gone, and now my ass is dead.
 Well, — God is good, and all is for the best!"

XI.

At dawn of day, imploring heavenly grace,
 Once more he sought the town;
 but all in vain;

A band of robbers had despoiled
the place,
And all the churlish citizens
were slain!

XII.

"Now God be praised!" the grate-
ful Rabbi cried,
"If I had tarried in the town to
rest,
I too, with these poor villagers,
had died.
Sure, God is good, and all is for
the best!"

XIII.

"Had not the wanton wind put
out my lamp,
By which the sacred law I would
have read,
The light had shown the robbers
to my camp,
And here the villains would have
left me dead.

XIV.

"Had not my faithful animals
been slain,
Their noise, no doubt, had drawn
the robbers near,
And so their master, it is very
plain,
Instead of them, had fallen mur-
dered here.

XV.

"Full well I see that this hath
happened so
To put my faith and patience to
the test.
Thanks to His name! for now I
surely know
That God is good, and all is for
the best!"

THE WANDERING JEW.⁷

A BALLAD.

COME list, my dear,
And you shall hear
About the wonderful Wandering
Jew,
Who night and day,
The legends say,
Is taking a journey he never gets
through.

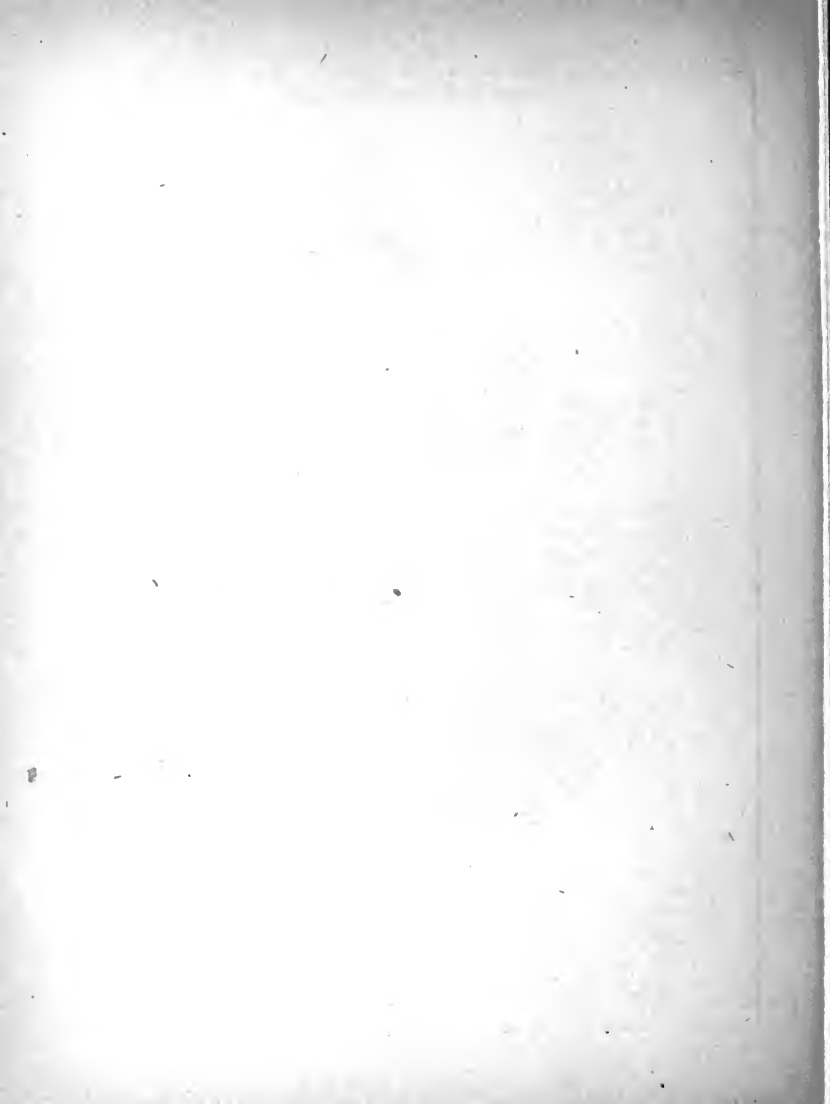
What is his name,
Or whence he came,
Or whither the weary wanderer
goes;
Or why he should stray
In this singular way,
Many have marvelled, but nobody
knows.

Though oft, indeed,
(As you may read
In ancient histories quaint and
true,)
A man is seen
Of haggard mien
Whom people call the Wandering
Jew.

Once in Brabant,
With garments scant,
And shoeless feet, a stranger ap-
peared;
His step was slow,
And white as snow
Were his waving locks and flowing
beard.

His cheek was spare,
His head was bare;
And little he recked of heat or
cold;
Misfortune's trace
Was in his face,
And he seemed at least a century
old.





"Now, goodman, bide,"
 The people cried,
 "The night with us,—it were
 surely best;
 The wind is cold,
 And thou art old,
 And sorely needest shelter and
 rest!"

"Thanks! thanks!" said he,
 "It may not be
 That I should tarry the night with
 you;
 I cannot stay;
 I must away,
 For I, alas! am the Wandering
 Jew!"

"We oft have read,"
 The people said,
 "Thou bearest ever a nameless
 woe;
 Now, prithee tell
 How it befell
 That thou art always wandering
 so?"

"The time would fail
 To tell my tale,
 And yet a little, ere I depart,
 Would I relate
 About my fate,
 For some, perhaps, may lay it to
 heart.

"When but a youth
 (And such, in sooth,
 Are ever of giddy and wanton
 mood),
 With tearless eye
 I saw pass by
 The Saviour bearing the hateful
 road.

"And when he stooped,
 And, groaning, drooped
 And staggered and fell beneath the
 weight,
 I cursed his name,
 And cried, 'For shame!
 Move on, blasphemer, and meet thy
 fate!'

"He raised his head,
 And, smiling, said:
 'Move on thyself! In sorrow and
 pain,
 When I am gone
 Shalt thou move on,
 Nor rest thy foot till I come
 again!'

"Alas! the time
 That saw my crime,—
 'T was more than a thousand
 years ago!
 And since that hour
 Some inward power
 Has kept me wandering to and fro.

"I fain would die
 That I might lie
 With those who sleep in the silent
 tomb;
 But not for me
 Is rest,—till He
 Shall come to end my dreadful
 doom.

"The pestilence
 That hurries hence
 A thousand souls in a single night
 Brings me no death
 Upon its breath,
 But passes by in its wayward flight.

"The storm that wrecks
 A hundred decks,
 And drowns the shuddering, shriek-
 ing crew

Still leaves afloat
The fragile boat
That bears the life of the Wander-
ing Jew.

"But I must away;
I cannot stay;
Nor further suffer a moment's loss;
Heed well the word
That ye have heard,—
Nor spurn the Saviour who bore
the Cross!"

THE THREE GOOD DAYS.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

In Casena dwelt a widow;
Worldly fortune she had none;
Nor a single near relation
Save her silly, idle son.

Little heeded he her counsel
When she bade him stir about, —
Ever yawning, dozing, sleeping,
Like a good-for-nothing lout.

Oft and oft his mother told him
(Dame Lucetta was her name),
'Rise, Lucello! (so she called
him),
Get thee out, — for very shame!

"See, the sun is high in heaven!
Quit, my boy, your lazy bed;
Go and seek some honest labor;
So good days shall crown your
head."

Much the foolish fellow marvelled
What "good days" might
chance to be;
When, at last, the lad determined
He would even go and see.

So, next morning, lo! the slug-
gard,
Rising lazily and late,
Sauntered forth, and on, and on-
ward,
Till he reached the city gate.

Here Lucello, tired with walking
In the sultry summer heat,
Straightway laid him down to
slumber
Right across the trodden street!

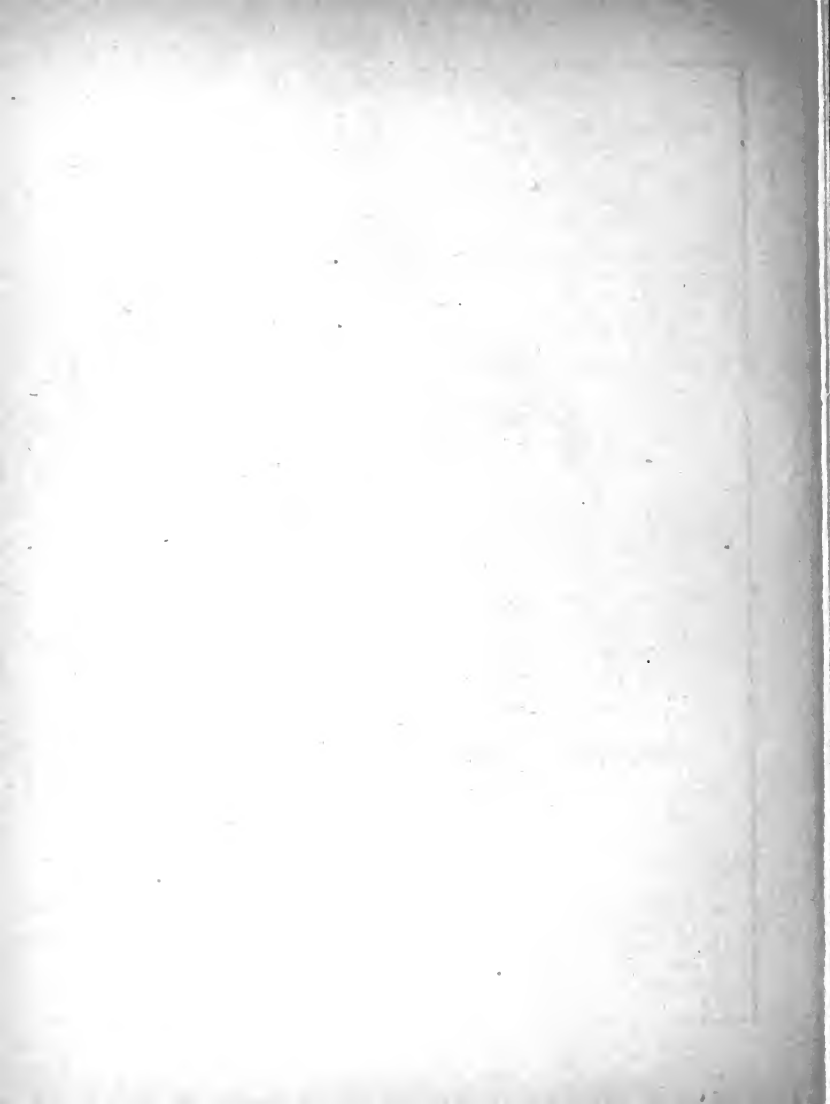
Now it chanced three wicked rob-
bers,
Coming from the secret place
Where their stolen wealth was
buried,
Met the stranger face to face.

And the first, as he was passing,
Seeing some one in the way
(For he stumbled on the sleeper),
Bade him civilly, "Good day!"

"There is *one*!" Lucello an-
swered,
Minding what the dame had said,
How "good days," for good be-
havior,
Were to crown his lucky head.

But the robber, conscience-smitten
Touching the unlawful-pelf,
Deemed the words the lad had
spoken
Plainly pointed to himself!





Soon another robber, passing,
His "Good day" was fain to
give;

"Here is luck!" exclaimed Lu-
cello,

"That's the *second*, as I live!"

Trembling, now the rogues awaited
The arrival of the third,
When again "Good day" was
given,

Which with joy Lucello heard.

"Number *three*, by all that's
lucky!"

Cried the boy, with keen delight;
"My good days are quickly coming;
Faith! the dame was in the
right!"

Whereupon the robbers, guessing
That the lad was well aware
Of the treasure they had hidden,
Straightway offered him a share;

Which he joyfully accepted,
And in triumph carried home,
And with rapture told his mother,
How his lucky days had come!

THE STORY OF ECHO.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was *Echo*,
As classical history tells,
A favorite nymph of *Diana*,
Who dwelt among forests and
dells.

Now *Echo* was very loquacious,
And though she was silly and
young,
It seems that she never was weary
Of plying her voluble tongue.

And, I'm sorry to say in addition,
Besides her impertinent clack,
She had, upon every occasion,
A habit of answering back.

Though even the wisest of matrons
In grave conversation was heard,
Miss *Echo* forever insisted
On having the ultimate word, —

A fault so exceedingly hateful,
That *Juno* (whom *Echo* betrayed
While the goddess was hearing the
babble)

Determined to punish the maid.

Said she: "In reward of your folly,
Henceforward in vain you will
try
To talk in the manner of others;
At best, you can only *reply*!"

A terrible punishment truly
For one of so lively a turn,
And it brought the poor maiden to
ruin;
The way you shall presently
learn.

For, meeting the handsome *Nar-
cissus*,
And wishing his favor to gain,
Full often she tried to address him,
But always endeavored in vain.

And when, as it finally happened,
He spoke to the damsel one day,
Her answers seemed only to mock
him,
And drove him in anger away.

Ah! sad was the fate of poor
Echo, —
Was ever so hapless a maid?
She wasted away in her sorrow
Until she was wholly decayed.

But her voice is still living immortal, —

The same you have frequently heard,

In your rambles in valleys and forests,

Repeating your ultimate word!



A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Two College Professors, — I won't give their names

(Call one of them *Jacob*, the other one *James*), —

Two College Professors, who ne'er in their lives

Had wandered before from the care of their wives,

One day in vacation, when lectures were through,

And teachers and students had nothing to do,

Took it into their noddles to go to the Races,

To look at the nags, and examine their paces,

And find out the meaning of "bolting" and "baiting,"

And the (clearly preposterous) practice of "waiting,"

And "laying long odds," and the other queer capers

Which cram the reports that appear in the papers;

And whether a "stake" is the same as a post?

And how far a "heat" may resemble a roast?

And whether a "hedge," in the language of sport,

Is much like the plain agricultural sort?

And if "making a book" is a thing which requires

A practical printer? and who are the buyers? —

Such matters as these, — very proper to know, —

And no thought of betting, induced them to go

To the Annual Races, which then were in force

(Horse-racing, in fact, is a matter of course,

Apart from the pun) in a neighboring town;

And so, as I said, the Professors went down.

The day was the finest that ever was known;

The atmosphere just of that temperate tone

Which pleases the Spirit of (man and) the Times,

But impossible, quite, to describe in my rhymes.

The track had been put in a capital plight

By a smart dash of rain on the previous night,

And all things "went off" — save some of the horses —

As lively as crickets or Kansas divorces!

Arrived at the ground, it is easy to guess

Our worthy Professors' dismay and distress

At all the queer things which expanded their eyes

(Not to mention their ears) to a wonderful size!

How they stared at the men who were playing at poker,

And scolded the chap with the "sly little joker";

And the boy who had "something uncommonly nice,"

Which he offered to sell at a very
high price, —
A volume that did n't seem over-
refined,
And clearly was *not* of the Sunday-
school kind.
All this, and much more, — but
your patience will fail,
Unless I desist, and go on with my
tale.

Our worthy Professors no sooner
had found
Their (ten-shilling) seats in the
circular ground,
And looked at the horses, — when,
presently, came
A wish to know what was the *Fa-
vorite's* name;
And how stood the *betting*, — quite
plainly revealing
The old irrepressible horse-race-y
feeling
Which is born in the bone, and is
apt to come out
When thorough-bred coursers are
snorting about.

The Professors, in fact, — I am
grieved to report, —
At the very first match entered
into the sport,
And bet (with each other) their
money away —
Just *Fifty* apiece — on the *Brown*
and the *Bay*;
And shouted as loud as they ever
could bellow,
“Hurrah for the filly!” and “Go
it, old fellow!”
And, “Stick to your business!”
and “Rattle your pegs!” —
Like a jolly old brace of profes-
sional “Legs!”

The race being over, quoth *Jacob*,
“I see
My wager is forfeit; to *that* I agree

The *Fifty* is yours, by the techni-
cal rules
Observed, I am told, by these
horse-racing fools;
But then, as a *Christian*, — I'm
sorry to say it, —
My Conscience, you know, won't
allow me to pay it!”

“No matter,” quoth *James*, “I
can hardly refuse
To accord with your sound theo-
logical views: •
A tardy repentance is better than
none;
I must tell you, however, 't was
your horse that won!
But of course you won't think of
demanding the pelf,
For *I* have a conscience as well as
yourself!”

THE ORIGIN OF WINE.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO O. M.
TINKHAM, ESQ.

I.

YE friends of good cheer, I pray
you give ear;
I sing of old Noah who planted
the vine;
But first, if you please, our thirst
to appease,
Let's drink to his health in a
bumper of wine!

II.

When the Deluge was o'er, and
good Father Noah
Sat moping one day in the shade
of a tree,

An Angel came near, and thinking
it queer,
Said: "Tell me, I pray, what
the matter may be."

III.

Says Noah: "I'm curst with a
horrible thirst;
So painful, indeed, I am ready
to sink;
I have plenty to eat, there's no
lack of meat;
But, sir, on my honor, I've
nothing to drink!"

IV.

"See, on every side," the Angel
replied,
"There is water enough both in
river and rill,
Your fever to slake, — not to men-
tion the lake,
And many a fountain that flows
from the hill."

V.

Says Noah: "I know the waters
still flow,
But the Deluge has ruined the
fluid for drink;
So many bad men were soaked in
it then,
The water now tastes of the sin-
ners, I think."

VI.

"It can't be denied," the Angel
replied,
"There is something of reason in
what you have said;
Since the water is bad, it is fitting
you had
A good wholesome tipple to drink
in its stead."

VII.

Then flying away, the very next
day
The Angel came back with a
handful of seeds;
And taught the good man the
properest plan
Of planting, and hoeing, and
killing the weeds.

VIII.

Ah! what color and shape! 'tis
the beautiful grape;
In clusters of purple they hang
from the vine;
And these being pressed, it is easily
guessed
Old Noah thenceforward drank
nothing but wine.

IX.

So, a cup ere we part to the man
of our heart,
Old Noah, the primitive grower
of wine;
And one brimming cup (nay, fill
it quite up)
To the Angel who gave him the
seed of the vine!

THE PARROT OF NEVERS.

I.

ONCE on a time there flourished in
Nevers,
Within a nunnery of godly note,
A famous parrot, so exceeding fair
In the deep lustre of his emerald
coat,
They called him Ver-Vert, — syl-
lables that mean
In English much the same as
Double Green.

II.

In youth transplanted from an Indian strand,
 For his soul's health with Christian folks to dwell,
 His morals yet were pure, his manners bland;
 Gay, handsome, brilliant, and, the truth to tell,
 Pert and loquacious, as became his age;
 In short, well worthy of his holy cage.

III.

Dear to the sisters for his winning ways
 Was gay Ver-Vert; they kept him ever near,
 And kindly taught him many a holy phrase,
 Enforced with titbits from their daily cheer,
 And loved him better, they would oft declare,
 Than any one, except their darling *Mère!*

IV.

Ah! ne'er was parrot happier than he;
 And happy was the lucky girl of whom
 He asked — according as his whim might be —
 The privilege at eve to share her room,
 Where, perched upon the relics, he would sleep
 Through the long night in slumber calm and deep.

V.

At length, what joy to see! — the bird had grown,
 With good example, thoughtful and devout,

He said his prayers in such a nasal tone,
 His piety was quite beyond a doubt;
 And some declared that soon, with proper teaching,
 He'd rival the Superior at preaching!

VI.

If any laughed to see his solemn ways,
 In curt rebuke, "*Orate!*" * he replied;
 And when his zeal provoked a shower of praise,
 "*Deo sit laus!*" † the humble novice cried;
 And many said they did n't mind confessing
 His "*Pax sit tecum!*" ‡ brought a special blessing.

VII.

Such wondrous talents, though awhile concealed,
 Could not be kept in secrecy forever;
 Some babbling nun the precious truth revealed,
 And all the town must see a bird so clever;
 Until at last so wide the wonder grew,
 'T was fairly bruited all the country through.

VIII.

And so it fell, by most unlucky chance,
 A distant city of the parrot heard;

* Pray!

† Praise be to God.

‡ Peace be with you.

The story reached some sister-nuns
 at Nantz,
 Who fain themselves would see
 this precious bird
 Whose zeal and learning had suf-
 ficed to draw
 On blest Nevers such honor and
éclat.

IX.

What could they do? — well, here
 is what they did,
 To the good Abbess presently
 there went
 A friendly note, in which the
 writers bid
 A thousand blessings hasten
 their descent
 Upon her honored house, — and
 would she please
 To grant a favor asked upon their
 knees?

X.

'T was only this, that she would
 deign to lend
 For a brief space that charming
 parrot; —
 They hoped the bold request might
 not offend
 Her ladyship, but then they fain
 would get
 Such proof as only he could well
 advance
 To silence certain sceptic nuns of
 Nantz.

XI.

The letter came to hand, and such
 a storm
 Of pious wrath was never heard
 before;
 The mildest sister waxed exceed-
 ing warm, —
*"Perdre Ver-Vert! O ciel!
 plutôt la mort!"*

They all broke forth in one terrific
 cry,
 What? — lose their darling? —
 they would rather die!

XII.

But, on reflection, it was reckoned
 best
 To take the matter into grave
 debate,
 And put the question fairly to the
 test
 (Which seemed, indeed, a nice
 affair of state),
 If they should lend their precious
 pet or not;
 And so they held a session, long
 and hot.

XIII.

The sisters all with one accord
 express
 Their disapproval in a noisy
"No!"
 The graver dame — who loved the
 parrot less —
 Declared, Perhaps 't were best
 to let him go;
 Refusal was ungracious, and, in-
 deed,
 An ugly quarrel might suffice to
 breed.

XIV.

Vain was the clamor of the younger
 set;
*"Just fifteen days and not a
 moment more"*
 (Mamma decided) *"we will lend
 our pet;*
*Of course his absence we shall
 all deplore,*

But then, remember, he is only lent
For two short weeks," — and off
the parrot went!

XV.

In the same bark that bore the
bird away
Were several Gascons and a vulgar nurse,
Besides two Cyprian ladies; sooth
to say,
Ver-Vert's companions could n't
have been worse.
Small profit such a youth might
hope to gain
From wretches so licentious and
profane.

XVI.

Their manners struck him as extremely queer;
Such oaths and curses he had
never heard
As now in volleys stunned his
saintly ear;
Although he did n't understand
a word,
Their conversation seemed improper, very,
To one brought up within a monastery.

XVII.

For his, remember, was a Christian
tongue
Unskilled in aught save pious
prose or verse
By his good sisters daily said or
sung;
And now to hear the Gascons
and the nurse
Go on in such a roaring, ribald
way,
He knew not what to think, nor
what to say.

XVIII.

And so he mused in silence; till at
last
The nurse reproached him for a
sullen fool,
And poured upon him a terrific
blast
Of questions, such as, where
he'd been to school?
And was he used to travelling
about?
And did his mother know that he
was out?

XIX.

"*Ave Maria!*" * said the parrot,
— vexed
By so much banter into sudden
speech, —
Whereat all laughed to hear the
holy text,
And cried, "By Jove! the chap
is going to preach!"
"Come," they exclaimed, "let's
have a song instead."
"*Cantate Domino!*" † the parrot
said.

XX.

At this reply they laughed so loud
and long
That poor Ver-Vert was fairly
stricken dumb.
In vain they teased him for a
merry song;
Abashed by ridicule and quite
o'ercome
With virulent abuse, the wretched
bird
For two whole days refused to
speak a word.

* Hail Mary.

† Let us sing unto the Lord.

XXI.

Meanwhile he listened to their vile
discourse

In deep disgust; but still the
stranger thought

Their slang surpassed in freedom,
pith, and force

The purer language which the
missal taught,

And seemed, besides, an easier
tongue to speak

Than prayer-book Latin or monas-
tic Greek.

XXII.

In short, to tell the melancholy
truth,

Before the boat had reached its
destined shore

He who embarked a pure, ingen-
uous youth,

Had grown a profligate, and
cursed and swore

Such dreadful oaths as e'en the
Gascons heard

With shame, and said, "The
Devil's in the bird!"

XXIII.

At length the vessel has arrived
in port

And half the sisterhood are wait-
ing there

To greet their guest, and safely to
escort

To their own house the wonder-
ful Ver-Vert, —

The precious parrot whom their
fancies paint

Crowned with a halo like a very
saint!

XXIV.

Great was the clamor when their
eyes beheld

The charming stranger in the
emerald coat;

"Ver-Vert, indeed!" — his very
hue compelled

A shout of praise that reached
the highest note.

"And then such eyes! and such a
graceful walk!

And soon — what rapture! — we
shall hear him talk!"

XXV.

At length the Abbess, in a nasal
chant

(Intended, doubtless, for a pretty
speech),

Showered him with thanks that he
had deigned to grant

His worthy presence there, and
to beseech

His benediction in such gracious
terms

As might befit the sinfulest of
worms.

XXVI.

Alas for youthful piety! the bird,
Still thinking o'er the lessons

latest learned,

For a full minute answered not a
word,

And then, as if to show how
much he spurned

The early teachings of his holy
school,

He merely muttered, "Curse the
silly fool!"

XXVII.

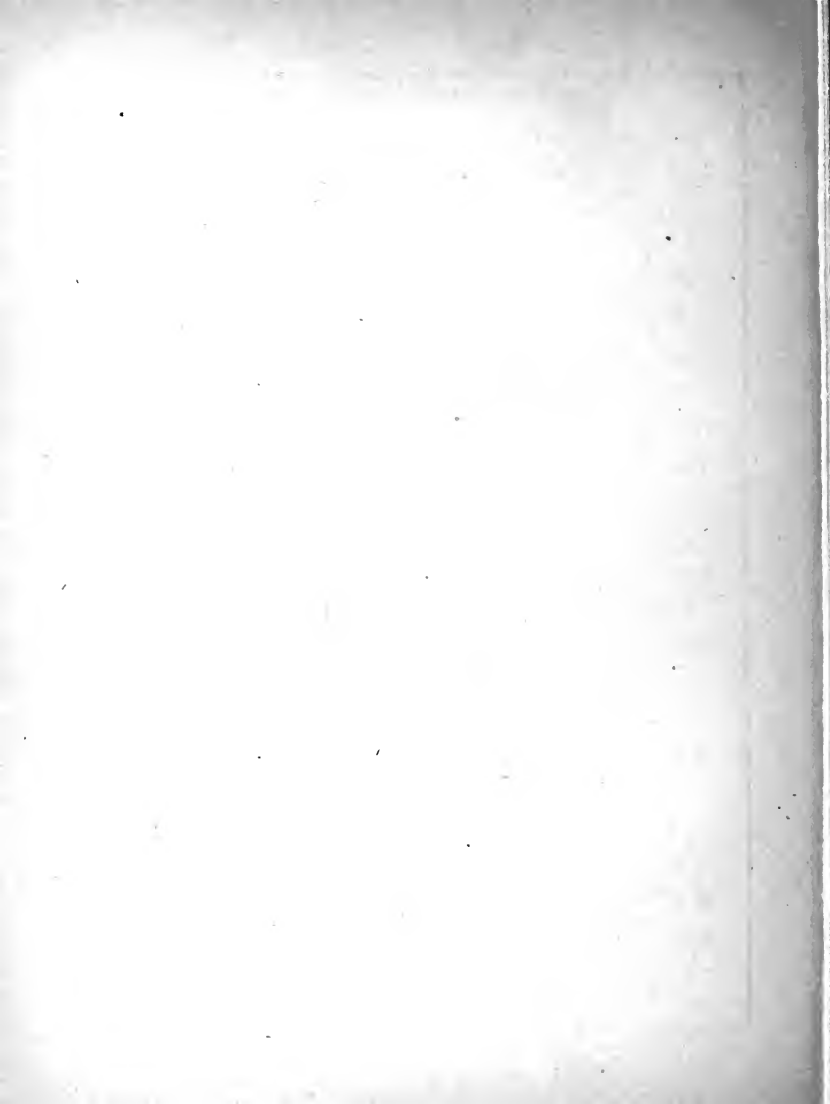
The lady, startled at the queer re-
mark,

Could not but think that she had
heard amiss;

And so began to speak again, —
but hark!

What diabolic dialect is this? —





Such language for a saint was
most improper,
Each word an oath, and every
oath a whopper!

XXVIII.

"Parbleu!" "Morbleu!" and
every azure curse
To pious people strictly disal-
lowed,
Including others that were vastly
worse,
Came rattling forth on the aston-
ished crowd
In such a storm that one might
well compare
The dreadful volley to a *feu*
d'enfer!

XXIX.

All stood aghast in horror and dis-
may;
Some cried, "For shame! is
that the way they teach
Their pupils at Nevers?" Some
ran away,
Rending the welkin with a pier-
cing screech;
Some stooped their ears for modesty;
and some
(Though shocked) stood waiting
something worse to come.

XXX.

In brief, the dame, replete with
holy rage
At being thus insulted and dis-
graced,
Shut up the hateful parrot in his
cage,
And sent him back with all con-
venient haste

And this indignant note: "In time
to come
Be pleased to keep your precious
prize at home!"

XXXI.

When to Nevers the wicked wan-
derer came,
All were delighted at his quick
return;
But who can paint their sorrow
and their shame
When the sad truth the gentle
sisters learn,
That he who left them chanting
pious verses,
Now greets his friends with horrid
oaths and curses!

XXXII.

'T is said that after many bitter
days
In wholesome solitude and penance
passed,
Ver-Vert grew meek, reformed his
wicked ways,
And died a hopeful penitent at
last.
The moral of my story is n't
deep, —
"Young folks, beware what com-
pany you keep!"

KING SOLOMON AND THE
BEES.

A TALE OF THE TALMUD.

I.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in
his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of
Sheba came,

(So in the Talmud you may read
the story)

Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court,
and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty
king.

II.

Nor this alone; much had her
Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced
the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped
with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was
wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she
wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

III.

Besides, the queen had heard
(which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles
he could spy;
How all the curious arts that
women boast
Were quite transparent to his
piercing eye;
And so the queen had come—a
royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the
test.

IV.

And straight she held before the
monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath
of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every
charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's
choicest bowers;

The other, no less fair in every
part,
Was the rare product of divinest
Art.

V.

"Which is the true, and which the
false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All-
amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his
puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the
monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and
fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would
speak again.

VI.

"Which is the true?" once more
the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement
of the king,
"So wise a head should not be
hardly tasked,
Most learned liege, with such a
trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it
was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the
royal brain.

VII.

While thus he pondered, presently
he sees,
Hard by the casement, — so the
story goes, —
A little band of busy, bustling
bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered
rose.

The monarch smiled, and raised
his royal head;
"Open the window!" — that was
all he said.

VIII.

The window opened at the king's
command;
Within the room the eager in-
sects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's
dexter hand!
And so the king and all the cour-
tiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and
the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she
had seen.

IX.

My story teaches (every tale
should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise
may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the
mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to
please, —
As Israel's king learned wisdom
from the bees!

THE PIOUS BRAHMIN AND
HIS NEIGHBORS.

A HINDOO FABLE.

A PIOUS Brahmin made a vow
Upon a certain day
To sacrifice a fatted sheep;
And so, his vow to pay,
One morning to the market-place
The Brahmin took his way.

It chanced three cunning neigh-
bors,
Three rogues of brazen brow,
Had formed the wicked purpose
(My tale will tell you how),
To cheat the pious Brahmin,
And profit by his vow.

The leader of these cunning knaves
Went forth upon the road,
And bearing on his shoulders
What seemed a heavy load,
He met the pious Brahmin
Not far from his abode.

"What have you there?" the
Brahmin said.

"Indeed," the man replies,
"I have the finest, fattest sheep,
And of the largest size;
A sheep well worthy to be slain
In solemn sacrifice!"

And then the rogue laid down his
load,
And from a bag drew forth
A scurvy dog. "See there!"
he cried,
"The finest sheep on earth!
And you shall have him, if you
will,
For less than he is worth."

"Wretch!" cried the pious Brah-
min,
"To call a beast so mean
A goodly sheep! 'Tis but a dog
Accursed and unclean;
The foulest, leanest, lamest cur
That ever yet was seen!"

Just then the second rogue came
up.
"What luck!" he said, "to
find
So soon a sheep in flesh and fleece
Exactly to my mind!"

"A sheep?" exclaimed the Brahmin,

"Then I am surely blind!"

"You must be very blind indeed,
Or fond of telling lies,

To say the beast is *not* a sheep!"

The cunning rogue replies;

"Go get a leech to mend your
tongue,

Or else to mend your eyes!"

Now while these men disputed
thus,

The other rogue drew near,
And all agreed this honest man
Should make the matter clear.

"O stranger!" cried the Brahmin,

"What creature have we
here?"

"A goodly sheep!" the stranger
said.

"Alas!" the Brahmin cried,

"A moment since I would have
sworn

This honest fellow lied;

But now I know it is a sheep,
Since thus you all decide!"

And so it was the cunning knaves
Prevailed in their device;

The pious Brahmin bought the dog,
Nor higgled at the price.

"'T will make," he said, "unto
the gods

A pleasing sacrifice!"

But ill betide the fatal hour

His filthy blood was shed;

It brought no benison, alas!

Upon the Brahmin's head;

The gods were angry at the deed,

And sent a curse instead!

The meaning of this pleasant tale
Is very plainly shown;

The man is sure to fall, at last,

Who does n't stand alone;

Don't trust to other people's eyes,

But learn to mind your own!

THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.⁸

I CANNOT vouch my tale is true,
Nor swear, indeed, 't is wholly new;
But, true or false, or new or old,
I think you 'll find it fairly told.

A Frenchman, who had ne'er
before

Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He did n't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him
much;

He thought, — as Frenchmen al-
ways do, —

That all the world could *parley-
voo!*

At length our eager tourist stands
Within the famous Netherlands,
And, strolling gayly here and there
In search of something rich or rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes.

"How beautiful!" the Frenchman
cries,

And, bowing to the man who sate
In livery at the garden-gate;

"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
Whose very charming grounds are
these?"

And — pardon me — be pleased to
tell

Who in this splendid house may
dwell?"

To which, in Dutch, the puzzled
man

Replied what seemed like "*Nick Van Stann*." *

"Thanks!" said the Gaul, "the owner's taste

Is equally superb and chaste;

So fine a house, upon my word,

Not even Paris can afford.

With statues, too, in every niche,

Of course, *Monsieur Van Stann* is rich,

And lives, I warrant, like a king, —

Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"

In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets

A thousand wonders in the streets;

But most he marvels to behold

A lady dressed in silk and gold.

Gazing with rapture at the dame,

He begs to know the lady's name,

And hears — to raise his wonder more —

The very words he heard before.

"*Mercie!*" he cries, "well, on my life,

Milord has got a charming wife;

'T is plain to see, this *Nick Van Stann*

Must be a very happy man!"

Next day, our tourist chanced to pop

His head within a lottery-shop,

And there he saw, with staring eyes,

The drawing of the Mammoth Prize.

"Ten Millions! 'T is a pretty sum;

I wish I had as much at home!

I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner, What lucky fellow is the winner."

Conceive our traveller's amaze

To hear again the hackneyed phrase!

* *Ik kan niet verstaan*, — "I don't understand."

"What! No? not *Nick Van Stann* again?"

Faith! he's the luckiest of men!

You may be sure we don't advance

So rapidly as that in France.

A house, the finest in the land;

A lovely garden, nicely planned;

A perfect angel of a wife,

And gold enough to last a life, —

There never yet was mortal man So blest as *Monsieur Nick Van Stann!*

Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet

A pompous funeral in the street,

And asking one who stood near by

What nobleman had pleased to die?

Was stunned to hear the old reply.

The Frenchman sighed and shook his head.

"*Mon Dieu!* poor *Nick Van Stann* is dead!

With such a house, and such a wife,

It must be hard to part with life;

And then, to lose that Mammoth Prize —

He wins, and — pop! — the winner dies!

Ah! well, his blessings came so fast

I greatly feared they could n't last;

And thus, we see, the sword of Fate

Cuts down alike the small and great!"

THE FISHERMAN AND THE FLOUNDER.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

A FISHERMAN, poor as poor can be,
Who lived in a hovel beside the sea,

Was fishing one day, when "Lo!"
 he cries,
"I've caught a flounder of wondrous size,
As fine a flounder as one could wish!"
"O no, you have n't!" exclaimed the fish;
"In spite of my scaly skin," he said,
"I am not a fish, but a Prince instead;
Condemned to suffer this watery woe;
So I beg, good man, you will let me go!"
The fisherman, frightened at what he heard,
Let the flounder go with never a word
Except "Good by! I'd rather eschew
Than cook a flounder who talks like you!"
His hovel now the fisherman sought,
And told his wife of the fish he caught,
And how his luck was all in vain,
For he let the flounder off again!
"And did you ask for nothing?—
 alack!"
The woman cried: "Go presently back,
And tell the Prince of our wretched lot,
And ask him to give us a finer cot!"
To mind his wife he was something loth,
But he feared the woman when she was wroth;
And so he went to the ocean-side,
And thus the fisherman loudly cried:
 "O good flounder in the sea,
 Hither quickly come to me;

For Pauline, my loving dame,
Wants queer things I fear to name."
Whereat the flounder, swimming near,
Said, "Why, O why, am I summoned here?"
And the trembling fisherman answered thus:
 "My dame is always making a fuss;
A cosey hovel is hers and mine,
But she fain would have a cottage fine!"
"Go home," said the fish, "this very minute;
The cottage is hers; you'll find her in it!"
He hied him home in haste, and lo!
The fisherman found it even so.
"How happy," he cried, "we now shall be!"
But the woman answered, "We shall see!"
When a month was past, the woman sighed
For a larger house. "Now go," she cried,
"And tell the flounder ('t is my command)
I want a mansion large and grand!"
To mind the dame he was truly loth,
But he feared the woman when she was wroth;
So he went again to the ocean-side,
And loudly thus the fisherman cried:
 "O good flounder in the sea,
 Hither quickly come to me;
 For Pauline, my loving dame,
 Wants queer things I fear to name."
Whereat the flounder, swimming near,
Said, "Why again am I summoned here?"

And the trembling fisherman answered thus:

"My wife is always making a fuss;

She deems our cottage much too small;

She wants a mansion large and tall."

"Go home," said the fish, "this very minute;

The mansion is there; you'll find her in it!"

He hied him home in haste, and lo! The fisherman found it even so.

And he cried, "How happy we shall be!"

But the woman answered, "We shall see!"

When a week was past, the woman sighed

For a castle grand. "Now go," she cried,

"And tell the flounder that he must give

Your wife a palace wherein to live."

To mind the dame he was greatly loth,

But he feared the woman when she was wroth;

So he went again to the ocean-side, And softly thus the fisherman cried:

"O good flounder in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me;
For Pauline, my loving dame,
Wants queer things I fear to name!"

Whereat the flounder, swimming near,

Said, "Why again am I summoned here?"

And the trembling fisherman answered thus:

"My dame is always making a fuss;

She deems our mansion poorly planned;

She wants a palace great and grand!"

"Go home," said the fish, "this very minute;

The palace is there; you'll find her in it!"

He hied him home in haste, and, lo!

The fisherman found it even so, And he cried, "How happy we shall be!"

But the woman answered, "We shall see!"

When a day was past, with growing pride,

For regal power the woman sighed; And she bade the fisherman tell

the fish

To reign as a king was now her wish.

To mind the dame he was sadly loth,

But he feared the woman when she was wroth;

So he went again to the ocean-side, And softly thus the fisherman

cried:

"O good flounder in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me;
For Pauline, my loving dame,
Wants queer things I fear to name."

Whereat the flounder, swimming near,

Said, "Why again am I summoned here?"

And the trembling fisherman answered thus:

"My dame is always making a fuss;

She has got a palace great and grand,

And now she asks for royal command!"

"Go home!" said the fish, "at the palace gate

You'll find her a king in royal state!"

He hied him home in haste, and, lo!
The fisherman found it even so.

"Good faith," said he, "'t is a
charming thing

To be, like you, a sovereign king.
With a golden crown upon your
brow.

I'm sure you'll be contented
now!"

"Not I, indeed," the woman said,
"A triple crown would grace my
head;

And I am worthy, I humbly
hope.

Go tell the flounder to make me
pope!"

"A pope? my dear, it cannot be
done!

The Church, you know, allows but
one."

"Nay, none of your nonsense,
man," said she,

"A pope, a pope I am bound to
be!

The Prince will find it an easy
thing

To make a pope as to make a
king!"

To mind the dame he was sorely
loth,

But he feared the woman when she
was wroth;

So he went again to the ocean-side,
And thus the fisherman faintly
cried:

"O good flounder in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For Pauline, my loving dame,
Wants queer things I fear to
name!"

Whereat the flounder, swimming
near,

Said, "Why again am I summoned
here?"

"Alack, alack!" the fisherman
said,

"Whatever has turned the wo-
man's head,

She is ill-content with royal scope,
And now, good lack! she would
fain be pope!"

"Go home!" the flounder gruffly
cried,

"And see the end of foolish pride;
You'll find her in her hovel again,
And there, till death, shall she re-
main!"

HOW THE RAVEN BECAME BLACK.

THERE 's a clever classic story,
Such as poets used to write,
(You may find the tale in Ovid,)
 That the Raven once was white.

White as yonder swan a-sailing
At this moment in the moat,
Till the bird, for misbehavior,
Lost, one day, his snowy coat.

"Raven-white" was once the say-
ing,

Till an accident, alack!
Spoiled its meaning, and thereafter
It was changed to "Raven-
black."

Shall I tell you how it happened
That the change was brought
about?

List the story of Coronis,
And you'll find the secret out.

Young Coronis, fairest maiden
Of Thessalia's girlish train,
Whom Apollo loved and courted,
Loved and courted not in vain,

Flirted with another lover
(So at least the story goes)
And was wont to meet him slyly,
Underneath the blushing rose.

Whereupon the bird of Phœbus,
 Who their meetings chanced to
 view,
 Went in haste unto his master,
 Went and told him all he knew;

Told him how his dear Coronis,
 False and faithless as could be,
 Plainly loved another fellow, —
 If he doubted, come and see!

Whereupon Apollo, angry
 Thus to find himself betrayed,
 With his silver bow-and-arrow
 Went and shot the wretched
 maid!

Now when he perceived her dying,
 He was stricken to the heart,
 And to stop her mortal bleeding,
 Tried his famous healing art.

But in vain; the god of Physic
 Had no antidote; alack!
 He who took her off so deftly
 Could n't bring the maiden
 back.

Angry with himself, Apollo,
 Yet more angry with his bird,
 For a moment stood in silence,
 Impotent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,
 Wanton babbler! see thy fate!
 Messenger of mine no longer,
 Go to Hades with thy prate!

“Weary Pluto with thy tattle!
 Hither, monster, come not back;
 And, to match thy disposition,
 Henceforth be thy plumage
 black!”

MORAL.

When you're tempted to make
 mischief,
 It is wisest to refuse;
 People are not apt to fancy
 Bearers of unwelcome news.

SECOND MORAL.

Something of the pitch you handle
 On your fingers will remain;
 As the Raven's tale of darkness
 Gave the bird a lasting stain.

DEATH AND CUPID.

AN ALLEGORY.

AH! who but oft hath marvelled
 why
 The gods who rule above
 Should e'er permit the young to
 die,
 The old to fall in love!

Ah! why should hapless human-
 kind
 Be punished out of season?
 Pray listen, and perhaps you'll
 find
 My rhyme may give the reason.

Death, strolling out one summer's
 day,
 Met Cupid, with his sparrows;
 And, bantering in a merry way,
 Proposed a change of arrows.

“Agreed!” quoth Cupid, “I fore-
 see
 The queerest game of errors;

For you the King of Hearts will be,
And I 'll be King of Terrors."

And so 't was done. Alas the day
That multiplied their arts!
Each from the other bore away
A portion of his darts,

And that explains the reason why,
Despite the gods above,
The young are often doomed to die,
The old to fall in love!

LOVE AND LUCRE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Love and Lucre met one day,
In chill November weather,
And so, to while the time away,
They held discourse together.

Love at first was rather shy,
As thinking there was danger
In venturing so very nigh
The haughty-looking stranger.

But Lucre managed to employ
Behavior so potential,
That, in a trice, the bashful boy
Grew bold and confidential.

"I hear," quoth Lucre, bowing
low,
"With all your hearts and hon-
ey,
You sometimes suffer — is it so? —
For lack of ready money."

Love owned that he was poor in
aught
Except in golden fancjes,

And ne'er as yet had given a
thought
To mending his finances;

"Besides, I 've heard" — so Love
went on,
The other's hint improving —
"That gold, however sought or
won,
Is not a friend to loving."

"An arrant lie! — as you shall
see, —
Full long ago invented
By knaves who know not you nor
me,
To tickle the demented."

And Lucre waved his wand, and
lo!
By magical expansion,
Love saw his little hovel grow
Into a stately mansion;

And where, before, he used to sup
Untended in his cottage,
And grumble o'er the earthen cup
That held his meagre pottage, —

Now, smoking viands crown his
board,
And many a flowing chalice;
His larder was with plenty stored,
And beauty filled the palace.

And Love, though rather lean at
first,
And tinged with melancholy,
On generous wines and puddings
nursed,
Grew very stout and jolly.

Yet, mindful of his early friend,
He never turns detractor,

But prays that blessings may attend
 His worthy benefactor;

And when his friends are gay
 above

Their evening whist or euchre,
 And drink a brimming health to

Love,
He drinks "Success to Lucre!"

WISDOM AND CUNNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

As Wisdom one evening was taking
 a stroll,

Quite out of her usual road,
 She came to a hut, at the foot of a
 knoll,

Where Selfishness had his abode.

In this dismal retreat, which,
 within and without,

Was the shabbiest ever was
 known,

In a fashion befitting so scurvy a
 lout,

The miser was living alone.

She knocked at the door with a
 maidenly rap,

To inquire concerning the way;
 For in strolling about, by an awkward
 mishap,

Miss Wisdom had wandered
 astray.

The occupant growled, for the insolent
 churl

Suspected some beggarly kin:
 But, getting a peep at the beautiful
 girl,

He civilly bade her, "Come in!"

Alas for the damsel! was ever before

A maid in so wretched a plight?
 For Selfishness cruelly bolted the
 door,

And forced her to wed him outright.

That a couple so mated soon came
 to be foes,

Of course it is easy to see;
 For natures so opposite, every one
 knows,

Could never a moment agree.

And so it befell that the lady at
 last,

By pleading deception and force,
 From the infamous marriage that
 bound her so fast,

Procured an eternal divorce.

But ere 't was decreed, it is
 proper to say,

A serious mischief was done;
 For it happened one morning, —
 bad luck to the day!

The lady gave birth to a son.

An ill-looking urchin as ever was
 born

(As Cunning the fellow is
 known),

Whom even his mother regarded
 with scorn,

And never was willing to own.

A slight look of Wisdom he bears
 in his face,

Procures him a deal of respect
 With people too little discerning to
 trace

The vices which others detect.

For, ever his motives are sordid
 and vile,
 And ever his methods are mean;
 And thus, in despite of his treach-
 erous smile,
 The mind of the father is seen.

THE SULTAN AND THE OWLS.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

I.

THE Sultan, Mahmoud, in his
 early reign,
 By bootless foreign wars reduced
 the nation,
 Till half his faithful followers were
 slain,
 And all the land was filled with
 desolation.

II.

The Sultan's Vizier, saddened at
 the heart
 To see at every turn some new
 disaster,
 Essayed in vain, by counsel and
 by art,
 To stay the folly of his royal
 master.

III.

The Vizier, deeply versed in legal
 lore,
 In state affairs the Sultan's chief
 reliance,
 Had found, besides, some leisure
 to explore
 In learned books the mysteries
 of science.

IV.

With other matters of the graver
 sort,
 He knew to judge men's fancies
 by their features;
 And understood, according to re-
 port,
 The hidden language of the
 feathered creatures.

V.

One pleasant evening, on an aged
 tree,
 The while within a wood the
 twain were walking,
 The Sultan and the Vizier chanced
 to see
 A pair of solemn owls engaged
 in talking.

VI.

The Sultan asked: "What is it
 that they say?"
 And fain would know what the
 debate portended;
 The Vizier answered: "Sire, ex-
 cuse me, pray,
 I fear your Highness would be
 much offended."

VII.

"Nay," said the Sultan, "what-
 soe'er it be
 These heralds of Minerva may
 be saying,
 Repeat it, Vizier, faithfully to me;
 There's no offence, except in
 not obeying."

VIII.

"Well," said the other, "these
 sagacious fowls
 Have met, 't would seem, at the
 appointed hour,

To fix their children's wedding;
and the owls
Are at this moment talking of
the dower.

IX.

"The father of the daughter,
speaking free,
Says: 'What are your condi-
tions? please to state 'em!'
'Well, twenty ruined villages,'
quoth he
(The father of the son); 'and
that's my *ultimatum*!'

X.

"'Done!' says the other, 'only
understand
I'd say two hundred quite as
soon as twenty;
Thanks to good Mahmoud! while
he rules the land
We shall have ruined villages in
plenty!'"

XI.

'T is said the Sultan, stricken with
remorse,
Restored the land reduced by
war and pillage,
And ruled so wisely in his future
course
That not an owl could find a
ruined village.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

AN APOLOGUE.

I.

A PIN and Needle in a basket lay,
Exempt from household labors;

And so they fell a-quarrelling one
day,
Like other idle neighbors.

II.

"Pray, what's the use," the
saucy Pin exclaimed,
"Of such as you, you noddy?
Before fine ladies you must be
ashamed
To show your headless body!"

III.

"Who cares about your brazen
little head?
I hold it in derision;
'T is good for naught," the Needle
sharply said,
"Without an eye for vision!"

IV.

"Tut!" said the other, piqued at
this reply,
"What profit do you find it,
When any thread, unless you mind
your eye,
Can in a moment blind it?"

V.

"If," said the Needle, "what you
say were true,
I'll leave it to the Thimble,
If I am not as bright again as you,
And twenty times as nimble."

VI.

"Grant," said the Pin, "you
speak the simple truth,
Beyond the slightest cavil,
You 'll die so much the sooner, —
in your youth,
Worn out with toil and travel."

VII.

"Fie!" said the Needle, "to my
Fate I trust;
I scorn to be a laggard,
And live and die, like you, con-
sumed with rust,
Misshapen, old, and haggard!"

VIII.

Unhappy boaster! for it came to
pass
The Needle scarce had spoken,
When she was taken by an awk-
ward lass,
And in the eye was broken!

IX.

Whereat the Pin (which meets the
damsel's view)
Around the neck is threaded,
And after many struggles to get
through,
Is suddenly beheaded!

X.

"Well, here we are!" the Needle
humbly said;
No more a haughty scorner
Of the poor Pin who shared her
lowly bed,—
A dust-heap in the corner.

XI.

"Yes," said the other, thinking of
the past,
"I wish in better season
We might have learned the lesson
which at last
Has brought us both to reason!"

XII.

"Friend," said the Needle, "we
are much like men,—
Scornful in sunny weather;

And only mindful they are broth-
ers when
They're in the dirt together!"

BEN-AMMI AND THE FAIR-
IES.

A RABBINICAL TALE.

ONCE on a time a stranger came
At midnight to a wealthy man, —
Rabbi Ben-ammi was his name, —
And thus his salutation ran:

"Rabbi! I have a child at home
Who on the morrow's early light
Is eight days old; and thou must
come
And celebrate the sacred rite."

Now this Ben-ammi, be it known,
Though few indeed were rich as
he,
With growing wealth, alas! had
grown
A miser to the last degree.

And yet he held, it should be told,
His office in such pure regard,
With all his sordid lust of gold,
He served the poor without re-
ward.

So at the word Ben-ammi rose,
And when the sacred Law was
read,
Forth in the night the Rabbi goes,
To follow where the stranger led.

The night was dark, and, sooth to
say,
The road they trod was rough
indeed;

Yet on and on they took their way,
Where'er the stranger chose to
lead.

At last they reached, towards the
dawn,
A rock so huge, within a wood,
A hundred steeds could not have
drawn
The mighty stone from where it
stood.

Now mark the wonder that oc-
curred:
The stranger touched it with his
hand,
Spoke to himself some mystic word,
And straight it moved from off
the land!

And now the wondering Rabbi
found
The earth was open for a space,
With steps that led beneath the
ground,
As if to some mysterious place.

Descending these with prudent
care,
And going far and farther down,
They reached an open country,
where
They found, at length, a peopled
town.

Among the houses, large and small,
There stood a palace vast and
grand,
And here, within a spacious hall,
Were fairy-folks on every hand.

Now going where the woman lay
Whose child the sacred rite re-
quired,

The stranger bade Ben-ammi stay,
And, bowing, silently retired.

"Rabbi, pray listen!" said the
dame;
"These people here whom thou
hast seen
Thou knowest not except by
name, —
The fairy race of *Mazakeen*.

"They are not human like our-
selves
(For I, indeed, was once of
earth),
But queer, uncouth, uncanny elves,
Who find in mischief all their
mirth.

"And yet they have religions too;
All kinds of creeds, like folks
above;
And he who rules them is a Jew, —
My husband whom I dearly love.

"And hence it was he made so bold
To bring thee hither in the night,
That for our babe, now eight days
old,
Thou mayst perform the holy
rite.

"He stole me from the earth away;
Of this I do not now complain:
But listen well to what I say,
If thou wouldst e'er return again.

"Beware! taste neither food nor
drink
Whilst thou art here, on any plea,
Or in a moment thou wilt sink
Thy manly form to — what you
see!"

The king returning with his *suite*,
The holy rite was duly done,
And all sat down to drink and eat
In merry glee, — save only one.

Ben-ammi (fearing the abuse
The dame had borne) did not
partake
Of bread or wine, but made excuse
Of three days' fast for con-
science' sake.

Whereat the king was moved to
say,

"How then shall I reward thy
task?"

"Let me return to earth this day,"
Ben-ammi said; "'t is all I ask."

"Nay!" answered he; and led
him forth
'Mid heaps of gems and golden
ore.

"I would return this day to earth,"
Ben-ammi said; "I ask no
more!"

Entering another room, he sees
(And marvels much, we may
suppose)

Along the walls, a thousand keys
In bunches, hung in rusty rows.

While gazing at each brazen line,
Ben-ammi cries, with startled
tone:

"This bunch so much resembles
mine
That I should take them for my
own!"

"Thou savest well," the king re-
plied;

"They are thine own; 't is here
I hold

The keys of men who basely hide,
And do not use, their gathered
gold.

"Here, take the keys! Hence-
forth thy heart
Will melt in pity for the poor;
And all thou givest will impart
A double blessing on thy store.

"Now, wouldst thou go, first shut
thine eyes,"
Then waves his hand towards
the dome;
Up and away Ben-ammi flies,
And quickly finds himself at
home!

And from that day Ben-ammi knew
The use of wealth, and under-
stood
(While more and more his riches
grew)
The blessed art of doing good!

THE DISCONTENTED WATER-CARRIER.

A TURKISH TALE.

I.

"THERE goes the Vizier and his
gaudy train!
While I, poor Hassan, indigent
and old,
Must carry water; well, I can't
explain
Why one wears rags, another
cloth of gold.

II.

"The single diamond that bedecks
his sword
Would set me up a gentleman
for life;
And now, God bless me! I cannot
afford
A pair of scarlet trousers for my
wife!

III.

"With half the money that his
servants waste
Each day in knick-knacks, it is
very clear
My family might live like kings,
and taste
Roast kid for dinner fifty times
year.

IV.

"It *may* be just; I don't affirm
't is not;
Allah is Allah! and knows what
is best;
But if, for mine, I had the Vizier's
lot,
'T would please me vastly better,
I protest!"

V.

So murmured Hassan, vexed within
himself
To see the Vizier riding proudly
by;
When suddenly a little fairy elf
Appeared before him with a
twinkling eye.

VI.

"Peace!" said the Fairy; "ere
thy speech begun
I knew to what thy present
thoughts incline;

Choose any gift thou wilt (but only
one),
And, by my kingdom, it shall
soon be thine!"

VII.

Poor Hassan, filled with joy, at
once began:
"I fain would have —" but
paused before the word
Escaped his mouth; or, sooth to
say, the man
Had named the jewel on the
Vizier's sword!

VIII.

What next he thought to choose
was all the gold
That filled the Calif's coffers;
then he thought
Of Bagdad's riches; then the
wealth untold
Of all the earth, — so fast his
fancy wrought!

IX.

Such various wishes thronged his
teeming brain,
He pondered long, until the
Fairy's voice
Showed some impatience, and the
man was fain
From very fear to hasten in his
choice.

X.

But halting still when at the point
to tell
His final wish, the Fairy kindly
told
(To aid his choosing) of a hidden
well
Filled to the brim with jewels
and with gold.

XI.

And then she led him to a secret
grot,
Where, underneath a stone, the
treasure lies,
Removed the slab that sealed the
sacred spot,
And showed the riches to his
wondering eyes.

XII

"Take what you will of this ex-
haustless store;
But, mark you, if you pause to
dine or sup,
Your work is finished; you can
have no more;
The stone will move and close
the coffer up."

XIII.

Charmed with the sight that met
his dazzled gaze,
He stood enrapt; then turned to
thank the fay
For so much bounty; but, to his
amaze,
The nimble sprite unseen had
fled away. -

XIV.

Whate'er three ample water-skins
could hold
Was soon his own; but this con-
tents him not;
Unnumbered coins of silver and of
gold
Invite his spade, and chain him
to the spot.

XV.

"Another hour of digging will
suffice,"
Quoth Hassan, delving with in-
creasing greed.

"Well, by the Prophet, here is
something nice!
Rubies and diamonds! this is
wealth indeed!"

XVI.

And so he dug (remembering the
hint
The Fairy gave him) till his busy
spade
Had piled a mound so vast, the
Calif's mint
Could scarce have matched the
glittering heap he made.

XVII.

And yet he toils, as greedy as be-
fore.
"A little more!" said Hassan.
"ere the sun
Sinks in the west, — some fifty
shovels more,
And this day's work, a brave
one! will be done!"

XVIII.

Poor Hassan! heedless of the fading
day,
He wrought at night as he had
wrought at noon;
Weary and faint, but impotent to
stay
His eager hand beneath the ris-
ing moon.

XIX.

"A little more!" the miser said,
"and I
Will make an end." He raised
his weary hand
To delve again; then dropt it with
a sigh, —
So weak and worn that he could
hardly stand.

XX.

Fatal Ambition! from his golden
bed
He tries in vain to reach the
giddy height;
The shining heap comes tumbling
on his head,
And shuts poor Hassan in eternal
night!

THE MILLER AND HIS ADVISERS.

AN APOLOGUE.

Of all the fables quaint and old
By *Æsop* or by *Phædrus* told,
For wit or wisdom none surpass
That of The Miller and his Ass;
Which shrewd *Malherbe* of modern
France
Invented, — meaning to advance
This wholesome truth, for old and
young,
(Here rendered in our English
tongue),
That one — however cheap the
price —
May take too much of “good
advice.”
A miller, who had thrived so
well
That he had got an ass to sell,
Set forth, one morning, for the fair,
Attended by his youthful heir,
While, trudging on with solemn
mien,
The precious donkey walked be-
tween.
At length they meet upon the
way
Some fellows, less polite than gay,
Who laugh, as if they’d split their
sides,

That neither son nor father rides.
The hint suffices; in a crack
The boy bestrides the donkey’s
back,
When, presently, three merchants
came
Along the road, who all exclaim:
“Get off, you lout! you selfish
clod,
To let your aged father plod
On foot, while you the ass be-
stride;
Dismount, and let your father
ride!”
The Miller does as they desire,
Down comes the son, up gets the
sire,
And so they go until they meet
A group of damsels in the street,
Who, all in chorus, scream and
shout:
“For shame! that one so big and
stout
Should ride at ease without a care
About his young and tender
heir.”
“Gad!” says the Miller, “their
advice
Seems mainly wise”; and in a
trice
(Though Jack esteems it hardly
kind)
He bids the lad get up behind.
Alas! the world is hard to suit;
The Miller now is called a brute
By all he meets upon the road
Who mark the donkey’s double
load.
In sooth, the Miller and his heir
Were quite as much as he could
bear,
And so, at length, the careful twain
Took up the weary ass amain,
And, to the mirth of all beholders,
Bore off the beast upon their
shoulders.
Alas! for all the weight they
bore,

They still were censured, as before;

The captious rabble followed after
With sneers, and jests, and shouts
of laughter.

"The biggest ass," one fellow
said,

"Is clearly not the quadruped!"
Another mockingly advised

To have a pet so highly prized
Kept in the parlor from the cold,
Or, for a breastpin, set in gold.

Stunned with the clamor of
their mirth,

He drops the donkey to the earth.

"Zooks! they are right," he
sighs. "Alas!

'T is clear enough I *am* an ass,
As stupid as this shaggy brute,
Essaying thus all minds to suit.
Egad! despite each meddling elf,
I'll try henceforth to please my-
self."

MURILLO AND HIS SLAVE.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

"WHOSE work is this?" Murillo
said,

The while, he bent his eager
gaze

Upon a sketch (a Virgin's head)
That filled the painter with
amaze.

Of all his pupils, — not a few, —
Marvelling, 't would seem, no
less than he;

Each answered that he nothing
knew

As touching whose the sketch
might be.

This much appeared, and nothing
more:

The piece was painted in the
night.

"And yet, by Jove!" Murillo
swore,

"He has no cause to fear the
light.

"'T is something crude, and lacks,
I own,

That finer finish time will teach;
But genius here is plainly shown,
And art beyond the common
reach.

"Sebastian!" (turning to his
slave,)

"Who keeps this room when
I'm in bed?"

"'T is I, *Senor*." "Now, mark
you, knave!

Keep better watch," the mas-
ter said;

"For if this painter comes again,
And you, while dozing, let him
slip,

Excuses will be all in vain, —
Remember, you shall feel the
whip!"

Now while Sebastian slept, he
dreamed

That to his dazzled vision
came

The *Blesséd* Lady — so she
seemed —

And crowned him with the
wreath of Fame.

Whereat the startled slave awoke,
And at his picture wrought
away

So rapt that ere the spell was
broke,
The dark was fading into day.

"My Beautiful!" the artist cried;
"Thank God, I have not lived
in vain!"
Hark! 'T is Murillo at his side;
The man has grown a slave
again.

"Who is your master? — answer
me!"

"'T is you," replied the falter-
ing lad.

"Nay, 't is not that, I mean," said
he;

"Tell me, what teacher have
you had?"

"Yourself, Senor. When you
have taught
These gentlemen, I too have
heard
The daily lesson, and have sought
To treasure every golden word."

"What say you, boys?" Murillo
cried,
Smiling in sign of fond regard,
"Is this a case — pray you de-
cide —
For punishment, or for re-
ward?"

"Reward, Senor!" they all ex-
claimed,
And each proposed some costly
toy;
But still, whatever gift was named,
Sebastian showed no gleam of
joy.

Whereat one said: "He's kind
to-day;
Ask him your Freedom." With
a groan

The boy fell on his knees: "Nay,
nay!
My father's freedom, — not my
own!"

"Take both!" the painter cried.
"Henceforth
A slave no more, — be thou my
son.
Thy Art had failed, with all its
worth,
Of what thy Heart this day has
won!"

L'ENVOI

The traveller, loitering in Seville,
And gazing at each pictured
saint,
May see Murillo's genius still,
And learn how well his son
could paint.

HASSAN AND THE ANGEL.

THE Calif Hassan, — so the tale is
told, —
In honors opulent and rich in gold,
One New Year's Day sat in a
palm-tree's shade,
And, on a stone that lay beside
him, made
An inventory, — naming one by
one
His benefactions; all that he had
done
Throughout the year; and thus
the items ran:
"Five bags of gold for mosques in
Ispahan;
For caravans to Mecca, seven
more;
For amulets to pious people, four;
Three for the Ramazan; and two
to pay
The holy dervishes, who thrice a
day

In prayer besought the safety of
my soul;

Item, one loaf of bread, a weekly
dole

To a poor widow with a sickly
child."

The Calif read the reckoning o'er,
and smiled

With conscious pleasure at the
vast amount,

When, lo! a hand sweeps over the
account.

With sudden anger, Hassan looked
around,

And saw an angel standing on the
ground,

With wings of gold, and robe of
purest white.

"I am God's messenger, em-
ployed to write

Within this book the pious deeds
of men;

I have revised thy reckoning:
look again."

So to the man the angel spake
aloud,

Then slowly vanished in a rosy
cloud.

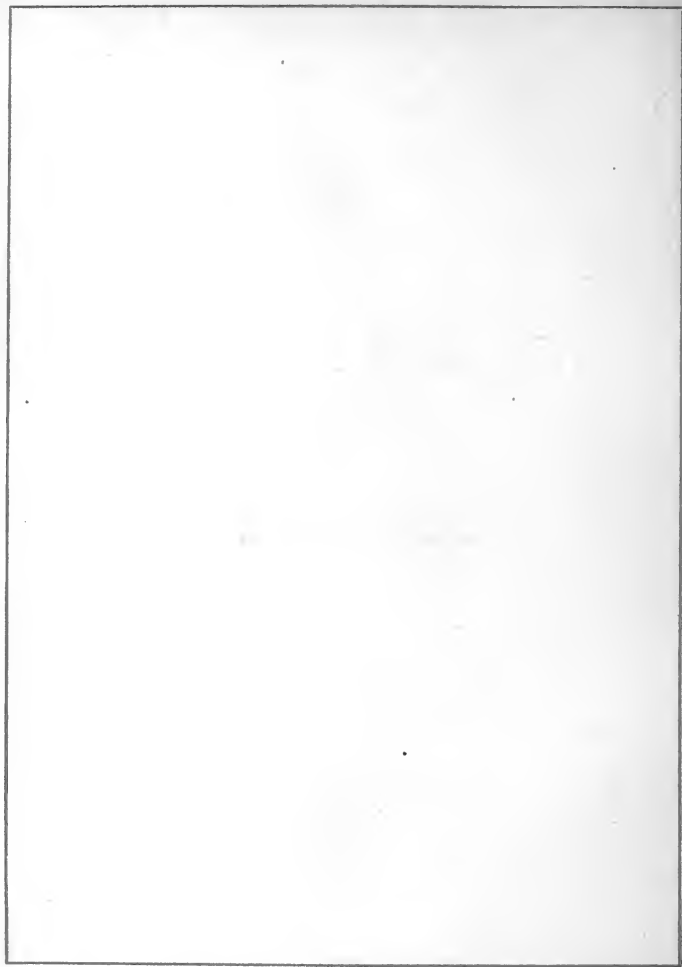
The Calif, looking, saw upon the
stone

The final item standing there
alone.

FABLES AND LEGENDS

OF MANY COUNTRIES,

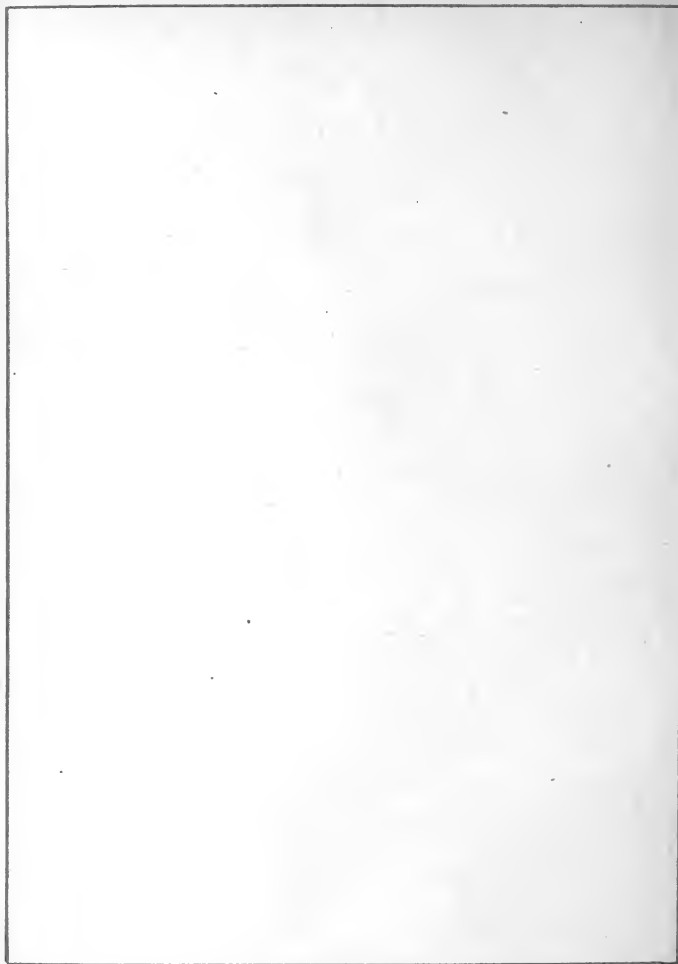
RENDERED IN RHYME



TO
MY THREE DAUGHTERS

This Little Book

IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



FABLES AND LEGENDS

OF MANY COUNTRIES.

LOVE AND JOY.

AN ALLEGORY.

LONG, long ago, ere *Sin* had come
To make the earth forlorn,
Somewhere, within an Eastern
home,
Two pretty babes were born.

The younger was a maiden fair;
The elder was a boy;
And, for their names, the infant-
pair
Were christened *Love* and *Joy*.

And as they grew in years and
strength,
Together they would rove
As merry mates, until at length
Joy seemed the twin of *Love*!

And so, at length, it came to pass
That all the neighbors said,
Some happy day the lad and lass
Were certain to be wed.

In sooth, such happy mates they
seemed,
And so attached at heart, —
The pretty pair, — who would have
deemed
That they would ever part?

But so it fell; alas, the wrong!
And woe betide the day

That *Sin*, the monster! came along
And frightened *Joy* away!

And so poor *Love*, when *Joy* had
flown,
Since he could not abide
To live unwedded and alone,
Took *Sorrow* for his bride;

As sad a bride as e'er was seen
To grace a marriage-bed;
With scowling brow and murky
mien,
And cypress round her head.

And to the twain a child was born,
That bore of each a part, —
The mother's countenance forlorn,
The father's tender heart.

"*Pity*," they called her, — gentle
child;
And from her infant days
Her voice was ever sweet and mild,
And winning were her ways.

And once, ere she had learned to
walk,
While in her cradle-nest,
A dove, that fled the cruel hawk,
Sought safety on her breast.

The robin-redbreast came to seek
A home where *Pity* dwelt;
And all things timorous and weak
Her kind compassion felt.

Ah, sweet, sad face! her mixed
 descent
 Was shown in her attire,
 And with the mother's cypress
 blent
 The myrtle of her sire.

And ever since to woman's height
 The maiden grew, she roams
 Through all the world, an angel
 bright,
 To gladden human homes.

Her office still to follow where
 Her mother's feet have strayed,
 And soothe and heal, with tender
 care,
 The wounds the dame has made.

But both are mortal, sages write,
 And so they both must die;
Sorrow, at last, will cease to smite,
 And *Pity* cease to sigh.

And then will *Joy* return, they say,
 From Heaven, where she had
 flown,
 And *Love*, forever and for aye,
 Be married to his own.

THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

A FAMOUS king would build a
 church,
 A temple vast and grand;
 And, that the praise might be his
 own,
 He gave a strict command

That none should add the smallest
 gift
 To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was
 done,
 Within the noble frame,
 Upon a tablet broad and fair,
 In letters all aflame
 With burnished gold, the people
 read
 The royal builder's name.

Now when the King, elate with
 pride,
 That night had sought his bed,
 He dreamed he saw an angel come,
 (A halo round his head,)
 Erase the royal name, and write
 Another in its stead.

What could it mean? Three times
 that night
 That wondrous vision came;
 Three times he saw that angel hand
 Erase the royal name,
 And write a woman's in its stead,
 In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave com-
 mand
 To all about his throne
 To seek the owner of the name
 That on the tablet shone;
 And so it was the courtiers found
 A widow poor and lone.

The King, enraged at what he
 heard,
 Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
 And to the woman trembling sore
 He said, "'T is very clear
 That you have broken my com-
 mand;
 Now let the truth appear!"

"Your Majesty," the Widow said,
 "I can't deny the truth;
 I love the Lord,—my Lord and
 yours,—
 And so, in simple sooth,
 I broke your Majesty's command,
 (I crave your royal ruth!)

"And since I had no money, Sire,
 Why, I could only pray
 That God would bless your Majesty;
 And when along the way
 The horses drew the stones, I gave
 To one a wisp of hay!"

"Ah! now I see," the King ex-
 claimed,
 "Self-glory was my aim;
 The woman gave for love of God,
 And not for worldly fame;
 'Tis my command the tablet bear
 The pious widow's name!"

THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

AN APOLOGUE.

I.

A **LITTLE** red Rose bloomed all
 alone
 In a hedge by the highway side;
 And the Wind came by with a
 pitying moan,
 And thus to the floweret cried:

II.

"You are choked with dust from
 the sandy ledge;
 Now see what a friend can do!

I will pierce a hole in the tangled
 hedge
 And let the breeze come
 through."

III.

"Nay, let me be, I am well
 enough!"
 Said the Rose in deep dismay;
 But the Wind is always rude and
 rough,
 And of course he had his way.

IV.

And the breeze blew soft on the
 little red Rose;
 But now she was sore afraid,
 For the naughty boy's her an-
 cient foes,
 Came through where the gap
 was made.

V.

"see," said the Wind, when he
 came again,
 And looked at the trembling
 flower,
 "You are out of place; it is very
 plain
 You are meant for a lady's
 bower."

VI.

"Nay, let me be!" said the shud-
 dering Rose;
 "No sorrow I ever had known
 Till you came here to break my
 repose;
 Now, please to let me alone!"

VII.

But the will of the Wind is strong
 as death,
 And little he recked her cries;

He plucked her up with his mighty
breath,
And away to the town he flies.

VIII.

O, all too rough was the windy
ride,
For a Rose so weak and small;
And soon her leaves on every side
Began to scatter and fall.

IX.

"Now, what is this?" said the
wondering Wind,
As the Rose in fragments fell;
"This paltry stem is all I find, —
I am sure I meant it well!"

X.

"It means just this: that a med-
dling friend,"
Said the dying stalk, "is sure
To mar the matter he aimed to
mend,
And kill where he meant to
cure!"

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

I.

"Go seaward, son, and bear a
light!"
Up spoke the sailor's wife;
"Thy father sails this stormy
night
In peril of his life!

II.

"His ship that sailed to foreign
lands
This hour may heave in sight.
O, should it wreck upon the sands!
Go, son, and bear a light!"

III.

He lights a torch, and seaward goes;
Naught boots the deed, I doubt.
The rain it rains, the wind it blows;
And soon the light goes out.

IV.

The boy comes back: "O mother
dear,
Bid me not go again;
No torch can live, 't is very clear,
Before the wind and rain!"

V.

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I
trow,
To fear a stormy night;
Let rains descend, let tempests
blow,
Go, son, and bear a light!"

VI.

Once more he lights the torch, and
goes
Toward the foaming main.
The rain it rains, the wind it blows;
Out goes the torch again!

VII.

The boy comes back: "O mother
dear,
The storm puts out the light;
The night is drear, and much I
fear
The woman dressed in white!"

VIII.

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I
 throw,
 To tremble thus before
 A mermaid's face. Take heart of
 grace,
 And seek again the shore!"

IX.

The boy comes back: "O mother
 dear,
 Go thou unto the strand;
 My father's voice I sure did hear
 In tones of stern command!"

X.

And now the mother lights the
 torch,
 And, see! the kindling rays
 Have caught the thatch! from roof
 to porch
 The hut is all ablaze!

XI.

"What hast thou done?" the ur-
 chin cries;
 "O piteous sight to see!
 Cold is the night; O wretched
 plight!
 Nor house nor home have we!"

XII.

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I
 wis.
 When torches fail to burn,
 A blazing hovel — such as this —
 May serve as good a turn!"

XIII.

Joy to the sailor! see! he clears
 The shoals on either hand,
 Thanks to the light! and now he
 steers
 In safety to the land!

KING ERIC'S TRIUMPH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

I.

At Upsala's high altar,
 The tallest in the land,
 And bright with blazing candles,
 See royal Eric stand.
 And thus he speaks to Heaven,
 With lifted voice and hand:

II.

"Great God! in Thy protection
 We ever safely dwell;
 Who makes the Lord his refuge
 Hath wisely done and well."
 And hark! the lofty anthem
 The choir and organ swell.

III.

Now while the dome is sounding
 With this triumphant strain,
 In comes a panting courier,
 "O King! the Dane! the Dane!
 SKALATER and his soldiers
 Are pouring on the plain!"

IV.

But as on ears unheeding
 The startling message fell;
 King Eric still is chanting,
 While choir and organ swell,
 "Who makes the Lord his refuge
 Hath wisely done and well!"

V.

In bursts another courier,
 Hot messenger of Fate, —
 "The Dane! the Dane approaches!
 O King, no longer wait!

Fly! seek some surer refuge;
The Dane is at the gate!"

VI.

What though a hundred voices
The tale of terror tell?
King Eric still is chanting,
While choir and organ swell,
"Who makes the Lord his refuge
Hath wisely done and well!"

VII.

In comes another courier,
But ere his voice he found
To tell his tale of horror,
He feels a mortal wound;
Beneath a Danish sabre,
His head is on the ground.

VIII.

Then rose a fearful clamor,
That drowned the Danish drums:
"With seven hundred soldiers,
The fiend, SKALATER, comes!
Where now are king and country,
Our altars and our homes?"

IX.

'T was then the pious monarch
(As holy books declare)
Took up the golden crucifix,
And waved it in the air,
And called upon the God of Hosts
In agonizing prayer.

X.

And from the seven sacred wounds
(One for each bleeding gash
That in his death the Saviour bore)
Came forth a blinding flash;
In splendor full a hundred-fold,
The heathen to abash.

XI.

Whereat seven hundred Danish
men
In humble worship fell;
While Eric and his people all
The solemn anthem swell,
"Who makes the Lord his refuge
Hath wisely done and well!"

THE BRAHMIN'S AIR-CASTLE.

A HINDOO FABLE.

A BRAHMIN, haughty, indolent,
and poor,
Entered, one day, a potter's open
door,
And, lying lazily upon the ground
Among the earthen-ware that stood
around
In stately pyramids, at length be-
gan
To think aloud; and thus his fan-
cies ran:
"With these small coins within my
pocket, I
Some pieces of this useful ware
will buy,
Which, at a profit, I will sell, and
then
Will purchase more; and, turning
this again
In the same fashion, I will buy and
sell
Until my growing trade will thrive
so well
That I shall soon be rich; so rich,
indeed,
That I can buy whatever I may
need
For use or luxury. And first of all

I'll build a mansion, very grand
 and tall;
 And then, of course, as suits a man
 of taste,
 I'll have four wives, all beautiful
 and chaste.
 But one in beauty will excel the
 rest,
 And her, 't is certain, I shall love
 the best;
 Whereat the others (I foresee it)
 will
 Be jealous, and behave extremely
 ill;
 Whereat, as they deserve, I shall
 be quick
 To beat the vixens well with this
 good stick."
 And in his reverie the fellow struck
 Among the pots and pans, (woe
 worth the luck!)
 With so much force they fell, and
 all around
 His foolish head the pieces strewed
 the ground.
 So fell the Brahmin's castle in the
 air;
 And, further still, to make the
 matter square,
 And mend the damage done that
 luckless day,
 With all he had, the potter made
 him pay.

L'ENVOI.

This clever Hindoo fable, which
 (I'm told
 By grave *savans*) is many centu-
 ries old,
 Bears its own moral, plain as any
 print;
 And furnishes, besides, a lively
 hint
 Whence came that very charming
 modern tale,
 "The Country Maiden and her
 Milking-Pail!"

REASON AND VANITY.

AN APOLOGUE.

"APPEAL to Reason!" writes a
 sage
 Whose book, on many a glowing
 page,
 Would teach the reader to control
 The workings of the human soul.
 The plan, no doubt, is often wise,
 But, should it fail, let me advise
 ('T is safe to try it!) an appeal
 The hardest heart is sure to feel;
 When Reason turns away her ear,
 Who knows but *Vanity* may hear?
 As Chloe stood, one summer's
 day, —
 Young, giddy, handsome, vain, and
 gay, —
 Before her mirror, and essayed
 Her native charms by art to aid,
 A vagrant bee came buzzing round,
 And Chloe, frightened at the sound,
 Cried, "Mary, help! Go, Lizzie,
 fetch
 A broom and kill the little
 wretch!"
 Too late! despite the bustling
 maids,
 The wanton imp at once invades
 Poor Chloe's lip, — the saucy
 thing!
 And fixes there his ugly sting.
 The culprit caught, the maids pre-
 pare
 To kill the monster then and there;
 When, trembling for his life, the
 Bee
 Makes this extenuating plea:
 "Forgive! O beauteous queen,
 forgive
 My sad mistake; for, as I live,
 Your mouth (I'm sorry, Goodness
 knows!)
 I surely took it for a rose!"
 "Poor insect!" Chloe sighed, "I
 vow

"T were *very* hard to kill him
now,
No harm the little fellow meant,
And then he seems *so* penitent;
Besides, the pain was very small,
I scarcely feel it now at all!"

WHO SHALL SHUT THE DOOR?

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

TO-MORROW is St. Martin's day,
And Goody, loving elf,
Has baked some puddings for her
man,
And put them on the shelf.

Now both are lying snug in bed,
And while the west-winds roar
Old Gaffer unto Goody says,
"Go, shut that slamming door!"

"I wish to rest," the dame replies,
"Till morning's light appears;
For aught I care, that crazy door
May slam a hundred years!"

With this the loving pair agreed
(Since neither of them stirred)
That he, or she, should bolt the
door
Who first should speak a word!

Two vagabonds, at midnight,
found
The door was off the latch,
And not a single sight or sound
Their eyes or ears could catch.

They entered in, and spoke aloud,
But no one answered. Why?

The bargain stopped the only
mouths
That could have made reply!

The puddings soon were eaten up,
As Goody plainly heard,
And cursed the robbers in her
heart,
But uttered not a word.

And soon one vagabond exclaims,
"I'd like a sip of gin;
This cupboard smells extremely
nice,
I'll poke about within.

"A flask of schnapps, I'm very
sure,
Is at my elbow here;
A hearty swig, to thirsty souls,
Is mighty pleasant cheer!"

Up sprang old Gaffer in a trice:
"*Hein!* what is that you say?
The man who steals my Holland
schnapps
Shall dearly rue the day!"

Off go the rogues, and Goody cries,
With something like a roar,
"Old Gaffer, you have spoken
first!
Now go and bolt the door!"

HOW IT CHANCED.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

I.

DAME NATURE, when her work
was done,
And she had rested from crea-
tion,

Called up her creatures, one by one,
To fix for each his life's duration.

II.

The ass came first, but drooped
his ears
On learning that the dame in-
tended
That he should bear for thirty
years
His panniers ere his labor ended.

III.

So Nature, like a gentle queen
(The story goes), at once re-
lent-
ed,
And changed the thirty to eighteen,
Whereat the ass was well con-
tented.

IV.

The dog came next, but plainly said
So long a life could be but hate-
ful;
So Nature gave him twelve instead,
Whereat the dog was duly grate-
ful.

V.

Next came the ape; but Nature,
when
He grumbled, like the dog and
donkey,
Instead of thirty gave him ten,
Which quite appeased the angry
monkey.

VI.

At last came man; how brief ap-
pears
The term assigned, for work or
pleasure!

"Alas!" he cried, "but thirty
years?
O Nature, lengthen out the meas-
ure!"

VII.

"Well then, I give thee eighteen
more
(The ass's years); art thou con-
tented?"
"Nay," said the beggar, "I implore
A longer term." The dame con-
sented.

VIII.

"I add the dog's twelve years be-
side."
"'T is not enough!" "For thy
persistence,
I add ten more," the dame replied,
"The period of the ape's exist-
ence."

IX.

And thus of man's threescore and
ten,
The thirty years at the beginning
Are his of right, and only then
He wins whate'er is worth the
winning.

X.

Then come the ass's eighteen years,
A weary space of toil and trouble,
Beset with crosses, cares, and fears,
When joys grow less, and sor-
rows double.

XI.

The dog's twelve years come on, at
length,
When man, the jest of every
scorner,

Bereft of manhood's pride and strength,
Sits growling, toothless, in a corner.

XII.

At last, the destined term to fill,
The ape's ten years come lagging after,
And man, a chattering imbecile,
Is but a theme for childish laughter.

THE THREE MASKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARING.

I.

UPON the monarch's brow no shade is shown;
The royal purple hides the bloody throne;
He calls his vassals all, — the man of sin, —
"Bring forth the maskers! let the dance begin!"

II.

The music sounds, and every face is glad, —
All save the King's, and that is something sad;
And, lo! three *snow-white* masks are passing now,
And dark clouds gather on the monarch's brow.

III.

In robes of *red* the maskers now are seen,
And black as midnight is the royal mien.

In *sable* mantles next the three appear,
And the king's face is white with sudden fear.

IV.

And now before the throne, with deep dismay,
He sees three grinning skulls in grim array;
Whereat he falls in terror from his throne!
The masks have fled, and left him there alone.

V.

He calls his vassals: "Let each villain bare
His visage!" No, no juggling rogue is there!
He calls his page: "Now, fellow, get thee gone,
And bring the Soothsayer ere to-morrow's dawn!"

VI.

"Go tell the King," the Wise Man made reply,
"He sends too late. God answers him, not I!
When mortals look on visions such as this,
Their own hearts tell them what the meaning is.

VII.

"The *first* skull," quoth the reverend Sage, "declares
How rank corruption rules the king's affairs;
The *second* says, 'Since corpses prop thy throne,
Mankind shall gaze with horror on thine own!'

VIII.

"The *third* proclaims that who-
soe'er has seen
The other twain, before the morrow
e'en
Shall be the like himself! Beware,
I say,
Beware the sable maskers in the
play!"

IX.

Swift flies, at morn, the panting
page to bring
The fearful message to the waiting
king;
White lies the monarch in his
robes of *red*,
On a *black* bier; for lo! the king
is dead!

THE GHOST IN ARMOR.

A LEGEND OF ST. MICHAEL'S EVE.

PART FIRST.

SIR WALTER DE GUYON is surly
and sad,
There's trouble a-brewing, I
think;
The Steward is certain Sir Walter
is mad,
And the Butler declares, "He is
took very bad, —
This morning he doubled his
drink!"

And why is he ranting and raving,
I pray,
And calling his daughter such
names?

He stands by the Green in the
sturdiest way;
And *Alice* has mounted the Orange
to-day,
And laughed at the runaway
James!

And then Sir Walter has heard be-
side,
From one of his vigilant spies,
How *Alice* his daughter, his dar-
ling and pride,
With young De Ruyter, last even-
ing, was spied, —
You may guess at the knight's
surprise!

Beneath the casement the maiden
was seen,
With this gay gallant at her feet;
Holding her hand his own between,
And calling her "love," and
"life," and "queen,"
With kisses many and sweet!

De Ruyter, — a captain of Wil-
liam's band;
And counted a worthy scion
Of an ancient house in the Dutch-
man's land;
But what is he to offer his hand
To one of the race De Guyon?

De Ruyter, — a squire of low
degree,
And an anti-Jacobite war-man;
And what is he, whoever he be,
To match his *de* with the mighty
De
That was known before "the
Norman"?

"The saucy varlet!" Sir Walter
said;
"The fellow deserves to swing;

Before my castle to show his head!
I'll serve the dog as I'd like in-
stead

To serve his villanous king!"

In vain the maiden bemoans his
fate;

Already the fierce Sir Walter
Has set his guards at every gate.
He is fain to fly, but all too late;
He is doomed to feel the halter.

There 's a dismal cell, a dungeon,
in sooth,

Hard by the banqueting-room,
(Sir Walter de Guyon has little
ruth,)

And there, alas! the venturous
youth,

De Ruyter, is waiting his doom.

Sir Walter de Guyon is rather elate

At the capital job he has done;
So he summons his friends, the
small and the great,

To come and assist at an elegant
fête,

Devoted to feasting and fun.

PART SECOND.

They are eating and drinking with
glee,

The guests at this notable feast;
Lords, nobles of every degree,
All merry as merry can be,
With fifty retainers at least.

In the midst of the revelry rose

Sir Walter de Guyon to say,
"You all are aware, I suppose,
'T is St. Michael's evening," —
but shows

Some symptoms of fainting
away.

A bottle of Burgundy stood

By chance in the orator's reach,
Which drinking as well as he could,
And swearing the tipples was good,
Sir Walter went on with his
speech.

"'T was this very night, as you
know,

My ancestor, once on a time,
As sundry old chronicles show
('T was ages and ages ago),

Committed a horrible crime.

"A black-armored knight, it is
told,

Who slept in a neighboring room,
Was murdered ('t was thought for
his gold), —

The room which now happens to
hold

The Dutchman awaiting his
doom.

"My ancestor noised it about,
The minions of Justice to blind,
That the stranger arose and went
out;

But he never could settle the doubt
Why the man left his armor be-
hind.

"Belike you have heard it be-
fore, —

The credulous peasants believe
His ghost, in the armor he wore,
Comes stalking abroad, as of yore,
On every St. Michael his Eve."

"What think you?" he laughingly
said,

"Perhaps we may see him to-
night;

As often in books we have read — "
Ah! sees he the ghost of the dead?

Why blanches Sir Walter with
fright?

What meaneth that terrible din,
Like the sound of a bursting
door?

See! black as the angel of sin,
The Ghost in the Armor comes in,
And marches across the floor!

Aghast at the horrible sight,
Down, down they tumble, and
lay

Spent with terror and fright,
Through all that terrible night,
Quite into the following day!

Now where is De Ruyter, I pray,
And Alice? (she's vanished from
sight!)

There's a letter from London to say
The lovers had ridden away
On a saddle and pillion that
night.

His manner of leaving, of course,
His own reprobation had earned;
He owned he was full of remorse
Concerning the armor and horse,
But both should be quickly re-
turned.

And with her good father's con-
sent,
That is, should he kindly invite
her,

It was Alice's settled intent
To make him a visit in Lent,
Along with her own De Ruyter!

THE KING AND THE PEAS- ANT.

A SICILIAN TALE.

THERE lived a man who, from his
youth,
Was known to all as "Peasant
Truth,"

Because 't was said he 'd sooner
die

Than tell or hint the smallest lie.

Now, when it happened that the
King

Had heard, at last, this wondrous
thing,

He bade the peasant come and
keep

The royal flock of goats and sheep,
(To wit, — one goat, a little lamb,
A fine bell-wether, and a ram.)

And once a week he went to court
To see the King, and make report
How fared the flock, and truly tell
If each were doing ill or well;

Whereat the King was well con-
tent,

And home the happy peasant went.
At last, a wicked courtier — struck
With envy at his neighbor's luck —
Essayed to put him in disgrace,
And gain himself the peasant's
place.

"Think you, good Sire, in very
sooth,

He never lies, — this Peasant
Truth?

He'll lie next Saturday," he said,
"Or, for a forfeit, take my head!"

"So be it! and I'll lose my own,"
The King replied, "if it be shown,
With all the arts that you may
try,

That Peasant Truth can tell a
lie!"

And now the wicked courtier fain
Some trick would try his end to
gain.

But still he failed to find a plan
To catch at fault the honest man,
Until at last, in sheer despair,
He told his wife (a lady fair
As one in all the world could find,
And cunning, like all womankind)
About the wager he had made,
And all the case before her laid.

"And is that all?" the woman said,

Tossing in scorn her handsome head;

"Leave all to me, and never doubt
That what you wish I'll bring
about!"

Next day the crafty dame was
seen,

Apparelled like a very queen,
And on her brow a diamond star,
That like a meteor blazed afar,
Approaching where the peasant
stood

Among his flock. "Now, by the
Rood!"

He cried, amazed, "but she is
fair

And beautiful beyond compare!"
Then, bowing to the earth, quoth
he,

"What may your Highness want
with me?"

Whate'er you ask, I swear to
grant!"

"Ah!" sighed the lady, "much
I want

Some roasted wether, else shall I
(Such is my longing!) surely die!"

"Alas!" he said, "just this one
thing

I cannot do. I serve the King,
Who owns the wether that you
see,

And if I kill him, woe is me!"

Alack the day for Peasant Truth!
His tender soul was moved to
ruth;

For, weeping much, and saying
still

That she should die, she had her
will,

And of roast wether took her
fill!

"Ah!" sighed the man when she
was gone,

"Alas! the deed that I have done!
To kill the sheep! What shall I
say

When I am asked, next Saturday,

'How fares the wether?' I will
tell

His Majesty the sheep is well.

No, that won't do! I'll even say
A thief has stolen him away.

No, that won't answer. I will
feign

Some prowling wolf the sheep has
slain.

No, that won't do! Ah! how can I
Look in his face and tell a lie?"

Now when the peasant came to
court

On Saturday, to make report,

As was his wont, the King began
His questioning; and thus it ran:

"How is my goat? I prithee
tell!"

"The goat, your Majesty, is well!"

"And how's my ram?" "Good
Sire, the ram

Is well and frisky." "How's my
lamb?"

"He's well and beautiful, in
sooth."

"And how's my wether, Peasant
Truth?"

Whereat he answered, "O my
King,

I hate a lie like — anything.

When on the mountain-side afar

I saw the lady with the star,

My soul was dazzled with her
beauty,

And I forgot my loyal duty,

And when she asked for wether's
meat,

I killed the sheep, that she might
eat."

"Good!" said the King, "my
wager's won!

This grievous wrong that you have
done,

My truthful peasant, I forgive;

In health and wealth long may you
live!

While this, your enemy, instead,
Shall justly lose his foolish head."

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

A GALLIC LEGEND.

A GENTLEMAN, about to make
A trip at sea, was begged to take
Commissions for a dozen friends:
One wants a watch; another sends
For wine, — "A very special cask;
And — if it's not too much to
ask —

Some choice cigars; a box will do;
Or, while you're at it, purchase
two."

Another friend would like a pair
Of boots, — "They're so much
cheaper there";

A lady friend would have him buy
Some laces, — "If they're not too
high";

Another wants a box of gloves, —
"French kids, you know, are real
loves!"

Thus one wants this; another, that;
A book, a bonnet, or a hat;
Enough to make the moody man
(So high their "small commis-
sions" ran

In tale and bulk) repent that he
Had ever thought to cross the sea!

Moreover, — be it here re-
marked, —

Before the gentleman embarked,
His friends, for fear he might forget
Their little errands, plainly set
Their wishes down in black and
white;

A sensible proceeding — quite;
But, as it happened, not a friend
(With one exception) thought to
send

The ready money, and to say,
"See, here 's the cash you'll have
to pay."

The man embarks; sees Paris,
Rome,
And other cities; then comes home

Well pleased with much that met
his eye;

But having, somehow, failed to buy
A single thing for any friend,
Except the one who thought to send
The wherewithal. Well, need I
say

That soon his neighbors came to pay
Their greetings at his safe return,
And charming health; and (also)
learn

About their little errands, — what
For each the traveller had got?

"By Jove!" he said, "it makes
me sad

To think what wretched luck I
had!

For as at sea I sat one day
Arranging in a proper way
The papers you so kindly sent,
A gale arose, and off they went
Into the ocean; nor could I
Remember aught you bade me
buy."

"But," grumbled one, "if that
were so,

How comes it, sir, you chanced to
know

What *this man's* errand was? for
he

Has got what he desired, we see."
"Faith! so he has, — beyond a
doubt;

And this is how it came about:
His memorandum chanced to hold
A certain sum of solid gold;
And thus the paper by its weight
Escaped the others' windy fate."

THE KING'S FAVORITE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A SHEPHERD who was wont to keep
With so much care his flock of
sheep,

That not a man in all the plains
Could show the like in fleecy

gains,
Was noticed by the King; who
said,

"One who so long has wisely led
His woolly charge must surely be
A proper man to oversee

A nobler flock; I make thee, then,
A magistrate, — to govern men!"

"What," mused the shepherd,
"shall I do?"

A hermit and a wolf or two
My whole acquaintance constitute
(Except my sheep) of man or
brute!"

His reason bade the clown decide
Against the place; not so his
pride.

Ambition's plea at last prevails,
And lo! the shepherd takes the
scales.

Soon as his hermit-neighbor
heard

What to the shepherd had occurred,
His honest mind he thus expressed:

"'T is surely but a royal jest,
To make of thee, who never saw
A written page of statute law,
Chief Justice of the realm! I deem
The tale is false, or do I dream?
Ah! princely gifts are fatal things;
Beware, I say, — beware of
kings!"

The shepherd listens, but the
while

His only answer is a smile,
As one whose happiness provokes
The envy of inferior folks.

"Alas!" the hermit cried, "I see
The fabled wagoner in thee,
Who lost his whip, and by mistake
Took up instead a torpid snake,
That, warming in his fingers, stung
The foolish hand to which it clung,
A mortal bite; do thou, my friend,
Beware the like unhappy end!"

And soon indeed the favorite found

The hermit's plain advice was
sound.

The Judge, although he did his
best,

Was most unequal to the test;
His judgments, set in legal light,
Were quite as often wrong as right;
And, worst of all, around him
rose

A crowd of envious, spiteful foes,
Who, one and all, contrive to
bring

The blackest slanders to the King,
Who hears, amazed, the story told
Of justice daily bought and sold.

Indeed, his enemies declare

"His Honor" takes the lion's
share,

And with the fruit of bribes alone
Has built a palace of his own.

The King, astounded at his guilt,
Would see the palace he had built;
And finds, when all his search is
done,

A modest house of wood and stone.

He opens next the fabled box
Where, fast beneath a dozen locks,

The Judge's famous jewels lie;

But nothing meets the royal eye

Except a shepherd's coat and cap

(The former rent in many a gap),

And — to reward his further look —

A shepherd's rusty pipe and crook.

"O treasure precious to my eyes!"

The Judge exclaims, "from thee
arise

No hateful cares, nor envious lies.

These I resume, and learn, though
late,

Whoe'er aspires to serve the state

Should first consider well the case,

If he is equal to the place;

And long reflect, before he makes

That most egregious of mis-
takes, —

One's true vocation weakly
spurned,

To serve a trade he never learned."

THE MERCHANT.

A FABLE.

A MERCHANT once, whom Fortune
plied

With favors rare on every side,
Grew rich apace; his ships were
safe

Though storms might rave and
breakers chafe;

To every clime his bending sails
Were wafted by propitious gales;
While others, good and brave as
he,

And no less wise on land or sea,
With varying fortunes often tried
The fierce domain of wind and
tide,

And paid, sometimes, a goodly
freight

In tribute to the Ocean-Fate.

No hidden reef, nor sudden squall,
Nor deadly calm, most feared of
all,

Had e'er consigned his vessels'
store

To coral grove or rocky shore.

And more than this (so, it is known,
Fate, when she will, can guard her
own),

No agent proved an arrant knave,
No master found a watery grave,
No trusted clerk defaulter turned,
No partner stole what both had
earned,

Nor market of a sudden fell
Just when his factor wished to
sell.

In short, his wines, tobaccos, teas,
Silks, satins, linens, laces, cheese,
His coffee, sugar, raisins, spice,
Were sure to bring the highest
price;

And so it was he came to be
The richest merchant on the sea,

And lived — there's little need to
say —

In such a princely sort of way
The King himself could scarce
afford

The gems that decked our mer-
chant-lord.

A friendly neighbor, much amazed
At all the wealth on which he
gazed,

Said, "Tell me, now, how may it
be

That you have come to what we
see?"

The merchant, smiling, swelled
with pride,

And, like a monarch, thus replied:
"How comes it? — plain enough,
I trow;

It comes, my friend, of *knowing*
how!"

With growing riches now, indeed,
The trader felt a growing greed,
And, giddy with prosperity,
Stakes all he has again at sea.
But now success no longer paid
The heedless risks the merchant
made.

One bark was wrecked because
her load,

For want of care, was ill bestowed;
Another (lacking arms, they say)
To ruthless pirates fell a prey;
A third came safe, at last, to land
With goods no longer in demand;
In brief, his ventures proved so bad
He soon was stript of all he had,
And now among his fellow-men,
Was but a common man again.

Once more his friend inquiry made
Whence came disaster to his trade.
"What brought you to this dismal
pass?"

"'T was *Fortune*," said the man,
 "alas!"
 "Indeed? Well, well," the
 friend replies,
 "Although her gold the Dame de-
 nies,
 She yet may teach you to be
 wise!"

So goes the world! each thank-
 less elf,
 Whate'er may be his worldly
 state,
 Imputes his blessings to himself,
 And lays his blunders all to Fate.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A FABLE.

A MOTHER lobster, with her daugh-
 ter
 Conversing near their native water,
 And closely watching, as she
 talked,
 The style in which the latter
 walked,
 Rebuked her for her awkward way
 Of locomotion: "Tell me, pray,"
 The matron scolded, "why instead
 Of *backward*, you don't go *ahead*?
 Such awkwardness! Of course
 you know
 'T is not the proper way to go;
 Sure, folks of sense you thus will
 shock,
 And make yourself a laughing-
 stock!"
 "What!" said the child, "do you
 suppose
 I don't know how my *mother* goes?
 Shall I adopt the plan you say,
 While all the rest go t'other way?"

I really have n't got the face
 To change the custom of my race;
 It need not put you in a passion,
 I merely mean to be in fashion;
 And, having learned the way from
 you,
 I'll walk — as other lobsters do."

MORAL.

To fix a good or evil course,
 Example is of potent force;
 And they who wish the young to
 teach
 Must even practise what they
 preach.

THE SHERIFF OF SAUMUR.

A LEGEND.

ONCE, when the King was travel-
 ling through
 His realm, as kings were wont to
 do
 In ancient times when royalty
 Was deemed a goodly sight to see,
 It chanced the Sheriff of *Saumur*,
 A city in the royal tour,
 Was chosen by the magistrates
 To meet the monarch at the gates,
 And in a handsome speech declare
 How glad and proud the people
 were
 To see his Majesty; and say
 Such compliments as subjects pay,
 As being but the proper thing,
 On such occasions, to the King.
 "Sire," said the Sheriff (so the
 speech
 Began, of course), "Sire, we be-
 seech

Our gracious Majesty to hear
 he humble words of hearty cheer
 With which, great Sire, with
 which, through me,
 The people greet your Majesty.
 We are so glad to see you, Sire,
 That — that — " And here the
 speech hung fire.
 "So glad — the people of our
 town —
 That — that — " And here the
 man broke down.
 Whereat a courtier said, "I'm sure
 These worthy people of *Saumur*
 Are glad, my liege, to see you
 here;
That seems to *me* extremely clear;
 And don't his Honor's speech con-
 fess it?
 So glad, indeed, they *can't express*
it!"

THE TWO WALLETS.

WHY humankind should ever be
 So keen their neighbors' faults to
 see,
 While (wonderful to tell!) their
 own
 Are to themselves almost un-
 known,
 This ancient fable clearly shows:
 Once on a time, the story goes,
 Great Jove, the wise Olympian
 King,
 Proclaimed to each created thing,
 That he would hold a special court
 Where all might come and make
 report
 Of aught that each might deem it
 wise
 To change in feature, form, or size.

He promised quickly to redress
 All imperfections, large or less;
 Whatever error or defect
 Each in his person might detect.
 First came the *Monkey*. Naught
 had he
 Of special fault — that *he* could
 see!
 A paragon of wit and grace,
 Who had — almost — a human
 face!
 One seeks a finer form in vain,
 Pray, why should such as *he* com-
 plain?
 "But look at *Bruin!*" cried the
 ape;
 "Was ever such a clumsy shape?
 And then, for life, condemned to
 wear
 That ugly suit of shaggy hair!"
 "Nay," said the bear, "I find my
 form
 As I could wish. My fur is warm,
 And looks, I think, extremely fine,
 Good Master Ape, compared with
 thine.
 But see the *Elephant!* his size
 Is much too huge; and I advise
 (So ludicrous the beast appears)
 To stretch his tail, and crop his
 ears!"
 "Nay," quoth the Elephant, who
 deems
 His figure clear of all extremes,
 "I can't complain, — I'm quite
 content!"
 But then he marvelled what it
 meant
 The *Whale* should be so huge and
 fat!
 The *Ant* was sorry for the *Gnat!*
 The *Gnat* reproached the tiny
Flea!
 How could one live so small as she?
 Thus all the animals, in turn,
 The faults of others could discern;
 But not a creature, large or small,
 His own defects could see at all.

MORAL.

So fares it with the human race,
Who, thanks to Heaven's especial
grace,

A double wallet always wear,
All sorts of sins and crimes to bear.
Within the pouch that hangs be-
fore

The faults of other folks are
thrown;

While, safely out of sight, we
store

The hinder pocket with our own.

THE GREAT CRAB.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

I.

NEAR Lake Mohrin, 't is said, by
day and night,

The folks all tremble with unceas-
ing fright

Lest the Great Crab, we all have
heard about,

By some device should manage to
get out!

He's fastened down below, you
see,

And in the strongest way;
For, should he happen to get

free,
The deuce would be to pay!

II.

An ugly monster of prodigious
strength,

A mile in breadth and twenty
miles in length,

He keeps the water foaming in the
lake,

And, once on land, what trouble
he would make!

For with his backward motion
(so

An ancient seer declares)

All other things would backward
go,

Throughout the world's affairs.

III.

The Burgomaster—mightiest of
men—

Would turn, that day, a sucking
child again;

The Judge and Parson, changed
to little boys,

Would quit their learned books for
tiny toys,

And so with matrons, maids,
and men,

All things would be reversed;
And everything go back again

To what it was at first.

IV.

Such mischief to the people!
While they eat,

Back to the plate will go the smok-
ing meat,

And thence to pot! The bread
will turn again

To flour; the flour go back once
more to grain.

Back to the flax (O sight of
shame!)

Will go the linen shirt;
The flax return to whence it

came,
A linseed in the dirt.

V.

The timber in the house at once
will move

As trees again back to the primal
grove;

The hens will turn to chickens, in
a crack,
The chicks into the eggs again go
back,
And these the Great Crab with
his tail,
At one prodigious crash,
Will knock, as with a thresh-
ing-flail,
To everlasting smash!

VI.

Now Heaven defend us from so
dire a fate!
The world, I think, is doing well
of late;
And for the Crab, let all good peo-
ple pray
That in his lake he evermore may
stay!
Else even this poor song (alack!
How very sad to think!)
With all the rest must needs go
back,
And be a drop of ink!

LOVE AND FOLLY.

AN ALLEGORY.

CUPID, we know, is painted blind;
The reason it were hard to find,
Unless, indeed, we may suppose
The fable of Lafontaine shows,
Beyond a reasonable doubt,
How the misfortune came about.
'T is said that on a certain day,
As Love and Folly were at play,
They fell into a warm debate
Upon a point of little weight,
Until, so high the quarrel rose,
From angry words they came to
blows.

Love, little used to warlike arts
(Save with his famous bow and
darts),
Although he fought with all his
might,
Was quickly vanquished in the
fight;
Miss Folly dealt him such a slap
Across the face, the little chap
Fell in a swoon, and woke to find
He could not see! — the boy was
blind!

Now when his doting mother
came
To know the case, the angry dame
Behaved as any mother might
Whose only son had lost his sight.
Whate'er had caused the dreadful
deed,
Malicious aim, or want of heed,
Such wrath in Heaven was seldom
seen
As Venus showed in speech and
mien.
She stunned Olympus with her cries
For vengeance. "What! put out
his eyes!
My precious Cupid! Let the jade
Straight down to *Orcus* be con-
veyed!
That justice may be duly done
On her who maimed my darling
son,
And left the lad, bereaved of sight,
To grope in everlasting night!"
While Venus thus for vengeance
prayed
On Folly, — thoughtless, hapless
maid, —
Great Jove convenes a special
court
To hear the case and make report.
In solemn council long they sit
To judge what penalty is fit
The crime to answer; and, beside
Some restitution to provide
(If aught, indeed, they can devise)
For Master Cupid's ruined eyes.

And thus, at last, it was decreed,
That Folly, for her wicked deed,
In part the damage should restore
By *leading* Cupid evermore!

L'ENVOI.

And so it comes that still we see
The maid where'er the boy may
be;
Love still is blind; and Folly still
Directs the urchin where she will.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

A DIALOGUE OF THE GODS.

ACT I. SCENE: *Hades*.

PLUTO, MERCURY.

PLUTO. My Furies all are getting old, and fill
Their office, I protest, extremely ill;
Go, Mercury, to Earth, and gather there
A score or so; there's plenty and to spare,
I warrant me, among the woman-kind,
By use and disposition well designed
For Fury-service of the active sort.
Examine well, and bring me due report.

MERCURY. I'm off at once! I fancy I can find
Fifty, at least, exactly to your mind;
Sharp-tongued, sour-visaged, malice-loving ladies
Whom others than yourself have wished in Hades!

[Exit MERCURY.]

ACT II. SCENE: *Olympus: JUNO's boudoir.*

JUNO, IRIS.

JUNO. I'm much annoyed, good good Iris, with the airs
Of vaunting Venus,—as if all affairs
In Heaven and Earth were under her control!
I hear she boasts that scarce a human soul
Is free from her authority; that all
The people in the world are fain to fall
Upon their knees at her command,
and own
No equal goddess on the Olympian throne.

IRIS. Is 't possible?

JUNO. Yes, Iris, worse than that,
She and her boy, (a mischief-breeding brat!)
Who aids his mother by his wicked art,
Declare (O shame!) there's not a female heart
In all the universe—below,
above—
Which has not felt the subtle force of love!
An arrant falsehood, spoken just to vex
The Queen of Heaven, and scandalize the sex.
Among the earthly maidens, therefore, go,
And bring me back some evidence to show
That Cytherea says—what is n't so!

IRIS. I fly! and never for a moment doubt
I'll bring you proofs to wipe the slander out.

[Exit IRIS.]

ACT III. SCENE: *same as before.*
JUNO *reading.*

(*Enter IRIS.*)

IRIS. O gracious Queen, I've
had a precious time!
Well, I *must* say, if love is such a
crime
As well I know it is, (the more's
the pity!)
There's not a place on Earth —
hamlet or city —
That is n't full of it! In actual
life
'T is the chief topic; fiction, too, is
rife
With endless talk about it. On the
stage,
In poems, songs, 't is everywhere
the rage.
Love, love, was still the theme
where'er I went,
In court, cot, castle, and the war-
rior's tent,
Love-knots, love-plots, love-mur-
ders! — such a rush
For love-romances in the papers —
JUNO. Hush!
Do stop your prattle, Iris, and con-
fess
You found *some* souls as yet un-
tainted —

IRIS. Yes!
That is, I *heard* of three, — three
virgin breasts
That never once had throbbed at
Love's behests.

JUNO. Of course you brought
them with you. Three will
prove
All are not vassals to the Queen of
Love!

IRIS. Well — no — unluckily,
the day before
A royal messenger from Pluto's
shore

Took them away to grace his grimy
court,
His stock of *Furies* being some-
thing short.
[JUNO *faints*, and *curtain falls*.]

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE RUSTIC.

A MORAL HOMILY.

A GRAVE philosopher, whose name
To Scythia gave resplendent fame,
Intent his knowledge to increase,
A journey took through classic
Greece,
Where, to his profit and delight,
He saw full many a novel sight,
Towers, temples, people, — and
much more,
As brave Ulysses did of yore;
But chiefly he was struck to see
A simp'e man, of low degree,
Untaught in ph losophic page,
But in his life a very sage.
His farm, a little patch of land,
He tilled with such a clever hand,
It yielded all he cared to spend,
And something more to treat a
friend.

Approaching where the rustic
now
Was clipping at an apple-bough,
The Scythian gave a wondering
look
To see him wield his pruning-hook,
Here lopping off a withered limb,
There reaching high a branch to
trim,
Correcting nature everywhere,
But always with judicious care.
"Sir," said the Tourist, "tell me
why
This wanton waste that meets my
eye?"

Your husbandry seems rather rough;
Time's scythe will cut them soon enough."

"Nay," said the Sage, "I only dress

My apple-trees, and curb excess;
Enhancing thus, as seems but wise,

My fruit in sweetness, tale, and size."

Returning home the Scythian took

Without delay his pruning-hook,
On all his trees the knife he tried,
And cut and carved on every side,
Nor from his murderous work re-
frained

Till naught but barren stumps re-
mained.

MORAL.

This Scythian sage resembles those
Who deem their *passions* are their
foes;

And who, instead of pruning where
Excess requires the owner's care,
Cut down the tree that God has
made

With fierce Repression's cruel
blade;

And thus, for future life, destroy
All precious fruit of human joy.

THE GARDENER AND THE KING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ONCE on a time, at Erivan,
There dwelt a poor but honest man
Who kept a little garden, where
There grew much fruit, so fine and
fair,

So large and juicy, ripe and sound,
'T was known for many leagues
around.

One day, a neighbor, looking o'er
The autumn's wealth, a goodly
store,

Advised the owner thus: "Good
man,

Take some of these to Ispahan;
'T will please the King, who, I am
told,

Cares more for luxury than gold;
And so your fortune you'll in-
crease

By many a shining golden piece."
"Faith! so I will!" the man re-
plies.

Then to the market-place he hies;
The finest basket he can find
He buys, then stores it to his mind
With choicest fruit of every sort,
And off he starts for king and
court.

Arrived, the Marshal asks his
name,

And, learning whence and why he
came,

He bade him enter. That's the
way

It was in Persia, — and to-day
In every land, except our own,
The same partiality is shown;
The giver finds an open gate,
While he who seeks may stand
and wait!

The King, delighted with the
fruit,

Returned his thanks, — and would
it suit

The worthy man to bring some
more?

Ah, that it would! Was e'er be-
fore

A man so lucky? Now, the while
He waits to catch the royal smile,
And get his pay, he stares at all
So new and strange — the lofty
hall,

And people there; among the rest,
To put his manners to the test,
An ugly little dwarf he spies,
A hunchback of such paltry size
The gardener laughed aloud.
Alack!

"The fellow with the crooked
back

And bandy legs!—who could
have known

That *he* in rank was next the
throne?

Though small in size, in honor
great,

In fact, Prime Minister of State!"

His Honor scowled and looked
around,

And on the stranger grimly
frowned.

Enough! the guard, who under-
stand

The hint, now take the chap in
hand,

And, quicker than you read the
tale,

The gardener finds himself in jail!
Here, quite forgotten, he re-
mained,

Of light and liberty restrained,
For twelve long months; and
might, no doubt,

Have been still longer getting out,
Had not the King, grown hard to
suit,

Made mention of the finer fruit
The stranger brought a year ago,
And thus his Majesty would know
What it might mean, and why the
man

Had come no more to Ispahan?
Now, when the truth was brought
to light,

The King—who laughed with all
his might

To hear about the strange mis-
hap—

Said, "Go, my men! and bring
the chap;

'T is fit I make him some
amends."

Forth comes the gardener, and at-
tends

Upon the King, who says, "I've
heard

The story, fellow, every word,
And fain some recompense would
make;

Indeed, it was a grave mistake,
Although it makes me laugh to
split

My sides—ha! ha!—to think of
it!

Now, name your wish,—an easy
task,—

And I will grant whate'er you
ask."

"Then grant me this," replied
the man,

"An axe, some salt, an Alkoran.
Well, that will do; of all your store
Those will suffice,—I ask no
more."

"Strange things to ask!" ex-
claimed the King,

"Now tell the meaning of this
thing."

"The axe I want to fell the tree
That bore the fruit I gave to thee;
The salt, upon the earth to sow,
That none thereon again may
grow;

The Alkoran, that I may swear,
While I enjoy God's blessed air,
That I will never darken more
(With my consent) a palace
door!"

—

THE VISION OF THE FAITH-
FUL.

UPON the faithful in the common
things

Enjoined of Duty, rarest bless-
ings wait.

A pious Nun (an ancient volume
 brings
 The legend and the lesson),
 while she sate
 Reading some scriptures of the
 Sacred Word,
 And marvelling much at
 Christ's exceeding grace,
 Saw in her room a Vision of the
 Lord,
 With sudden splendor filling all
 the place!
 Whereat she knelt, enraptured;
 when a bell
 Signalled her hour to feed the
 convent's poor;
 Which humble duty done, she
 sought her cell,
 And lo! the Vision, brighter
 than before,
 Who, smiling, spake: "Even so is
 Heaven obtained;
 I—hadst thou lingered here—
 had not remained!"

THE FAIRIES' GIFTS.

In a far-away country, some cen-
 turies since,
 (If the story is false, it is cer-
 tainly pleasant.)
 Two fairies attended the birth of a
 Prince,
 And, after their custom, each
 brought him a present.
 "I bring him," one whispered,
 "the eagle's bright vision,
 So keen and wide-reaching that
 even a fly
 The monarch may mark with the
 sharpest precision,
 However remote, at a glance of
 his eye."

"An excellent gift for a sovereign,
 no doubt,"
 The other responds, "is a good
 pair of eyes;
 But an eagle would scorn to be
 peering about,
 With intent to remark the be-
 havior of flies!"

"And so to your present I beg to
 unite
 A gift of my choosing,—well
 suited to kings,
 And others no less; to the eagle's
 keen sight
 I add his contempt for all trivial
 things!"

"In sooth," said the first, "I con-
 fess that I think
 Your cautious restriction ex-
 ceedingly wise;
 How often it happens that merely
 to wink
 Is the properest use we can
 make of our eyes!"

THE OLD GENERAL AND HIS KING.

"ALL men think all men mortal
 but
 Themselves!" says Young. The
 case is put
 Extremely strong, and yet, in sooth,
 The statement scarce exceeds the
 truth.
 That is to say, excepting those
 So very ill they can't suppose
 They've long to live, there's
 scarcely one
 But deems *his* earthly course will
 run

(Despite some transient doubts and fears)
 Beyond his friend's of equal years.
 In proof how far such dreams prevail,
 Pray mark this old historic tale.
 A General whose lengthened term
 Of life had found him quite infirm,
 Was questioned by his Majesty
 (Older, by several years, than he)
 About his place of burial.
 "Where,"
 The King inquired with friendly care,
 "Pray tell me, would it please you best
 Your brave old honored bones
 should rest?"
 "Ah!" said the Soldier, "seldom I
 Have thought of death; but when I die,
 I'd have my grave not quite alone,
 But *near* to where they've placed
 your own!"

SAINT VERENA AND SATAN.

A LEGEND OF THE ALPS.

BELOW Mount Jura lies a vale
 Extremely dark and deep and wide,
 Where once, if we may trust the tale,
 Good Saint Verena lived and died.

A pious damsel, sooth, was she,
 Who made her lowly life sublime
 With works of grace and charity;
 The marvel of her age and clime.

To heal the sick, and teach the young,
 And lead the weak in Virtue's ways,
 Her daily life, — and every tongue
 In all the valley sang her praise,

Save one, — of course the "Evil One," —
 Who, being evermore at strife
 With pious folks, left naught undone
 To end good Saint Verena's life.

Sometimes he turned, the legends say,
 A mountain torrent in her path;
 In vain! dry-shod she held her way,
 Unhurt, despite the Devil's wrath!

And once a murderer, in the night,
 The fiend employed to take her life;
 In vain! for when his lantern light
 Revealed her face, he dropped
 his knife.

And so it fell the Devil's skill
 No harm to Saint Verena brought;
 He failed to work his wicked will,
 And all his malice came to naught.

Enraged, at last he seized a stone,
 Intent at once to crush her dead,
 (A rock that weighed at least a ton!)
 And held it poised above her head.

Whereat she turned, and at the sight
 (Such angel-beauty filled her face)

Poor Satan shuddered with af-
fright,
And fain had fled the holy place!

And in his fear he trembled so
He dropped the stone, — down —
down it goes!
To fall on Saint Verena? — No!
It falls instead on Satan's toes!

And since that day he limps about,
Unable more to leap or run;
And, that the story none may
doubt,
You still may see the very stone;

With five deep marks on either
side,
Which — so the pious peasant
hints,
Though wicked sceptics may de-
ride —
Are clearly Satan's finger-
prints.

THE SPELL OF CIRCE.

A CLASSIC FABLE.

WHEN all his comrades drank the
magic bowl
Of crafty Circe, changing form and
soul
Of men to brutes, — wolves, lions,
bears, and swine,
Ulysses only, full of strength divine,
And matchless wisdom, 'scaped
the siren's snare;
Refused the tempting cup, and
(triumph rare!)

Returned another mixed with so
much skill
It charmed the charmer to the
hero's will,
Till now she promised to restore
his men
From beastly shapes to human
forms again,
If so they willed — "Pray, let
them freely choose,"
The siren said: "but what if they
refuse?"
Straight to the brutes their ancient
leader ran,
And thus, with joy, his eager
tongue began:
"My presence here your quick re-
lease secures;
Speak but the word, — for speech
again is yours."
The lion answered first: "What,
I? a king!
To change my state for such a
paltry thing
As a mere cit or sailor? Let me
be!
I'm always armed, for I have
claws, you see!
As monarch of the forest now I
range;
Thanks for your kindness, — but
I would not change."
Ulysses next approached the
shaggy bear:
"Alas! how ill your form and face
compare
With those, my friend, that you
were wont to show
To courtly dames a little while
ago!"
"Indeed," the bear replied, "my
present form
Is one I find extremely nice and
warm;
And as to features, sir, the ursine
race
Have their own notions of a pretty
face.

I well remember what I used to
be, —

A shivering sailor on the stormy
sea;

And, faith! old man, I tell you
plump and square,

Compared with such, I'd rather
be a bear!"

Next to the wolf the anxious hero
came,

And begged the brute to change
his ugly name

And office, — "What! destroy the
shepherd's flocks?

Sure, such a life a noble nature
shocks;

Quit now, my old companion,
while you can,

Your thieving trade, and be an
honest man!"

"An honest man?" he howled,
"nay, who d' ye mean?"

Faith! that's a man that I have
never seen!

And as to eating sheep, — pray
tell me when

They ceased to be the prey and
food of men?

Savage? you say; why, men slay
men, we find;

Wolves, at the worst, are wont to
spare their kind!"

The hog came next. Change
back? Not he! to tell

The honest truth, he liked his ease
too well;

"Where will you find," grunts out
the filthy swine,

"A life so blest with luxury as
mine?

To eat and drink and sleep, — grow
plump and fat, —

What more, I ask, can mortal wish
than that?"

So answered all the rest, the small
and great,

Each quite contented with his
beastly state;

Each spurning manhood and its
joys, to boot,
To be a lawless, lazy, sensual —
brute.

THE TWO GRAVES.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

A MAN who long had tried in vain
The doctor's skill to ease the pain
That racked his limbs, until his
gout

Scarce suffered him to crawl about,
Though much inclining to despair,
Gave ear to all who spoke him fair,
And told of means that might in-
sure

The end he sought, — relief or
cure.

Among a crowd of such, there
came,

To proffer help, an ancient dame,
Who, having heard with solemn
face

The nature of the patient's case,
Advised him thus: "At early
light,

While yet the grass is damp with
night,

Go sit upon a good man's grave,
And in the dews upon it lave
Your aching limbs; repeat it
thrice;

My word, 'twill cure you in a
trice.

Next morning at the dawn of
day

The cripple takes his weary way
Unto the churchyard; where, upon
A monument of polished stone,
He read with joy: "Here lies a
man

Whose living virtues far outran

All words of praise, — a model he
Of Justice, Goodness, Charity."

Enough! the patient takes his
seat
And in the moisture bathes his feet
And aching joints; but, sooth to
say,
It did not drive his gout away,
Though thrice repeated; nay, he
swore

The pain was greater than before.

What next? Near by, a hillock
lies

Of grass-grown earth; and so he
tries

The dame's prescription once
again;

And lo! swift flies the patient's
pain;

He drops his staff, and, strange
to tell,

His gout is gone, — the man is
well!

With grateful heart and beaming
face

He turns the sleeper's name to
trace;

But no; a slab is there alone,

With not a word upon the stone.

KING PYRRHUS AND HIS COUNSELLOR.

AN APOLOGUE FROM BOILEAU.

QUOTH Cyneas, counsellor and
friend

To royal Pyrrhus, — "To what
end,

Tell me, O mightiest of kings,
Are all these ships and warlike
things?"

"To conquer Rome! — a pretty
prize,

And worth the cost," the King re-
plies;

"She 'll prove, I think, a valiant
foe;

So, if you please, to Rome we go."

"Well, — Rome reduced, my royal
friend,

What conquest next do you in-
tend?"

"The rest of Italy will do
To keep our arms from rusting."

"True.

And then, of course there 's some-
thing more —"

"Well, — Sicily, a neighboring
shore,

Is worth the having." "Very
well, —

What next?" "That is n't hard
to tell;

Of such a navy what 's the use
Unless we sail to Syracuse?"

"'T is well, — and, having at com-
mand

All these, why, then you 'll stay
your hand?"

"No. Syracuse obtained, we 'll
make

A trip to Carthage; then we 'll
take —"

"Your scheme is vast, I must con-
fess.

Thus you advance till you possess
Arabia, Africa, and what

May lie beyond, — till you have
got

The Indian realm; nor resting
there,

Extend your broad dominion
where

The hardy Scythian dwells. And
then?"

"Why, then we 'll hasten back
again,

And take our ease, and sweetly
spend

Our lives in pleasure to the end."
So quoth the King. "Ah!" Cy-
neas said,
And gravely shook his reverend
head,
"Why go so far and pay so dear
For pleasures, Sire, that now and
here
We may possess? How much
more wise
To take the good that near us lies,
To seize the passing joy, unvest
With anxious care about the
next!"

THE FARMER WHO MADE HIS OWN WEATHER.

ONCE on a time, Lafontaine
writes,
Jove, sitting on th' Olympian
heights,
Called nimble Mercury to his side,
And bade him publish, far and
wide,
"*A farm to let!*" Whereat he
flies
Through all the world to advertise
"The finest farm that can be found
For fifty thousand miles around;
To let—on terms quite sure to
please
Whoe'er may wish to take the
lease!"
Then came the farmers thick
and fast
To see the land, — which far sur-
passed
Their brightest hopes; but in a
trice
All fell to higgling at the price.
One said the soil was thin and
poor;
Another, that it lacked manure;

And still another man made bold
To say the land was sour and cold;
Each finding fault, with shrewd
intent
To cheapen what he wished to rent.
At length, when all had said
their say,
And some began to go away,
One, who as yet had held his
peace,
Proposed at once to take the lease,
Provided Jove would give him
power
O'er cold and heat, o'er sun and
shower;
In brief—to sum it all together—
The power to regulate the weather!
'T is granted! So, by Jove's com-
mand,
The joyful tenant takes the land.
He rains or shines, makes cold or
warm,
Brings down the dew, averts the
storm;
Rules, at his will, the wind that
blows,
And regulates the winter's snows.
In short, within the narrow range
Of his own acres, makes the
change
Of seasons through the varied year.
Alas! the gift proves all too dear!
For, while the farmer sees with
pain
His neighbors' lands are rich in
grain,
And all that genial Nature yields
In thrifty herds and fruitful fields,
His own, despite his anxious toil,
Proves, at the best, ungrateful soil,
That brings him naught but dis-
content,
Without a *sou* to pay the rent.
What could he do? — he cannot
pay;
And so the man was fain to pray
To be forgiven; with shame con-
fessed

His folly, — who essayed to test
The Power divine that rules above,
And deemed himself more wise
 than Jove.

THE PROXY SAINT.

EACH for himself must do his
 Master's work,
Or at his peril leave it all un-
 done;
Witness the fate of one who sought
 to shirk
The sanctuary's service, yet
 would shun
The penalty. A man of earthly
 aims
(So runs the apologue), whose
 pious spouse
Would oft remind him of the
 Church's claims,
Still answered thus, "Go thou
 and pay our vows
For thee and me" Now, when
 at Peter's gate
The twain together had arrived
 at last,
He let the woman in; then to her
 mate,
Shutting the door, "Thou hast
 already passed
By proxy," said the Saint, — "just
 in the way
That thou on earth wast wont to
 fast and pray."

THE TWO WISHES.

AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

In Babylon, some ages since,
Death took, one day, the reigning
 Prince;

And so — 't is needless to be said —
The heir-apparent reigned instead.
(For then as now it was the law
 "*Le roi est mort!*" — so "*Vive le
 roi!*"

In the same breath the courtiers
 sing,

"The King is dead!" — "Long
 live the King!"

The son, on looking round to
 find

What wealth the sire had left be-
 hind,

With other riches — more indeed
Than e'en a king could fairly
 need —

A secret chest discovered, where
His sordid sire, with anxious care,
His golden gains had safely stored,
Till now it reached a mighty hoard.
"Great God!" he cried, "O, may
 I spend

This ample treasure thou dost lend
In charity, and may I live
Till not a coin remains to give!"

The Vizier, smiling, said, "Good
 Sire,

Your noble aim I much admire;
But list, your Majesty, I pray,
To what I heard your father say,
While gazing on this very chest,
Then scarce a quarter full, at
 best:

"O gracious God! be it thy will,"
He cried, "that I may live to fill
This coffer full! Grant, I implore,
This one request, — I ask no
 more!"

THE TRAVELLER AND THE TEMPEST.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A MERCHANT, — so the tale is told
In Eastern fable, quaint and old, —

Whom urgent business called to roam
 On foot in parts remote from home,
 Was caught, one morning, in a shower
 Of such extremely pelting power,
 The man was fairly drenched with rain;
 And, though no saint, for once was fain
 To call on Jove in earnest prayer
 That he, the pluvius god! would spare
 A suffering wretch whose shivering form
 Was like to perish in the storm.
 But still, though loud his prayers arise,
 They fail to pierce the murky skies;
 And added vows prove all in vain
 To stay the fury of the rain.
 And now, since Jove no succor lent,
 The traveller growls his discontent
 In impious scoffs at Heaven's decrees.
 "The gods," he muttered, "sit at ease,
 And laugh at us who strive to please
 Their vanity with praise and prayer,
 And gifts that we can poorly spare;
 Meanwhile the very ills they send
 They lack the power — or will — to mend!"
 With this, he sought a neighboring wood,
 To shun the storm as best he could;
 When lo! a robber issuing thence,
 The man, unarmed for self-defence,
 With flying footsteps sought again
 The fury of the open rain, —
 A friendly barrier now, perchance,
 Against the robber's dread advance.

And so it proved, yet, as he fled,
 The other, pointing at his head
 A well-aimed arrow, would have slain
 The fugitive, had not the rain
 The moistened bowstring so unnerved,
 The dart fell short, and only served
 The more to speed the traveller's flight,
 Till he was safely out of sight.
 Now, when the storm was spent
 at last,
 And all the pain and peril past,
 The traveller, resting for a space
 Where sunshine made a pleasant place
 His limbs to warm, his cloak to dry,
 Heard, thundering from the azure sky,
 A solemn voice, whose words proclaim
 The source celestial whence they came:
 "Consider well, O mortal man!
 How wise is Heaven's benignant plan;
 When skies are black and tempests lower,
 Mark not alone the Thunderer's power,
 But in his ways, at every turn,
 His kindly *providence* discern!"

PAST, FUTURE, AND PRESENT.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE on a time — we need not care
 Too nicely for the *when* and *where* —
 Three princes, who, since Time
 had birth,

Have ruled three provinces on
earth,

Whate'er the scope of human aims,
(*Past, Future, Present*, were their
names,)

Met on a pleasant summer's day,
And talking in a friendly way
Of topics such as neighbors use
For mere companionship, — the
news,

The weather, or mayhap the price
Of bullion since the last advice
Touching the royal health, — began
At length to speculate on Man
And his affairs; in brief, on all
Such subtle themes as, since the
Fall,

Have puzzled moralists; and then
From such deep talk concerning
men

As ranged from Providence to Fate,
They fell at last to sharp debate
About themselves, as, who might be
In power the greatest of the three?

"I," said the *Past*, "must be the
one,
Since all things great were surely
done

By me, — there's naught in all the
land

But bears the impress of my hand!"

"True," said the *Future*; "yet
reflect,

Your doings claim but small respect
Compared with mine, — since all
to be

Henceforward will be ruled by
me!"

"Nay," said the *Present*, "cease
your claims;

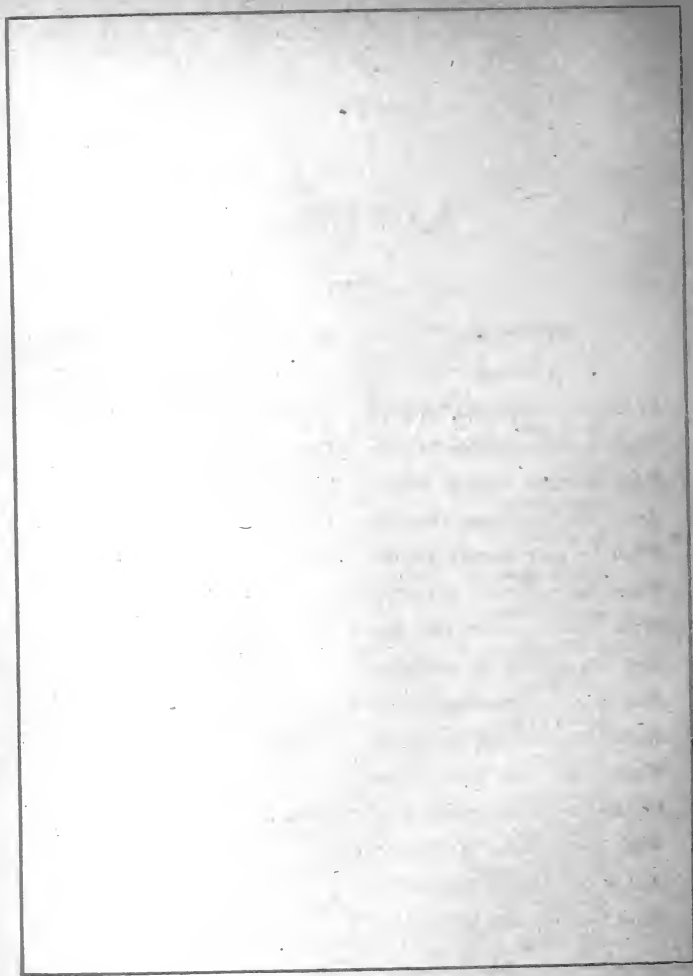
What are ye both but sounding
names?

All things achieved beneath the
sun,

And all on earth that shall be done,
Are mine alone! O'er great and
small

The *Present* still is king of all!"

SATIRES.



SATIRES.

PROGRESS.

A SATIRE.

In this, our happy and "progressive" age,
When all alike ambitious cares engage;
When beardless boys to sudden sages grow,
And "Miss" her nurse abandons for a beau;
When for their dogmas Non-Resistants fight,
When dunces lecture, and when dandies write;
When matrons, seized with oratoric pangs,
Give happy birth to masculine harangues,
And spinsters, trembling for the nation's fate,
Neglect their stockings to preserve the state;
When critic-wits their brazen lustre shed
On golden authors whom they never read,
With parrot praise of "Roman grandeur" speak,
And in bad English eulogize the Greek;—
When facts like these no reprehension bring,

May not, uncensured, an Attorney sing?
In sooth he may; and though "unborn" to climb
Parnassus' heights, and "build the lofty rhyme,"
Though Flaccus fret, and warningly advise
That "middling verses gods and men despise,"
Yet will he sing, to Yankee license true,
In spite of Horace and "Minerva" too!

My theme is Progress,—never-tiring theme
Of prosing dulness, and poetic dream;
Beloved of Optimists, who still protest
Whatever happens, happens for the best;
Who prate of "evil" as a thing unknown,
A fancied color, or a seeming tone,
A vague chimera cherished by the dull,
The empty product of an emptier skull.
Expert logicians they!—to show at will,
By ill philosophy, that naught is ill!

Should some sly rogue, the city's
 constant curse,
 Deplete your pocket and relieve
 your purse,
 Or if, approaching with ill-omened
 tread,
 Some bolder burglar break your
 house and head,
 Hold, friend, thy rage! nay, let
 the rascal flee;
 No evil has been done the world,
 or thee:
 Here comes Philosophy will make
 it plain
 Thy seeming loss is universal gain!
 "Thy heap of gold was clearly
 grown too great, —
 'T were best the poor should share
 thy large estate;
 While misers gather, that the
 knaves should steal,
 Is most conducive to the general
 weal;
 Thus thieves the wrongs of avarice
 efface,
 And stand the friends and stewards
 of the race;
 Thus every moral ill but serves, in
 fact,
 Some other equal ill to counteract."
 Sublime Philosophy! — benignant
 light!
 Which sees in every pair of wrongs,
 a right;
 Which finds no evil or in sin or pain,
 And proves that decalogues are
 writ in vain!

Hail, mighty Progress! loftiest
 we find
 Thy stalking strides in science of
 the mind.
 What boots it now that Locke was
 learned and wise?
 What boots it now that men have
 ears and eyes?
 "Pure Reason" in their stead now
 hears and sees,

And walks apart in stately scorn
 of these;
 Laughs at "experience," spurns
 "induction" hence,
 Scouting "the senses," and trans-
 cending sense.
 No more shall flippant ignorance
 inquire,
 "If German breasts may feel
 poetic fire,"
 Nor German dulness write ten
 folios full,
 To show, for once, that Dutchmen
 are not dull.⁹
 For here Philosophy, acute, re-
 fined,
 Sings all the marvels of the human
 mind
 In strains so passing "dainty
 sweet" to hear,
 That e'en the nursery turns a
 ravished ear!
 Here Wit and Fancy in scholastic
 bowers
 Twine beauteous wreaths of meta-
 physyc flowers;
 Here Speculation pours her daz-
 zling light,
 Here grand Invention wings a dar-
 ing flight,
 And soars ambitious to the lofty
 moon,
 Whence, haply, freighted with
 some precious boon,
 Some old "Philosophy" in fog in-
 cased,
 Or new "Religion" for the chang-
 ing taste,
 She straight descends to Learning's
 blest abodes,
 Just simultaneous with the Paris
 modes!
 Here Plato's dogmas eloquently
 speak,
 Not as of yore, in grand and grace-
 ful Greek,
 But (quite beyond the dreaming
 sage's hope

Of future glory in his fancy's
scope),
Translated *down*, as by some wiz-
ard touch,
Find "immortality" in good high
Dutch!

Happy the youth, in this our
golden age,
Condemned no more to con the
prosy page
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated
fools,
Now justly banished from our
moral schools.
By easier modes philosophy is
taught,
Than through the medium of labo-
rious thought.
Imagination kindly serves instead,
And saves the pupil many an ach-
ing head.
Room for the sages! — hither
comes a throng
Of blooming Plato stripping along.
In dress how fitted to beguile the
fair!
What intellectual, stately heads —
of hair!
Hark to the Oracle! — to Wisdom's
tone
Breathed in a fragrant zephyr of
Cologne.
That boy in gloves, the leader of
the van,
Talks of the "outer" and the
"inner man,"
And knits his girlish brow in stout
resolve
Some mountain-sized "idea" to
"evolve."
Delusive toil! — thus in their in-
fant days,
When children mimic manly deeds
in plays,
Long will they sit, and eager "bob
for whale"
Within the ocean of a water-pail!

The next, whose looks unluckily
reveal
The ears portentous that his locks
conceal,
Prates of the "orbs" with such a
knowing frown,
You deem he puffs some litho-
graphic town
In Western wilds, where yet un-
broken ranks
Of thrifty beavers build unchar-
tered "banks,"
And prowling panthers occupy the
lots
Adorned with churches on the
paper plots!

But ah! what suffering harp is
this we hear?
What jarring sounds invade the
wounded ear?
Who o'er the lyre a hand spasmodic
flings,
And grinds harsh discord from the
tortured strings?
The Sacred Muses, at the sound
dismayed,
Retreat disordered to their native
shade,
And Phœbus hastens to his high
abode,
And Orpheus frowns to hear an
"Orphic ode"!

"Talk not, ye jockeys, of the
wondrous speed
That marks your Northern or your
Southern steed;
See Progress fly o'er Education's
course!
Not far-famed Derby owns a fleet-
er horse!
On rare Improvement's "short
and easy" road,
How swift her flight to Learning's
blest abode!
In other times — 't was many years
ago —

The scholar's course was toilsome,
 rough, and slow,
 The fair Humanities were sought
 in tears,
 And came, the trophy of laborious
 years.
Now Learning's shrine each idle
 youth may seek,
 And, spending there a shilling and
 a week,
 (At lightest cost of study, cash, and
 lungs,)
 Come back, like *Rumor*, with a
 hundred tongues!

What boots such progress, when
 the golden load
 From heedless haste is lost upon
 the road?
 When each great science, to the
 student's pace,
 Stands like the wicket in a hurdle
 race,
 Which to o'erleap is all the courser's
 mind,
 And all his glory that 't is left be-
 hind!

Nor less, O Progress, are thy new-
 est rules
 Enforced and honored in the
 "Ladies' School";
 Where Education, in its nobler
 sense,
 Gives place to Learning's shallow-
 est pretence;
 Where hapless maids, in spite of
 wish or taste,
 On vain "accomplishments" their
 moments waste;
 By cruel parents here condemned
 to wretch
 Their tender throats in mispro-
 nouncing French;
 Here doomed to force, by unrelent-
 ing knocks,
 Reluctant music from a tortured
 box;

Here taught, in inky shades and
 rigid lines,
 To perpetrate equivocal "de-
 signs";
 "Drawings" that prove their title
 plainly true,
 By showing nature "drawn," and
 "quartered" too!
 In ancient times, I've heard my
 grandam tell,
 Young maids were taught to read,
 and write, and spell;
 (Neglected arts! once learned by
 rigid rules,
 As prime essentials in the "com-
 mon schools";)
 Well taught beside in many a use-
 ful art
 To mend the manners and improve
 the heart;
 Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy
 wheel,
 To ply the shuttle, and to twirl the
 reel,
 Could thrifty tasks with cheerful
 grace pursue,
 Themselves "accomplished," and
 their duties too.
 Of tongues, each maiden had but
 one, 't is said,
 (Enough, 't was thought, to serve
 a lady's head,)
 But that was English, — great and
 glorious tongue
 That Chatham spoke, and Milton,
 Shakespeare, sung!
 Let thoughts too idle to be fitly
 dressed
 In sturdy Saxon be in French ex-
 pressed;
 Let lovers breathe Italian, — like,
 in sooth,
 Its singers, soft, emasculate, and
 smooth;
 But for a tongue whose ample
 powers embrace
 Beauty and force, sublimity and
 grace,

Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,
 And formed alike for eloquence and song,
 Give me the English, — aptest tongue to paint
 A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,
 To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,
 To lash the oppressor, and to soothe the oppressed,
 To lend fantastic Humor freest scope
 To marshal all his laughter-moving troop,
 Give Pathos power, and Fancy lightest wings,
 And Wit his merriest whims and keenest stings!

The march of Progress let the Muse explore
 In pseudo-science and empiric lore.
 O sacred Science! how art thou profaned,
 When shallow quacks and vagrants, unrestrained,
 Flaunt in thy robes, and vagabonds are known
 To brawl thy name, who never wrote their own;
 When crazy theorists their addled schemes
 (Unseemly product of dyspeptic dreams)
 Impute to thee! — as courtesans of yore
 Their spurious bantlings left at Mars's door;
 When each projector of a patent pill,
 Or happy founder of a coffee-mill,
 Invokes thine aid to celebrate his wares,
 And crown with gold his philanthropic cares;
 Thus Islam's hawkers piously proclaim
 Their figs and pippins in the Prophet's name!

Some sage Physician, studious to advance
 The art of healing, and its praise enhance,
 By observation "scientific" finds
 (What else were hidden from inferior minds)
 That Water's useful in a thousand ways,
 To cherish health, and lengthen out our days;
 A mighty solvent in its simple scope,
 And quite "specific" with Castilian soap!
 The doctor's labors let the thoughtless scorn,
 See! a new "science" to the world is born;
 "Disease is dirt! all pain the patient feels
 Is but the soiling of the vital wheels;
 To wash away all particles impure,
 And cleanse the system, plainly is to cure!"
 Thus shouts the doctor, eloquent, and proud
 To teach his "science" to the gaping crowd;
 Like "Father Mathew," eager to allure
 Afflicted mortals to his "water-cure"!

'Tis thus that modern "sciences" are made,
 By bold assumption, puffing, and parade.
 Take three stale "truths"; a dozen "facts," assumed;
 Two known "effects," and fifty more presumed;
 "Affinities" a score, to sense unknown,
 And, just as "*lucus, non lucendo*" shown,

Add but a name of pompous Anglo-Greek,
 And only not impossible to speak,
 The work is done; a "science" stands confest,
 And countless welcomes greet the queenly guest.

In closest girdle, Oreluctant Muse,
 In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes,¹⁰
 Prepare to follow Fashion's gay advance,
 And thread the mazes of her motley dance:
 And, marking well each momentary hue,
 And transient form, that meets the wondering view,
 In kindred colors, gentle Muse, essay
 Her Protean phases fitly to portray.
 To-day, she slowly drags a cumbersome trail,
 And "Ton" rejoices in its length of tail;
 To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,
 She trims her flounces just as much too short;
 To-day, right jauntily, a hat she wears
 That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
 To-morrow, haply, searching long in vain,
 You spy her features down a Leghorn lane;
 To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,
 To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace.
 To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,
 And envious train-bands emulate the fair;
 To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,

"She stoops to conquer" in a "Grecian curve."¹¹
 To day, with careful negligence arrayed
 In scanty folds, of woven zephyrs made,
 She moves like Dian in her woody bowers,
 Or Flora floating o'er a bed of flowers;
 To-morrow, laden with a motley freight,
 Of startling bulk and formidable weight,
 She waddles forth, ambitious to amaze
 The vulgar crowd, who giggle as they gaze.

Despotic Fashion! potent is her sway,
 Whom half the world full loyally obey;
 Kings bow submissive to her stern decrees,
 And proud Republics bend their necks and knees;
 Where'er we turn the attentive eye, is seen
 The worshipped presence of the modish queen;
 In Dress, Philosophy, Religion, Art,
 Whate'er employs the head, or hand, or heart.

Is some fine lady quite o'ercome with woes,
 From an unyielding pimple on her nose,
 Some unaccustomed "buzzing in her ears,"
 Or other marvel to alarm her fears?
 Fashion, with skill and judgment ever nice,
 At once advises "medical advice"!

Then names her doctor, who, arrived in haste,
 Proceeds accordant with the laws of taste.
 If real ills afflict the modish dame,
 Her blind idolatry is still the same;
 Less grievous far, she deems it, to endure
 Genteel malpractice, than a vulgar cure.
 If, spite of gilded pills and golden fees,
 Her dear dyspepsia grows a dire disease,
 And Doctor Dapper proves a shallow rogue,
 The world must own that both were much in vogue.

What impious mockery, when, with soulless art,
 Fashion, intrusive, seeks to rule the heart!
 Directs how grief may tastefully be borne;
 Instructs Bereavement just how long to mourn;
 Shows Sorrow how by nice degrees to fade,
 And marks its measure in a ribbon's shade!
 More impious still, when, through her wanton laws,
 She desecrates Religion's sacred cause;
 Shows how "the narrow road" is easiest trod,
 And how, genteelest, worms may worship God;
 How sacred rites may bear a worldly grace,
 And self-abasement wear a haughty face;
 How sinners, long in Folly's mazes whirled,
 With pomp and splendor may "re-nounce the world";

How, "with all saints hereafter to appear,"
 Yet quite escape the vulgar portion here!

Imperial Fashion! her impartial care
 Things most momentous, and most trivial, share.
 Now crushing conscience (her invet'rate foe),
 And now a waist, and now, perchance, a toe.
 At once for pistols and "the Polka" votes,
 And shapes alike our characters and coats.
 The gravest question which the world divides,
 And lightest riddle, in a breath decides:
 "If wrong may not, by circumstance, be right,"—
 "If black cravats be more genteel than white,"—
 "If by her 'bishop,' or her 'grace,' alone,
 A genuine lady, or a church, is known";—
 Problems like these she solves with graceful air,
 At once a casuist and a connoisseur.

Does some sleek knave, whom magic money-bags
 Have raised above his fellow-knaves in rags,
 Some willing minion of unblushing Vice,
 Who boasts that "Virtue ever has her price,"—
 Does he, un pitying, blast thy sister's fame,
 Or doom thy daughter to undying shame,

To bow her head beneath the eye
 of scorn,
 And droop and wither in her maid-
 en morn?
 Fashion "regrets," declares "'t
 was very wrong,"
 And, quite dejected, hums an
 opera song.
 Impartial friend, your cause to her
 appealed,
 Yourself and foe she summons to
 the field,
 Where Honor carefully the case
 observes,
 And nicely weighs it in a scale of
 nerves.
 Despotic rite! whose fierce, vindic-
 tive reign
 Boasts, unrebuked, its countless
 victims slain,
 While Christian rulers, recreant,
 support
 The pagan honors of thy bloody
 court,
 And "Freedom's champions"
 spurn their hallowed trust,
 Kneel at thy nod, and basely lick
 the dust.

Degraded Congress! once the
 honored scene
 Of patriot deeds; where men of
 solemn mien,
 In virtue strong, in understanding
 clear,
 Earnest, though courteous, and,
 though smooth, sincere,
 To gravest counsels lent the teem-
 ing hours,
 And gave their country all their
 mighty powers.
 But times are changed, a rude,
 degenerate race
 Usurp the seats, and shame the
 sacred place.
 Here plotting demagogues with
 zeal defend

The "people's rights," — to gain
 some private end.
 Here Southern youths, on Folly's
 surges tost,
 Their fathers' wisdom eloquently
 boast.
 (So dowerless spinsters proudly
 number o'er
 The costly jewels that their gran-
 dams wore.)
 Here would-be Tullys pompously
 parade
 Their tumid tropes for simple
 "Buncombe" made,¹²
 Full on the chair the chilling tor-
 rent shower,
 And work their word-pumps
 through the allotted hour.
 Deluded "Buncombe!" while,
 with honest praise,
 She notes each grand and patriotic
 phrase,
 And, much rejoicing in her hope-
 ful son,
 Deems all her own the laurels he
 has won,
 She little dreams how brother
 members fled,
 And left the house as vacant as his
 head!
 Here rural Chathams, eager to at-
 test
 The "growing greatness of the
 mighty West,"
 To make the plainest proposition
 clear,
 Crack Priscian's head, and Mr.
 Speaker's ear;
 Then, closing up in one terrific
 shout,
 Pour all their "wild-cats" furious-
 ly out!
 Here lawless boors with ruffian
 bullies vie,
 Who last shall give the rude, in-
 sulting "lie,"
 While "Order! order!" loud the
 chairman calls,

And echoing "Order!" every
member bawls;
Till rising high in rancorous debate,
And higher still in fierce even-
omed hate,¹³
Retorted blows the scene of riot
crown,
And big Lycurgus knocks the
lesser down!

Ye honest dames in frequent
proverbs named,
For finest fish and foulest English
famed,
Whose matchless tongues, 't is
said, were never heard
To speak a flattering or a feeble
word,—
Here all your choice invective ye
might urge
Our lawless Solons fittingly to
scourge;
Here, in congenial company, might
rail
Till, quite worn out, your creak-
ing voices fail,—
Unless, indeed, for once compelled
to yield
In wordy strife, ye vanquished
quit the field!

Hail, Social Progress! each new
moon is rife
With some new theory of social
life,
Some matchless scheme ingen-
iously designed
From half their miseries to free
mankind;
On human wrongs triumphant
war to wage,
And bring anew the glorious golden
age.
"Association" is the magic word
From many a social "priest and
prophet" heard,

"Attractive Labor" is the angel
given,
To render earth a sublunary
Heaven!
"Attractive Labor!" ring the
changes round,
And labor grows attractive in the
sound;
And many a youthful mind, where
haply lurk
Unwelcomed fancies at the name of
"work,"
Sees pleasant pastime in its long-
ing view
Of "toil made easy" and "at-
tractive" too,
And, fancy-rapt, with joyful ar-
dor, turns
Delightful grindstones and seduc-
tive churns!
"Men are not bad," these social
sages preach;
"Men are not what their actions
seem to teach;
No moral ill is natural or fixed, —
Men only err by being badly
mixed!"
To them the world a huge plum-
pudding seems,
Made up of richest viands, fruits,
and creams,
Which of all choice ingredients
partook,
And then was ruined by a blun-
dering cook!

Inventive France! what wonder-
working schemes
Astound the world whene'er a
Frenchman dreams.
What fine-spun theories, — ingen-
ious, new,
Sublime, stupendous, everything
but true!
One little favor, O "Imperial
France!"
Still teach the world to cook, to
dress, to dance;

Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and
barbers roam,
But keep thy morals and thy
creeds at home!

O might the Muse prolong her
flowing rhyme,
(Too closely cramped by unrelent-
ing Time,
Whose dreadful scythe swings
heedlessly along,
And, missing speeches, clips the
thread of song,)
How would she strive, in fitting
verse, to sing
The wondrous Progress of the
Printing King!
Bibles and Novels, Treatises and
Songs,
Lectures on "Rights," and Stric-
tures upon Wrongs;
Verse in all metres, Travels in all
climes,
Rhymes without reason, Sonnets
without rhymes;
"Translations from the French,"
so vilely done,
The wheat escaping leaves the
chaff alone;
Memoirs, where dunces sturdily
essay
To cheat Oblivion of her certain
prey;
Critiques, where pedants vaunt-
ingly expose
Unlicensed verses, in unlawful
prose;
Lampoons, whose authors strive in
vain to throw
Their headless arrows from a
nerveless bow;
Poems by youths, who, crossing
Nature's will,
Harangue the landscape they were
born to till;
Huge tomes of Law, that lead by
rugged routes

Through ancient dogmas down to
modern doubts;
Where Judges oft, with well-
affected ease,
Give learned reasons for absurd
decrees,
Or, more ingenious still, contrive
to found
Some just decision on fallacious
ground,
Or blink the point, and, haply, in
its place,
Moot and decide some hypothetic
case;
Smart Epigrams, all sadly out of
joint,
And pointless, — save the "excla-
mation point,"
Which stands in state, with vacant
wonder fraught,
The pompous tombstone of some
pauper thought;
Ingenious systems based on doubt-
ful facts,
"Tracts for the Times," and most
untimely tracts;
Polemic Pamphlets, Literary Toys,
And Easy Lessons for uneasy boys;
Hebdomadal Gazettes, and Daily
News,
Gay Magazines, and Quarterly
Reviews: —
Small portion these, of all the vast
array
Of darkened leaves that cloud each
passing day,
And pour their tide unceasingly
along,
A gathering, swelling, overwhelm-
ing throng!

Cease, O my Muse, nor, indis-
creet, prolong
To epic length thy unambitious
song.
Good friends, be gentle to a maiden
Muse,

Her errors pardon, and her faults
 excuse.
 Not uninvited to her task she
 came,¹⁴
 To sue for favor, not to seek for
 fame.
 Be this, at least, her just though
 humble praise:
 No stale excuses heralded her lays,
 No singer's trick, — conveniently
 to bring
 A sudden cough, when importuned
 to sing;¹⁵
 No deprecating phrases, learned by
 rote, —
 "She 'd quite forgot," or "never
 knew a note," —
 But to her task, with ready zeal,
 addressed
 Her earnest care, and aimed to do
 her best;
 Strove to be just in each satiric
 word,
 To doubtful wit undoubted truth
 preferred,
 To please and profit equally has
 aimed,
 Nor been ill-natured even when
 she blamed.

 THE MONEY-KING.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE
 PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF
 YALE COLLEGE, 1854.

As landsmen, sitting in luxurious
 ease,
 Talk of the dangers of the stormy
 seas;
 As fireside travellers, with porten-
 tuous mien,

Tell tales of countries they have
 never seen;
 As parlor-soldiers, graced with
 fancy-scars,
 Rehearse their bravery in im-
 agined wars;
 As arrant dunces have been known
 to sit
 In grave discourse of wisdom and
 of wit;
 As paupers, gathered in congenial
 flocks,
 Babble of banks, insurances, and
 stocks;
 As each is oftentimes eloquent of
 what
 He hates or covets, but possesses
 not; —
 As cowards talk of pluck; misers,
 of waste;
 Scoundrels, of honor; country
 clowns, of taste; —
 I sing of MONEY! — no ignoble
 theme,
 But loftier far than poetasters
 dream,
 Whose fancies, soaring to their
 native moon,
 Rise like a bubble or a gay bal-
 loon,
 Whose orb aspiring takes a heaven-
 ward flight,
 Just in proportion as it's thin and
 light!

Kings must have Poets. From
 the earliest times,
 Monarchs have loved celebrity in
 rhymes;
 From good King Robert, who, in
 Petrarch's days,
 Taught to mankind the proper use
 of bays,
 And, singling out the prince of
 Sonneteers,
 Twined wreaths of laurel round
 his blushing ears;

Down to the Queen, who, to her
 chosen bard,
 In annual token of her kind re-
 gard,
 Sends not alone the old poetic
 greens,
 But, like a woman and the best of
 queens,
 Adds to the leaves, to keep them
 fresh and fine,
 The wholesome moisture of a pipe
 of wine! —
 So may her minstrel, crowned with
 royal bays,
 Alternate praise her pipe and pipe
 her praise!
 E'en let him chant his smooth, eu-
 phonious lays:
 A loftier theme my humbler Muse
 essays;
 A mightier monarch be it hers to
 sing,
 And claim her laurel from the
 Money-King!

Great was King Alfred; and if
 history state
 His actions truly, good as well as
 great.
 Great was the Norman; he whose
 martial hordes
 Taught law and order to the Saxon
 lords,
 With gentler thoughts their rug-
 ged minds imbued,
 And raised the nation whom he
 first subdued.
 Great was King Bess! — I see the
 critic smile,
 As though the Muse mistook her
 proper style;
 But to her purpose she will stoutly
 cling,
 The royal maid was "every inch
 a King"!

Great was Napoleon, — and I
 would that fate

Might prove his namesake-nephew
 half as great;
 Meanwhile this hint I venture to
 advance: —
 What France admires is good
 enough for France!
 Great princes were they all; but
 greater far
 Than English King, or mighty
 Russian Czar,
 Or Pope of Rome, or haughty
 Queen of Spain,
 Baron of Germany, or Royal Dane,
 Or Gallic Emperor, or Persian
 Khan,
 Or any other merely mortal man,
 Is the great monarch that my
 Muse would sing,
 That mighty potentate, the Money-
 King!
 His kingdom vast extends o'er
 every land,
 And nations bow before his high
 command;
 The weakest tremble, and his
 power obey,
 The strongest honor, and confess
 his sway.
 He rules the Rulers! — e'en the
 tyrant Czar
 Asks his permission ere he goes to
 war;
 The Turk, submissive to his royal
 might,
 By his decree has gracious leave
 to fight;
 Whilst e'en Britannia makes her
 humblest bow
 Before her Barings, not her Barons
 now,
 Or on the Rothschild suppliantly
 calls
 (Her affluent "uncle" with the
 golden balls),
 Begg of the Jew that he will kindly
 spare
 Enough to put her trident in re-
 pair,

And pawns her diamonds, while
 she humbly craves
 The Money-King's consent to
 "rule the waves!"

He wears no crown upon his royal
 head,
 But many millions in his purse, in-
 stead;
 He keeps no halls of state; but
 holds his court
 In dingy rooms where greed and
 thrift resort;
 In iron chests his wondrous wealth
 he hoards;
 Banks are his parlors; brokers are
 his lords,
 Bonds, bills, and mortgages, his
 favorite books,
 Gold is his food, and coiners are
 his cooks;
 Ledgers his records; stock reports
 his news;
 Merchants his yeomen, and his
 bondsmen Jews;
 Kings are his subjects, gamblers
 are his knaves,
 Spendthrifts his fools, and misers
 are his slaves!
 The good, the bad, his golden
 favor prize,
 The high, the low, the simple, and
 the wise,
 The young, the old, the stately,
 and the gay, —
 All bow obedient to his royal
 sway!
 See where, afar, the bright Pacific
 shore
 Gleams in the sun with sands of
 shining ore,
 His last, great empire rises to the
 view,
 And shames the wealth of India
 and Peru!
 Here, throned within his gorgeous
 "golden gate,"

He wields his sceptre o'er the rising
 State;
 Surveys his conquest with a joyful
 eye,
 Nor for a greater heaves a single
 sigh!
 Here, quite beyond the classic
 poet's dream,
 Pactolus runs in every winding
 stream;
 The mountain cliffs the glittering
 ore enfold,
 And every reed that rustles whis-
 pers, "Gold!"

If to his sceptre some dishonor
 clings,
 Why should we marvel? — 't is the
 fate of kings!
 Their power too oft perverted by
 abuse,
 Their manners cruel, or their
 morals loose,
 The best at times have wandered
 far astray
 From simple Virtue's unseductive
 way;
 And few, of all, at once could make
 pretence
 To royal robes and rustic inno-
 cence!

He builds the house where Chris-
 tian people pray,
 And rears a bagnio just across the
 way;
 Pays to the priest his stunted an-
 nual fee;
 Rewards the lawyer for his venal
 plea;
 Sends an apostle to the heathen's
 aid;
 And cheats the Choctaws, for the
 good of trade;
 Lifts by her heels an Ellsler to re-
 nown,

Or, bribing "Jenny," brings an
angel down!

He builds the Theatres and
gambling Halls,
Lloyds and Almacks St. Peter's
and St. Paul's;

Sin's gay retreats and Fashion's
gilded rooms,
Hotels and Factories, Palaces and
Tombs;

Bids Commerce spread her wings
to every gale;

Bends to the breeze the pirate's
bloody sail;

Helps Science seek new worlds
among the stars;

Profanes our own with mercenary
wars;

The friend of wrong, the equal
friend of right,

Oft may we bless and oft deplore
his might,

As buoyant hope or darkening
fears prevail,

And good or evil turns the moral
scale.

All fitting honor I would fain
accord,

Whene'er he builds a temple to
the Lord;

But much I grieve he often spends
his pelf,

As it were raised in honor of him-
self;

Or, what were worse, and more
profanely odd,

A place to worship some Egyptian
god!

I wish his favorite architects were
graced

With sounder judgment, and a
Christian taste.

Immortal Wren! what fierce,
convulsive shocks

Would jar thy bones within their
leaden box,

Couldst thou but look across the
briny spray,

And see some churches of the
present day!—

The lofty dome of consecrated
bricks,

Where all the "orders" in disorder
mix,

To form a temple whose incongru-
ous frame

Confounds design and puts the
Arts to shame!

Where "styles" discordant on the
vision jar,

Where Greek and Roman are again
at war,

And, as of old, the unrelenting Goth
Comes down at last and over-
whelms them both!

Once on a time I heard a parson say
(Talking of churches in a sprightly
way),

That there was more Religion in
the walls

Of towering "Trinity," or grand
"St. Paul's,"

Than one could find, upon the
strictest search,

In half the saints within the Chris-
tian Church!

A layman sitting at the parson's
side

To this new dogma thus at once
replied:

"If, as you say, Religion has her
home

In the mere walls that form the
sacred come,

It seems to me the very plainest
case,

To climb the steeple were a growth
in grace;

And he to whom the pious strength
were given

To reach the highest were the
nearest Heaven!"

I thought the answer just; and yet
't is clear

A solemn aspect, grand and yet
severe,

Becomes the house of God. 'T is
hard to say

Who from the proper mark are
most astray,—

They who erect, for holy Christian
rites,

A gay Pagoda with its tinsel lights,
Or they who offer to the God of
Love

A gorgeous Temple of the pagan
Jove!

Immortal Homer and Tassoni sing
What vast results from trivial
causes spring;

How naughty Helen by her stolen
joy

Brought woe and ruin to unhappy
Troy;

How, for a bucket, rash Bologna
sold

More blood and tears than twenty
such could hold!

Thy power, O Money, shows re-
sults as strange

As aught revealed in History's
widest range;

Thy smallest coin of shining silver
shows

More potent magic than a conjurer
knows!

In olden times, — if classic poets
say

The simple truth, as poets do to-
day, —

When Charon's boat conveyed a
spirit o'er

The Lethean water to the Hadean
shore,

The fare was just a penny, — not
too great,

The moderate, regular, Stygian
statute rate.

Now, for a shilling, he will cross
the stream,

(His paddles whirling to the force
of steam!)

And bring, obedient to some wizard
power,

Back to the Earth more spirits in
an hour

Than Brooklyn's famous ferry
could convey,

Or thine, Hoboken, in the longest
day!

Time was when men bereaved of
vital breath

Were calm and silent in the realms
of Death;

When mortals dead and decently
inurned

Were heard no more; no traveller
returned,

Who once had crossed the dark
Plutonian strand,

To whisper secrets of the spirit-
land, —

Save when perchance some sad,
unquiet soul

Among the tombs might wander
on parole, —

A well-bred ghost, at night's be-
witching noon,

Returned to catch some glimpses
of the moon,

Wrapt in a mantle of unearthly
white

(The only *'rapping* of an ancient
sprite),

Stalked round in silence till the
break of day,

Then from the Earth passed un-
perceived away.

Now all is changed: the musty
maxim fails,

And dead men *do* repeat the queer-
est tales!

Alas, that here, a in the books,
we see

The travellers clash, the doctors
disagree!

Alas, that all, the farther they explore,
For all their search are but confused the more!

Ye great departed!—men of
mighty mark,—
Bacon and Newton, Adams, Adam
Clarke,
Edwards and Whitefield, Franklin,
Robert Hall,
Calhoun, Clay, Channing, Daniel
Webster,—all

Ye great quit-tenants of this earthly
ball,—

If in your new abodes ye cannot
rest,

But must return, O, grant us this
request:

Come with a noble and celestial air,
To prove your title to the names
ye bear!

Give some clear token of your
heavenly birth,

Write as good English as ye wrote
on earth!

Show not to all, in ranting prose
and verse,

The spirit's progress is from bad to
worse;

And, what were once superfluous
to advise,

Don't tell, I beg you, such egre-
gious lies;

Or if perchance your agents are to
blame,

Don't let them trifle with your
honest fame;

Let chairs and tables rest, and
"rap" instead,

Ay, "knock" your slippery "Me-
diums" on the head!

What direful woes the hapless man
attend,

Who in the means sees life's su-
preme end;

The wretched miser,—money's
sordid slave,—

His only joy to gather and to save.
For this he wakes at morning's
early light,

Toils through the day, and ponders
in the night;

For this,—to swell his heap of
tarnished gold,—

Sweats in the sun, and shivers in
the cold,

And suffers more from hunger
every day

Than the starved beggar whom he
spurns away.

Death comes erewhile to end his
worldly strife;

With all his saving he must lose
his life!

Perchance the doctor might pro-
tract his breath,

And stay the dreadful messenger
of death;

But none is there to comfort or ad-
vise;

'T would cost a dollar;—so the
miser dies.

Sad is the sight when Money's
power controls

In wedlock's chains the fate of
human souls.

From mine to mint, curst is the
coin that parts

In helpless grief two loving human
hearts;

Or joins in discord, jealousy, and
hate,

A sordid suitor to a loathing mate.

I waive the case, the barren
case, of those

Who have no hearts to cherish or
to lose;

Whose wedded state is but a bar-
gain made

In due accordance with the laws
of trade.

When the prim parson joins their
willing hands,

To marry City lots to Western
lands,
Or in connubial ecstasy to mix
Cash and "collateral," ten-per-
cents with six,
And in the "patent safe" of Hy-
men locks
Impassioned dollars with ena-
moured stocks,
Laugh if you will, — and who can
well refrain? —
But waste no tears, nor pangs of
pitying pain;
Hearts such as these may play the
queerest pranks,
But never break, — except with
breaking banks.

Yet, let me hint, a thousand
maxims prove
Plutus may be the truest friend to
Love.
"Love in a cottage" cosily may
dwell,
But much prefers to have it fur-
nished well.
A parlor ample, and a kitchen snug,
A handsome carpet, an embroid-
ered rug,
A well-stored pantry, and a tidy
maid,
A blazing hearth, a cooling win-
dow-shade,
Though merely mortal, money-
purchased things,
Have wondrous power to clip
Love's errant wings!
"Love in a cottage" is n't just
the same
When wind and water strive to
quench his flame;
Too oft it breeds the sharpest dis-
content,
That puzzling question, "How to
pay the rent";
A smoky chimney may alone suffice
To dim the radiance of the fondest
eyes;

A northern blast, beyond the slight-
est doubt,
May fairly blow the torch of Hy-
men out;
And I have heard a worthy matron
hold
(As one who knew the truth of
what she told),
Love once was drowned, though
reckoned waterproof,
By the mere dripping of a leaky
roof!

Full many a wise philosopher
has tried
Mankind in fitting orders to divide;
And by their forms, their fashions,
and their face,
To group, assort, and classify the
race.
One would distinguish people by
their books;
Another, quaintly, solely by their
cooks;
And one, who graced the philo-
sophic bench,
Found these three classes, — "wo-
men, men, and *French!*"
The best remains, of all that I
have known,
A broad distinction, brilliant, and
my own:
Of all mankind, I classify the
lot,
Those who *have Money*, and those
who *have not!*

Think'st thou the line a poet's
fiction? — then
Go look abroad upon the ways of
men!
Go ask the banker, with his golden
seals;
Go ask the borrower, cringing at
his heels;
Go ask the maid, who, emulous of
woe,

Discards the worthier for the
 wealthier bean;
 Go ask the parson, when a higher
 prize
 Points with the salary where his
duty lies;
 Go ask the lawyer, who, in legal
 smoke,
 Stands, like a stoker, redolent of
 "Coke,"
 And swings his arms to emphasize
 a plea
 Made doubly ardent by a golden
 fee;
 Go ask the doctor, who has kindly
 sped
 Old Croesus, dying on a damask
 bed,
 While his poor neighbor — wonder-
 ful to tell —
 Was left to Nature, suffered, and
 got well!
 Go ask the belle, in high patrician
 pride,
 Who spurns the maiden nurtured
 at her side,
 Her youth's loved playmate at the
 village-school,
 Ere changing fortune taught the
 rigid rule
 Which marks the loftier from the
 lowlier lot, —
 Those who have money from those
 who have not!

Of all the ills that owe their
 baneful rise
 To wealth o'ergrown, the most
 despotic vice
 Is Circean Luxury; prolific dame
 Of mental impotence and moral
 shame,
 And all the cankering evils that
 debase
 The human form and dwarf the
 human race.
 See yon strange figure, and a
 moment scan

That slenderest sample of the
 genus man!
 Mark, as he ambles, those preca-
 rious pegs
 Which by their motion must be
 deemed his legs!
 He has a head, — one may be sure
 of that
 By just observing that he wears a
 hat;
 That he has arms is logically
 plain
 From his wide coat-sleeves and his
 pendent cane;
 A tongue as well, — the inference
 is fair,
 Since, on occasion, he can lisp and
 swear.
 You ask his use? — that's not so
 very clear,
 Unless to spend five thousand
 pounds a year
 In modish vices which his soul
 adores,
 Drink, dress, and gaming, horses,
 hounds, and scores
 Of other follies which I can't re-
 hearse,
 Dear to himself and dearer to his
 purse.

No product he of Fortune's
 fickle dice,
 The due result of Luxury and
 Vice,
 Three generations have sufficed to
 bring
 That narrow-chested, pale, ener-
 vate thing
 Down from a *man*, — for, marvel
 as you will,
 His huge great-grandsire fought on
 Bunker Hill!
 Bore, without gloves, a musket
 through the war;
 Came back adorned with many a
 noble scar;

Labored and prospered at a thriving rate,
 And, dying, left his heir a snug estate, —
 Which grew apace upon *his* busy hands,
 Stocks, ships, and factories, tenements and lands,
 All here at last, — the money and the race, —
 The latter ending in that foolish face;
 The former wandering, far beyond his aim,
 Back to the rough plebeians whence it came!

Enough of censure; let my humble lays
 Employ one moment in congenial praise.
 Let other pens with pious ardor paint
 The selfish virtues of the cloistered saint;
 In lettered marble let the stranger read
 Of him who, dying, did a worthy deed,
 And left to charity the cherished store
 Which, to his sorrow, he could hoard no more.
 I venerate the nobler man who gives
 His generous dollars while the donor lives;
 Gives with a heart as liberal as the palms
 That to the needy spread his honored alms;
 Gives with a head whose yet unclouded light
 To worthiest objects points the giver's sight;
 Gives with a hand still potent to enforce

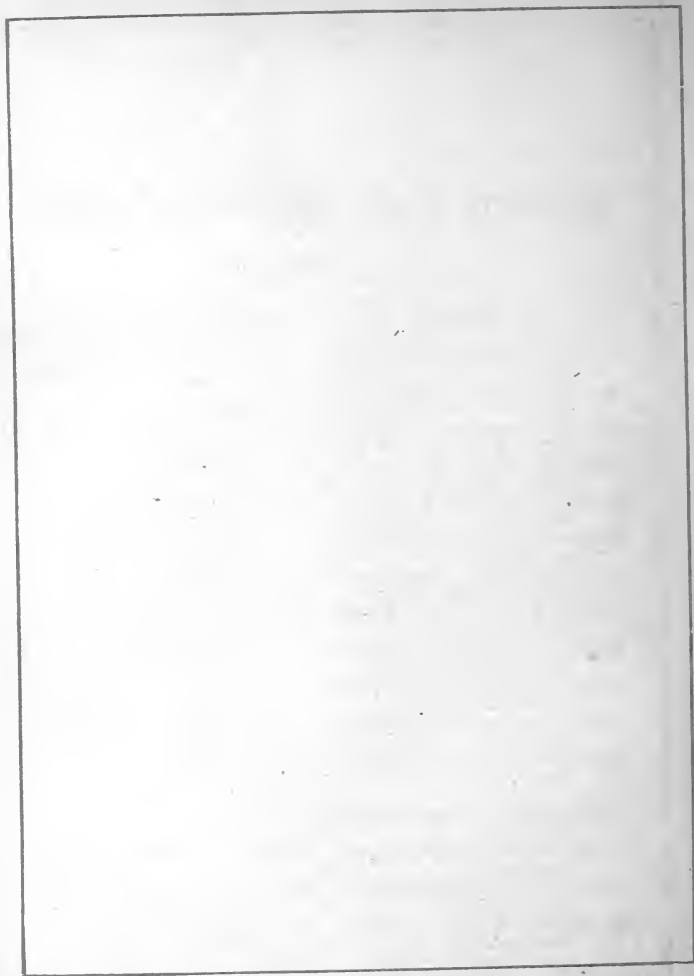
His well-aimed bounty, and direct its course; —
 Such is the giver who must stand confest
 In giving glorious, and supremely blest!
 One such as this the captious world could find
 In noble Perkins, angel of the blind;
 One such as this in princely Lawrence shone,
 Ere heavenly kindred claimed him for their own!

To me the boon may gracious Heaven assign, —
 No cringing suppliant at Mammon's shrine,
 Nor slave of Poverty, — with joy to share
 The happy mean expressed in Agur's prayer: —
 A house (my own) to keep me safe and warm,
 A shade in sunshine, and a shield in storm;
 A generous board, and fitting raiment, clear
 Of debts and duns throughout the circling year;
 Silver and gold, in moderate store, that I
 May purchase joys that only these can buy;
 Some gems of art, a cultured mind to please,
 Books, pictures, statues, literary ease.
 That "Time is Money" prudent Franklin shows
 In rhyming couplets and sententious prose.
 O, had he taught the world, in prose and rhyme,
 The higher truth that Money may be Time!

And showed the people, in his
pleasant ways,
The art of coining dollars into
days!
Days for improvement, days for
social life,
Days for your God, your children,
and your wife;
Some days for pleasure, and an
hour to spend
In genial converse with an honest
friend.
Such days be mine! — and grant
me, Heaven, but this,
With blooming health, man's high-
est earthly bliss, —

And I will read, without a sigh or
frown,
The startling news that stocks are
going down;
Hear without envy that a stranger
hoards
Or spends more treasure than a
mint affords;
See my next neighbor pluck a
golden plum,
Calm and content within my cot-
tage-home;
Take for myself what honest thrift
may bring,
And for his kindness bless the
Money-King!

EXCERPTS FROM OCCASIONAL
POEMS.



EXCERPTS FROM OCCASIONAL POEMS.

EL DORADO.

LET others, dazzled by the shining ore,
Delve in the dirt to gather golden store.
Let others, patient of the menial toil
And daily suffering, seek the precious spoil;
No hero I, in such a cause to brave
Hunger and pain, the robber and the grave.
I'll work, instead, exempt from hate and harm,
The fruitful "placers" of my mountain-farm,
Where the bright ploughshare opens richest veins,
From whence shall issue countless golden grains,
Which in the fulness of the year shall come,
In bounteous sheaves, to bless my harvest-home!

But, haply, good may come of mining yet:
'T will help to pay the nation's foreign debt;
'T will further liberal arts; plate rings and pins,
Gild books and coaches, mirrors, signs, and sins;

'T will cheapen pens and pencils, and perchance
May give us honest dealing for Finance!
(That magic art, unknown to darker times
When fraud and falsehood were reputed crimes,
Whose curious laws with nice precision teach
How whole estates are made from parts of speech;
How lying rags for honest coin shall pass,
And foreign gold be paid in native brass!)

'T will save, perhaps, each deep-indebted State
From all temptation to "repudiate,"
Till Time restore our precious credit lost,
And hush the wail of Peter Plymley's ghost!¹⁶

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

WHILE drones and dreaming optimists protest,
"The worst is well, and all is for the best";

And sturdy croakers chant the
counter song,
That "man grows worse, and
everything is wrong";
Truth, as of old, still loves a golden
mean,
And shuns extremes to walk erect
between!
The world improves; with slow,
unequal pace,
"The Good Time's coming" to
our hapless race.
The general tide beneath the reflu-
ent surge
Rolls on, resistless, to its destined
verge!
Unfriendly hills no longer inter-
pose!¹⁷
As stubborn walls to geographic
foes,
Nor envious streams run only to
divide
The hearts of brethren ranged on
either side.
Promethean Science, with untiring
eye
Searching the mysteries of the
earth and sky;
And cunning Art, with strong and
plastic hand
To work the marvels Science may
command;
And broad-winged Commerce,
swift to carry o'er
Earth's countless blessings to her
farthest shore, —
These, and no German nor Gene-
van sage,
These are the great reformers of
the age!

See Art, exultant in her stately
car,
On Nature's Titans wage trium-
phant war!
While e'en the Lightnings by her
wondrous skill

Are tamed for heralds of her sov-
ereign will!
Old Ocean's breast a new invader
feels,
And heaves in vain to clog her iron
wheels;
In vain the Forests marshal all
their force,
And Mountains rise to stay her on-
ward course:
From out her path each bold op-
poser hurled,
She throws her girdle round a cap-
tive world!

THE POWER-PRESS.

STRANGE is the sound when first
the notes begin
Where human voices blend with
Vulcan's din;
The click, the clank, the clangor,
and the sound
Of rattling rollers in their rapid
round;
The whizzing belt, the sharp me-
tallic jar,
Like clashing spears in fierce chiv-
alric war;
The whispering birth of myriad
flying leaves,
Gathered, anon, in countless mot-
ley sheaves,
Then scattered far, as on the
winged wind,
The mortal nurture of th' immor-
tal mind!

THE LIBRARY.

HERE, e'en the sturdy democrat
may find,
Nor scorn their rank, the nobles of
the mind;

While kings may learn, nor blush
 at being shown,
 How Learning's patents abrogate
 their own.
 A goodly company and fair to
 see;
 Royal plebeians; earls of low de-
 gree;
 Beggars whose wealth enriches
 every clime;
 Princes who scarce can boast a
 mental dime
 Crowd here together, like the quaint
 array
 Of jostling neighbors on a market
 day.
 Homer and Milton, — can we call
 them blind? —
 Of godlike sight, the vision of the
 mind;
 Shakespeare, who calmly looked
 creation through,
 "Exhausted worlds, and then im-
 agined new";
 Plato the sage, so thoughtful and
 serene,
 He seems a prophet by his heav-
 enly mien;
 Shrewd Socrates, whose philosoph-
 ic power
 Xantippe proved in many a trying
 hour;
 And Aristophanes, whose humor
 run
 In vain endeavor to be—"cloud"
 the sun;¹⁸
 Majestic Æschylus, whose glowing
 page
 Holds half the grandeur of the
 Athenian stage;
 Pindar, whose odes, replete with
 heavenly fire,
 Proclaim the master of the Grecian
 lyre;
 Anacreon, famed for many a lus-
 cious line
 Devote to Venus and the god of
 wine.

I love vast libraries; yet there is a
 doubt
 If one be better with them or with-
 out, —
 Unless he use them wisely, and,
 indeed,
 Knows the high art of what and
 how to read.
 At Learning's fountain it is sweet
 to drink,
 But 't is a nobler privilege to think;
 And oft, from books apart, the
 thirsting mind
 May make the nectar which it
 cannot find.
 'T is well to borrow from the good
 and great;
 'T is wise to learn; 't is godlike to
 create!

 THE NEWS.

THE *News*, indeed! — pray do you
 call it news
 When shallow noddles publish
 shallow views?
 Pray, is it news that turnips
 should be bred
 As large and hollow as the owner's
 head?
News, that a clerk should rob his
 master's hoard,
 Whose meagre salary scarcely
 pays his board?
News, that two knaves, their spu-
 rious friendship o'er,
 Should tell the truths which they
 concealed before?
News, that a maniac, weary of his
 life,
 Should end his sorrows with a rope
 or knife?
News, that a wife should violate
 the vows

That bind her, loveless, to a tyrant spouse?

News, that a daughter cheats paternal rule,

And weds a scoundrel to escape a fool? —

The news, indeed! — Such matters are as old

As sin and folly, rust and must and mould!

THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

SCENE, — a third story in a dismal court,

Where weary printers just at eight resort;

A dingy door that with a rattle shuts;

Heaps of "Exchanges," much adorned with "cuts";

Pens, paste, and paper on the table strewed;

Books, to be read when they have been reviewed;

Pamphlets and tracts so very dull indeed

That only they who wrote them e'er will read;

Nine letters, touching themes of every sort,

And one with money, — just a shilling short, —

Lie scattered round upon a common level.

PERSONS, — the Editor; enter, now, the Devil: —

"Please, sir, since this 'ere article was wrote,

There's later news perhaps you'd like to quote:

The Rebels storming with prodigious force,

'Sumter has fallen!' " "Set it up, of course."

"And, sir, that murder's done — there's only left

One larceny." "Pray don't omit the theft."

"And, sir, about the mob — the matter's fat" —

"The mob? — that's wrong — pray just distribute that."

Exit the imp of Faust, and enter now

A fierce subscriber with a scowling brow.

"Sir, curse your paper! — send the thing to —" Well,

The place he names were impolite to tell;

Enough to know the hero of the Press

Cries: "Thomas, change the gentleman's address!

We'll send the paper, if the post will let it,

Where the subscriber will be sure to get it!"

Who would not be an Editor? — To write

The magic "we" of such enormous might;

To be so great beyond the common span

It takes the plural to express the man;

And yet, alas, it happens oftentimes

A unit serves to number all his dimes!

But don't despise him; there may chance to be

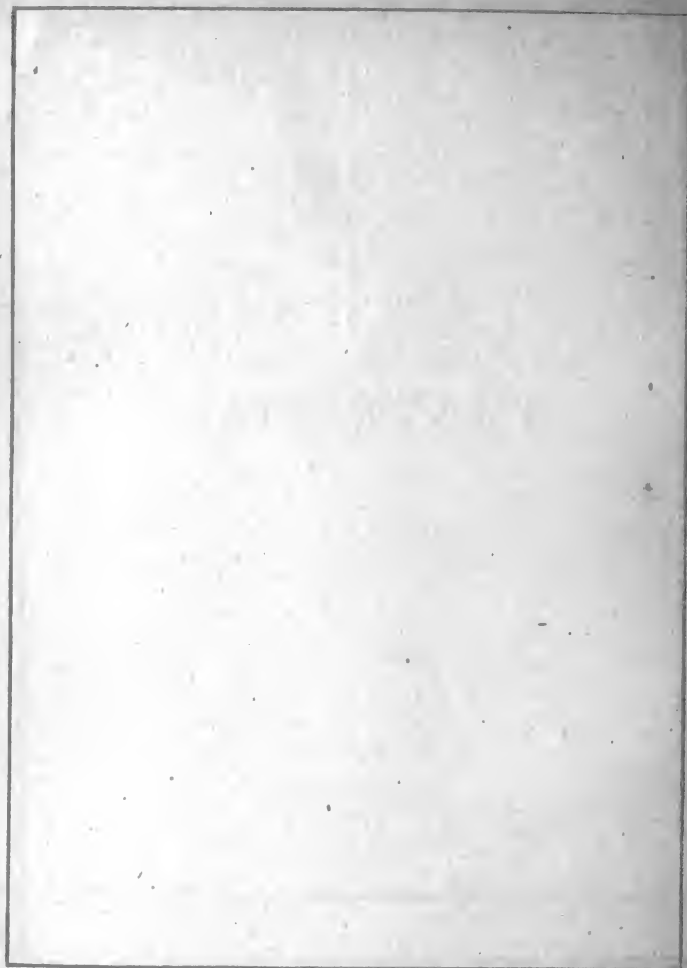
An earthquake lurking in his simple "we"!

In the close precincts of a dusty room

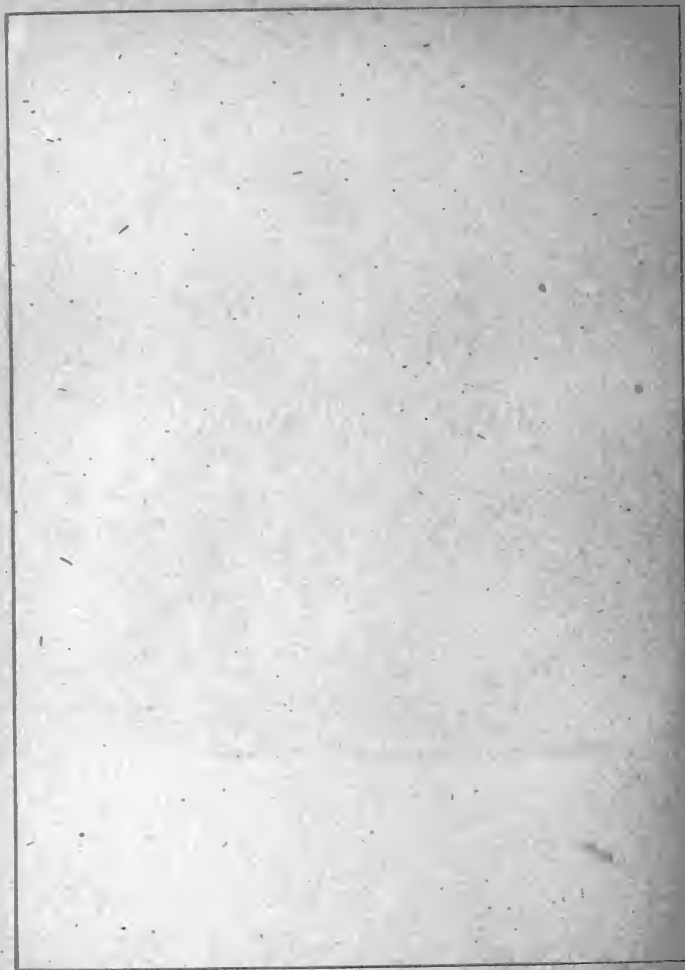
That owes few losses to the lazy broom,

There sits the man; you do not
 know his name,
Brown, Jones, or Johnson, — it is
 all the same, —
Scribbling away at what perchance
 may seem
An idler's musing, or a dreamer's
 dream;
His pen runs rambling, like a stray-
 ing steed;
The "we" he writes seems very
 "wee" indeed;
But mark the change; behold the
 wondrous power
Wrought by the Press in one
 eventful hour;

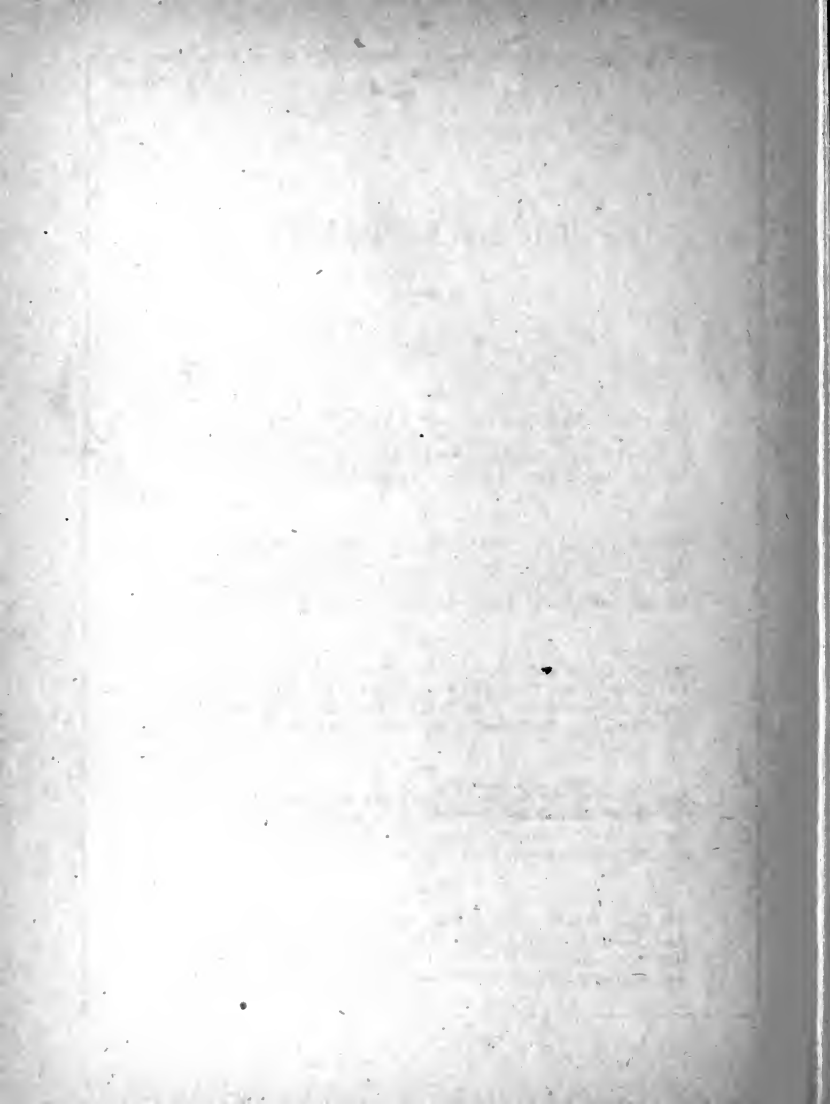
To-night, 't is harmless as a maid-
 en's rhymes;
To-morrow, thunder in the *Lon-*
 don Times!
The ministry dissolves that held
 for years;
Her Grace, the Duchess, is dis-
 solved in tears;
The Rothschilds quail; the church,
 the army, quakes;
The very kingdom to its centre
 shakes;
The Corn Laws fall; the price of
 bread comes down, —
Thanks to the "we" of Johnson,
 Jones, or Brown!



TRAVESTIES.







TRAVESTIES.

ICARUS.

I.

ALL modern themes of poesy are spun so very fine,
That now the most amusing muse, *e gratia*, such as mine,
Is often forced to cut the thread that strings our recent rhymes,
And try the stronger staple of the good old classic times.

II.

There lived and flourished long ago, in famous Athens town,
One *Dædalus*, a carpenter of genius and renown;
And while he yet was in his teens such progress he had made,
An art which the philosophers monopolized before.)

III.

His only son was *Icarus*, a most precocious lad,
The pride of Mrs. *Dædalus*, the image of his dad;
And while he yet was in his teens such progress he had made,
He'd got above his father's size, and much above his trade.

IV.

Now *Dædalus*, the carpenter, had made a pair of wings,
Contrived of wood and feathers and a cunning set of springs,
By means of which the wearer could ascend to any height,
And sail about among the clouds as easy as a kite!

V.

"O father," said young *Icarus*, "how I should like to fly!
And go like you where all is blue along the upper sky;
How very charming it would be above the moon to climb,
And scamper through the Zodiac, and have a high old time!

VI.

"O would n't it be jolly, though, — to stop at all the inns;
To take a luncheon at 'The Crab,' and tipple at 'The Twins';
And, just for fun and fancy, while careering through the air,
To kiss the *Virgin*, tease the *Ram*, and bait the biggest *Bear*?

VII.

"O father, please to let me go!" was still the urchin's cry;
"I'll be extremely careful, sir, and won't go *very* high;
O if this little pleasure-trip you only will allow,
I promise to be back again in time to fetch the cow!"

VIII.

"You 're rather young," said Dædalus, "to tempt the upper air;
But take the wings, and mind your eye with very special care;
And keep at least a thousand miles below the nearest star;
Young lads, when out upon a lark, are apt to go too far!"

IX.

He took the wings — that foolish boy — without the least dismay;
His father stuck 'em on with wax, and so he soared away;
Up, up he rises, like a bird, and not a moment stops
Until he's fairly out of sight beyond the mountain-tops!

X.

And still he flies — away — away; it seems the merest fun;
No marvel he is getting bold, and aiming at the sun;
No marvel he forgets his sire; it is n't very odd
That one so far above the earth should think himself a god!

XI.

Already, in his silly pride, he's gone too far aloft;
The heat begins to scorch his wings; the wax is waxing soft;
Down — down he goes! — Alas! — next day poor Icarus was found
Afloat upon the Ægean Sea, extremely damp and drowned!

L'ENVOI.

The moral of this mournful tale is plain enough to all: —
Don't get above your proper sphere, or you may chance to fall;
Remember, too, that borrowed plumes are most uncertain things;
And never try to scale the sky with other people's wings!

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THIS tragical tale, which, they say,
is a true one,
Is old, but the manner is wholly a
new one.

One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputa-
tion,
Has told it before in a tedious nar-
ration;
In a style, to be sure, of remark-
able fullness,
But which nobody reads on ac-
count of its dulness.

Young Peter Pyramus, I call him
Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or
metre,
But merely to make the name com-
plete, —

For Peter lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of Pagan
climes

That flourish now in classical fame,
Long before

Either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian*
name, —

Young Peter then was a nice young
beau

As any young lady would wish to
know;

In years, I ween,
He was rather green,
That is to say, he was just eigh-
teen, —

A trifle too short, and a shaving
too lean,

But “a nice young man” as ever
was seen,

And fit to dance with a May-day
queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an
earl

In the magical trap of an auburn
curl, —

A little Miss Thisbe who lived next
door,

(They slept in fact on the very
same floor,

With a wall between them, and
nothing more,

Those double dwellings were com-
mon of yore,)

And they loved each other, the
legends say,

In that very beautiful, bountiful
way

That every young maid,
And every young blade,

Are wont to do before they grow
staid,

And learn to love by the laws of
trade.

But alack-a-day for the girl and
boy,

A little impediment checked their
joy,

And gave them, awhile, the deep-
est annoy.

For some good reason, which his-
tory cloaks,

The match did n't happen to please
the old folks!

So Thisbe's father and Peter's
mother

Began the young couple to worry
and bother,

And tried their innocent passions
to smother

By keeping the lovers from seeing
each other!

But whoever heard
Of a marriage deterred,

Or even deferred,

By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging
his bird?

Now Peter, who was n't dis-
couraged at all

By obstacles such as the timid ap-
pall,

Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
 Which was n't so thick
 But removing a brick
 Made a passage, — though rather
 provokingly small.
 Through this little chink the lover
 could greet her,
 And secrecy made their courting
 the sweeter,
 While Peter kissed Thisbe, and
 Thisbe kissed Peter, —
 For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
 Will manage to creep through the
 smallest of holes!

'T was here that the lovers, intent
 upon love,
 Laid a nice little plot
 To meet at a spot
 Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;
 For the plan was all laid
 By the youth and the maid,
 (Whose hearts, it would seem, were
 uncommonly bold ones,)
 To run off and get married in spite
 of the old ones.

In the shadows of evening, as still
 as a mouse,
 The beautiful maiden slipped out of
 the house,
 The mulberry-tree impatient to
 find,
 While Peter, the vigilant matrons
 to blind,
 Strolled leisurely out some minutes
 behind.
 While waiting alone by the tryst-
 ing tree,
 A terrible lion
 As e'er you set eye on
 Came roaring along quite horrid to
 see,
 And caused the young maiden in
 terror to flee,

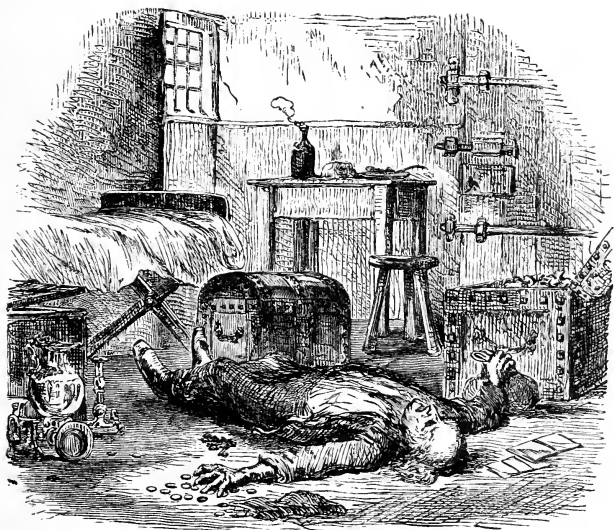
(A lion's a creature whose regular
 trade is
 Blood, — and "a terrible thing
 among ladies,")
 And losing her veil as she ran from
 the wood,
 The monster bedabbled it over with
 blood.

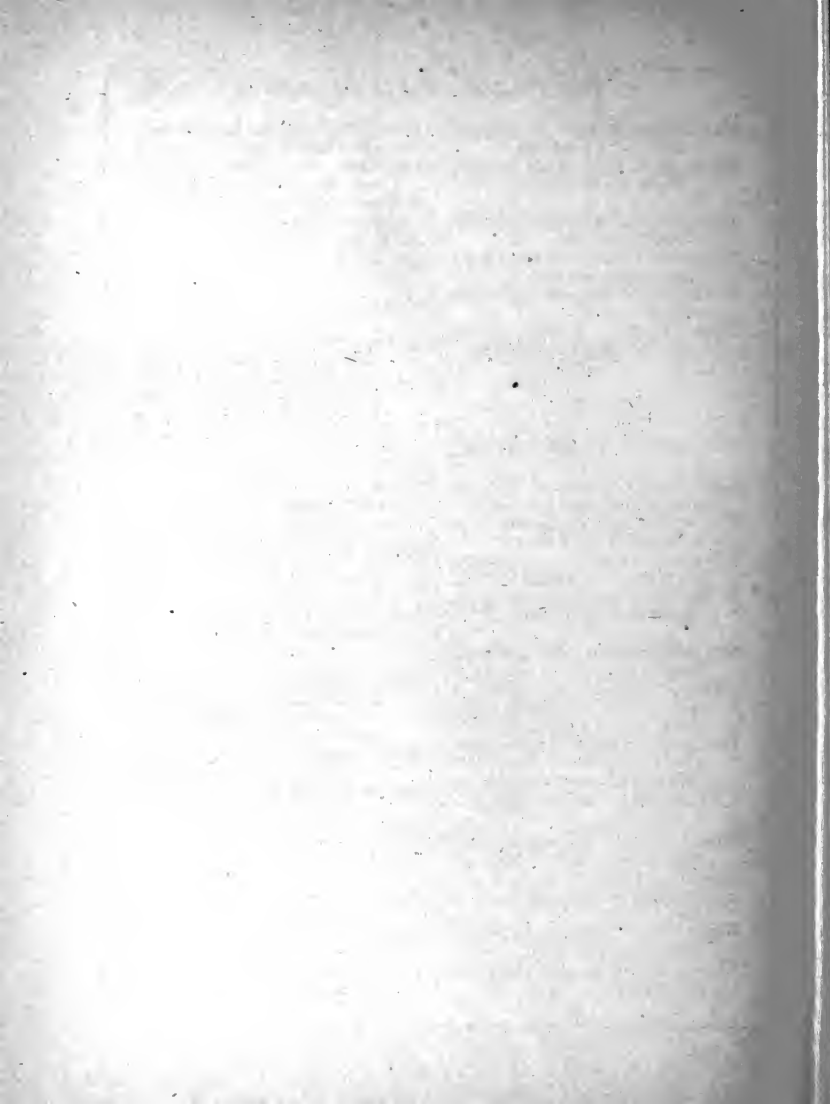
Now Peter arriving, and seeing
 the veil
 All covered o'er
 And reeking with gore,
 Turned all of a sudden exceedingly
 pale,
 And sat himself down to weep and
 to wail, —
 For, soon as he saw the garment,
 poor Peter
 Made up in his mind, in very short
 metre,
 That Thisbe was dead, and the
 lion had eat her!
 So breathing a prayer,
 He determined to share
 The fate of his darling, "the loved
 and the lost,"
 And fell on his dagger, and gave
 up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and view-
 ing her beau,
 Lying dead by the veil (which she
 happened to know),
 She guessed, in a moment, the
 cause of his erring,
 And seizing the knife
 Which had taken his life,
 In less than a jiffy was dead as
 a herring!

MORAL.

Young gentlemen! pray recollect,
 if you please,
 Not to make assignations near
 mulberry-trees;





Should your mistress be missing,
it shows a weak head
To be stabbing yourself till you
know she is dead.

Young ladies! you should n't go
strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't
know you are out,
And remember that accidents often
befall
From kissing young fellows
through holes in the wall.

THE CHOICE OF KING MIDAS.

KING MIDAS, prince of Phrygia,
several thousand years ago,
Was a very worthy monarch, as
the classic annals show;
You may read 'em at your leisure,
when you have a mind to doze,
In the finest Latin verses, or in
choice Hellenic prose.

Now this notable old monarch,
King of Phrygia, as aforesaid
(Of whose royal state and character
there might be vastly more
said),
Though he occupied a palace, kept
a very open door,
And had still a ready welcome for
the stranger and the poor.

Now it chanced that old Silenus,
who, it seems, had lost his way,
Following Bacchus through the
forest, in the pleasant month of
May
Which was n't very singular, for at
the present day
The followers of Bacchus very often
go astray),

Came at last to good King Midas,
who received him in his court,
Gave him comfortable lodgings,
and—to cut the matter short—
With as much consideration treated
weary old Silenus,
As if the entertainment were for
Mercury or Venus.

Now when Bacchus heard the story,
he proceeded to the king,
And says he: "By old Silenus you
have done the handsome thing;
He's my much-respected tutor,
who has taught me how to read,
And I'm sure your royal kindness
should receive its proper meed;

"So I grant you full permission to
select your own reward.
Choose a gift to suit your fancy,—
something worthy of a lord!"
"Bully Bacche!" cried the mon-
arch, "if I do not make too
bold,
Let whatever I may handle be
transmuted into gold!"

Midas, sitting down to dinner,
sees the answer to his wish,
For the turbot on the platter turns
into a golden fish!
And the bread between his fingers
is no longer wheaten bread,
But the slice he tries to swallow is
a wedge of gold instead!

And the roast he takes for mutton
fills his mouth with golden meat,
Very tempting to the vision, but
extremely hard to eat;
And the liquor in his goblet, very
rare, select, and old,
Down the monarch's thirsty throat
runs a stream of liquid gold!

Quite disgusted with his dining, he
betakes him to his bed;
But, alas! the golden pillow does
n't rest his weary head
Nor does all the gold around him
soothe the monarch's tender
skin;
Golden sheets, to sleepy mortals,
might as well be sheets of tin.

Now poor Midas, straight repenting
of his rash and foolish choice,
Went to Bacchus, and assured him,
in a very plaintive voice,
That his golden gift was working in
a manner most unpleasant, —
And the god, in sheer compassion,
took away the fatal present.

MORAL.

By this mythologic story we are
very plainly told,
That, though gold may have its
uses, there are better things
than gold;
That a man may sell his freedom
to procure the shining pelf;
And that Avarice, though it prosper,
still contrives to cheat itself.

PHAËTHON;

OR, THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAËTHON — so the histories
run —
Was a jolly young chap, and a son
of the Sun, —
Or rather of Phœbus; but as to
his mother,
Genealogists make a deuce of a
pother,

Some going for one, and some for
another.

For myself, I must say, as a care-
ful explorer,

This roaring young blade was the
son of Aurora!

Now old Father Phœbus, ere rail-
ways begun

To elevate funds and depreciate
fun,

Drove a very fast coach by the
name of "The Sun";

Running, they say,

Trips every day

(On Sundays and all, in a heathen-
ish way),

All lighted up with a famous
array

Of lanterns that shone with a bril-
liant display,

And dashing along like a gentle-
man's "shay,"

With never a fare, and nothing to
pay!

Now Phaëthon begged of his dot-
ing old father

To grant him a favor, and this the
rather,

Since some one had hinted, the
youth to annoy,

That he was n't by any means
Phœbus's boy!

Intending, the rascally son of a
gun,

To darken the brow of the son of
the Sun!

"By the terrible Styx!" said the
angry sire,

While his eyes flashed volumes of
fury and fire,

"To prove your reviler an in-
famous liar,

I swear I will grant you whate'er
you desire!"

"Then by my head,"

The youngster said,

"I'll mount the coach when the
horses are fed! —
For there's nothing I'd choose, as
I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box, and a
dashing drive!"

"Nay, Phaëthon, don't, —
I beg you won't, —
Just stop a moment and think
upon 't!"

"You're quite too young," con-
tinued the sage,

"To tend a coach at your tender
age!

Besides, you see,
'T will really be
Your first appearance on any
stage!

Desist, my child,
The cattle are wild,
And when their mettle is thor-
oughly 'riled,'
Depend upon 't the coach 'll be
'spiled,' —

They're not the fellows to draw it
mild!

Desist, I say,
You'll rue the day, —
So mind, and don't be foolish,
Pha!"

But the youth was proud,
And swore aloud,
'T was just the thing to astonish
the crowd, —
He'd have the horses and would
n't be cowed!

In vain the boy was cautioned at
large,
He called for the chargers, unheed-
ing the charge,
And vowed that any young fellow
of force
Could manage a dozen coursers,
of course!

Now Phœbus felt exceedingly
sorry
He had given his word in such a
hurry,

But having sworn by the Styx, no
doubt
He was in for it now, and could n't
back out.

So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,
He gave the youth a bit of ad-
vice: —

"*Parce stimulis, utere loris!*"
(A 'stage direction,' of which the
core is,

Don't use the whip, — they're
ticklish things, —

But, whatever you do, hold on to
the strings!)

"Remember the rule of the Jehu-
tribe is,

Medio tutissimus ibis,
As the Judge remarked to a
rowdy Scotchman,
Who was going to quod between
two watchmen!

So mind your eye, and spare your
goad,

Be shy of the stones, and keep in
the road!"

Now Phaëthon, perched in the
coachman's place,
Drove off the steeds at a furious
pace,

Fast as coursers running a race,
Or bounding along in a steeple-
chase!

Of whip and shout there was no
lack,

"Crack — whack —
Whack — crack,"

Resounded along the horses' back!
Frightened beneath the stinging
lash,

Cutting their flanks in many a
gash,

On, on they sped as swift as a
flash,

Through thick and thin away they
dash,

(Such rapid driving is always
rash!)

When all at once, with a dreadful
crash,
The whole "establishment" went
to smash!
And Phaëthon, he,
As all agree,
Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
Into a puddle, and out of the
world!

MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous
courses, —
Nor set it down in your table of
forces,
That any one man equals any four
horses!
Don't swear by the Styx! —
It's one of Old Nick's
Diabolical tricks
To get people into a regular "fix,"
And hold 'em there as fast as
bricks!

POLYPHEMUS AND ULYSSES.

A VERY remarkable history this is
Of one Polyphemus and Captain
Ulysses:
The latter a hero, accomplished
and bold,
The former a knave, and a fright
to behold, —
A horrid big giant who lived in a
den,
And dined every day on a couple
of men,
Ate a woman for breakfast, and
(dreadful to see!)
Had a nice little baby served up
with his tea;
Indeed, if there's truth in the
sprightly narration
Of Homer, a poet of some reputa-
tion,

Or Virgil, a writer but little infe-
rior,
And in some things, perhaps, the
other's superior, —
Polyphemus was truly a terrible
creature,
In manners and morals, in form
and in feature;
For law and religion he cared not
a copper,
And, in short, led a life that was
very improper: —
What made him a very remark-
able guy,
Like the late Mr. Thompson, he'd
only one eye;
But that was a whopper, — a ter-
rible one, —
"As large" (Virgil says) "as the
disk of the sun;"
A brilliant, but rather extravagant
figure,
Which means, I suppose, that his
eye was much bigger
Than yours, — or even the orb of
your sly
Old bachelor-friend who's "a
wife in his eye."
Ulysses, the hero I mentioned be-
fore,
Was shipwrecked, one day, on the
pestilent shore
Where the Cyclops resided, along
with his chief,
Polyphemus, the terrible man-eat-
ing thief,
Whose manners they copied, and
laws they obeyed,
While driving their horrible cannibal
trade.

With many expressions of civil
regret
That Ulysses had got so unpleas-
antly wet,
With many expressions of pleasure
profound

That all had escaped being thoroughly drowned,
The rascal declared he was "fond of the brave,"
And invited the strangers all home to his cave.

Here the cannibal king, with as little remorse
As an omnibus feels for the death of a horse,
Seized, crushed, and devoured a brace of the Greeks,
As a Welshman would swallow a couple of leeks,
Or a Frenchman, supplied with his usual prog,
Would punish the hams of a favorite frog.
Dashed and smashed against the stones,
He broke their bodies and cracked their bones,
Minding no more their moans and groans
Than the grinder heeds his organ's tones!
With purple gore the pavement swims,
While the giant crushes their crackling limbs,
And poor Ulysses trembles with fright
At the horrid sound, and the horrid sight, —
Trembles lest the monster grim
Should make his "nuts and raisins" of him!
And, really, since
The man was a Prince,
It's not very odd that his Highness should wince
(Especially after such very strong hints),
At the cannibal's manner, as rather more free
Than his Highness at court was accustomed to see!

But the crafty Greek, to the tyrant's hurt
(Though he did n't deserve so fine a dessert),
Took a dozen of wine from his leather trunk,
And plied the giant until he was drunk! —
Drunker than any one you or I know,
Who buys his "Rhenish" with ready rhino, —
Exceedingly drunk, — *sepultus vino!*

Gazing a moment upon the sleeper,
Ulysses cried: "Let's spoil his peeper! —
'T will put him, my boys, in a pretty trim,
If we can manage to douse his glim!"
So, taking a spar that was lying in sight,
They poked it into his "forward light,"
And gouged away with furious spite,
Ramming and jamming with all their might!

In vain the giant began to roar,
And even swore
That he never before
Had met, in his life, such a terrible bore.
They only plied the auger the more,
And mocked his grief with a bantering cry,
"Don't babble of pain, — *it's all in your eye!*"
Until, alas for the wretched Cyclops!
He gives a groan, and out his eye pops!

Leaving the knave, one need n't
be told,
As blind as a puppy of three days
old.

The rest of the tale I can't tell
now, —
Except that Ulysses got out of the
row,
With the rest of his crew, — it's no
matter how;
While old Polyphemus, until he
was dead, —
Which was n't till many years
after, 't is said, —
Had a grief in his heart and a hole
in his head!

MORAL.

Don't use strong drink, — pray let
me advise, —
It's bad for the stomach, and ruins
the eyes;
Don't impose upon sailors with
land-lubber tricks,
Or you'll catch it some day like a
thousand of bricks!

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

SIR ORPHEUS, whom the poets
have sung
In every metre and every tongue
Was, you may remember, a famous
musician, —
At least for a youth in his pagan
condition, —
For historians tell he played on his
shell
From morning till night, so re-
markably well
That his music created a regular
spell

On trees and stones in forest and
dell!
What sort of an instrument his
could be
Is really more than is known to
me, —
For none of the books have told,
d' ye see!
It's very certain those heathen
"swells"
Knew nothing at all of oyster-shells,
And it's clear Sir Orpheus never
could own a
Shell like those they make in Cre-
mona;
But whatever it was, to "move
the stones"
It must have shelled out some
powerful tones,
And entitled the player to rank in
my rhyme
As the very *Vieux temps* of the very
old time!

But alas for the joys of this mu-
table life!
Sir Orpheus lost his beautiful
wife, —
Eurydice, — who vanished one day
From Earth, in a very unpleasant
way!
It chanced, as near as I can deter-
mine,
Through one of those vertebrated
vermin
That lie in the grass so prettily
curled,
Waiting to "snake" you out of
the world!
And the poets tell she went to —
well —
A place where Greeks and Romans
dwell
After they burst their mortal shell;
A region that in the deepest shade
is,
And known by the classical name
of Hades, —

A different place from the terrible
furnace
Of Tartarus, down below Avernus.

Now, having a heart uncommon-
ly stout,
Sir Orpheus did n't go whining
about,
Nor marry another, as *you* would,
no doubt,
But made up his mind to fiddle her
out!

But near the gate he had to wait,
For there in state old Cerberus sate.
A three-headed dog, as cruel as
Fate,

Guarding the entrance early and
late;

A beast so sagacious and very
voracious,
So uncommonly sharp and ex-
tremely rapacious,
That it really may be doubted
whether

He'd have his match, should a
common tether

Unite three aldermen's heads to-
gether!

But Orpheus, not in the least
afraid,
Tuned up his shell, and quickly
essayed

What could be done with a sere-
nade,

In short, so charming an air he
played,

He quite succeeded in overreaching
The cunning cur, by musical teach-
ing,

And put him to sleep as fast as
preaching!

And now our musical champion,
Orpheus,
Having given the janitor over to
Morpheus,

Went groping around among the
ladies

Who throng the dismal halls of
Hades,

Calling aloud

To the shady crowd,

In a voice as shrill as a martial fife,

"O, tell me where in hell is my
wife!"

(A natural question, 't is very plain,
Although it may sound a little pro-
fane.)

"Eurydice! *Eu-ryd-i-ce!*"

He cried as loud as loud could be,—

(A singular sound, and funny
withal,

In a place where nobody *rides* at
all!)

"Eurydice! — Eurydice!

O, come, my dear, along with me!"

And then he played so remarkably
fine

That it really might be called di-
vine,—

For who can show,

On earth or below,

Such wonderful feats in the musi-
cal line?

E'en Tantalus ceased from trying
to sip

The cup that flies from his arid lip;

Ixion, too, the magic could feel,

And, for a moment, blocked his
wheel;

Poor Sisyphus, doomed to tumble
and toss

The notable stone that gathers no
moss,

Let go his burden, and turned to
hear

The charming sounds that ravished
his ear;

And even the Furies, — those terri-
ble shrews

Whom no one before could ever
amuse, —

Those strong-bodied ladies with
 strong-minded views
 Whom even the Devil would doubt-
 less refuse,
 Were his Majesty only permitted
 to choose,—
 Each felt for a moment her nature
 desert her,
 And wept like a girl o'er the "Sor-
 rows of Werther."

And still Sir Orpheus chanted
 his song,
 Sweet and clear and strong and
 long,

"Eurydice! — Eurydice!"
 He cried as loud as loud could be;
 And Echo, taking up the word,
 Kept it up till the lady heard,
 And came with joy to meet her
 lord.

And he led her along the infernal
 route,
 Until he had got her almost out,
 When, suddenly turning his head
 about

(To take a peep at his wife, no
 doubt),

He gave a groan,
 For the lady was gone,
 And had left him standing there
 all alone!

For by an oath the gods had bound
 Sir Orpheus not to look around
 Till he was clear of the sacred
 ground,

If he'd have Eurydice safe and
 sound;

For the moment he did an act so
 rash

His wife would vanish as quick as
 a flash!

MORAL.

Young women! beware, for good-
 ness' sake,
 Of every sort of "serpent snake";

Remember the rogue is apt to de-
 ceive,
 And played the deuce with Grand-
 mother Eve!

Young men! it's a critical thing
 to go
 Exactly right with a lady in tow;
 But when you are in the proper
 track,
 Just go ahead, and never look back!

JUPITER AND DANAË:

OR, HOW TO WIN A WOMAN.

IMPERIAL JOVE, who, with won-
 derful art,
 Was one of those suitors that
 always prevail,
 Once made an assault on so flinty a
 heart
 That he feared for a while he
 was destined to fail.

A beautiful maiden, Miss Danaë
 by name,
 The Olympian lover endeavored
 to win;
 But she peeped from the casement
 whenever he came,
 Exclaiming, "You're hand-
 some, but cannot come in!"

With sweet adulation he tickled
 her ear;
 But still at her window she quiet-
 ly sat,
 And said, though his speeches
 were pleasant to hear,
 She'd always been used to such
 homage as that!

Then he spoke, in a fervid and
rapturous strain,
Of a bosom consuming with
burning desire;
But his eloquent pleading was
wholly in vain, —
She thought it imprudent to
meddle with fire!

Then he begged her in mercy to
pity his case,
And spoke of his dreadfully
painful condition;
But the lady replied, with a sor-
rowful face,
She was only a maiden, and not
a physician!

In vain with these cunning conven-
tional snares,
To win her the gallant Lothario
strove;
In spite of his smiles, and his tears,
and his prayers,
She could n't, she would n't, be
courted by Jove!

At last he contrived, — so the story
is told, —
By some means or other, one
evening, to pour
Plump into her apron a shower of
gold,
Which opened her heart, — and
unbolted her door!

MORAL.

Hence suitors may learn that in
matters of love
'T is idle in manners or merit to
trust;
The only sure way is to imitate
Jove, —
Just open your purse, and come
down with the dust.

VENUS AND VULCAN:

OR, THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

WHEN the peerless Aphrodite
First appeared among her kin,
What a flutter of excitement
All the goddesses were in!

How the gods, in deep amazement,
Bowed before the Queen of
Beauty,
And in loyal adoration
Proffered each his humble duty!

Phœbus, first, to greet her coming,
Met her with a grand oration;
Mars, who ne'er before had
trembled,
Showed the plainest trepidation!

Hermes fairly lost his cunning,
Gazing at the new Elysian;
Plutus quite forgot his money
In the rapture of his vision!

Even Jove was deeply smitten
(So the Grecian poets tell us),
And, as might have been expected,
Juno was extremely jealous!

Staid Minerva thought her silly;
Chaste Diana called her vain;
But not one of all the ladies
Dared to say that she was
"plain"!

Surely such a throng of lovers
Never mortal yet could boast;
Everywhere throughout Olympus
"Charming Venus!" was the
toast!

Even Vulcan, lame and ugly,
Paid the dame his awkward
court;

But the goddess, in derision,
Turned his passion into sport;

Laughed aloud at all his pleading,
Bade him wash his visage sooty,
And go wooing with the Harpies,
What had *he* to do with Beauty?

Well — how fared it with the goddess?

Sure, the haughty queen of love,
Choosing one to suit her fancy,
Married Phœbus, Mars, or Jove?

No! — at last — as often happens
To coquettes of lower station —
Venus found herself neglected,
With a damaged reputation;

And esteeming any husband
More desirable than none,
She was glad to marry Vulcan
As the best that could be done!

L'ENVOI.

Hence you learn the real reason,
Which your wonder oft arouses,
Why so many handsome women
Have such very ugly spouses!

RICHARD OF GLOSTER.

A TRAVESTY.

PERHAPS, my dear boy, you may
never have heard
Of that wicked old monarch, King
Richard the Third, —
Whose actions were often extremely
absurd;

And who led such a sad life,
Such a wanton and mad life;
Indeed, I may say, such a wretchedly
bad life,
I suppose I am perfectly safe in
declaring,
There was ne'er such a monster of
infamous daring.
In all sorts of crime he was wholly
unsparing;
In pride and ambition was quite
beyond bearing;
And had a bad habit of cursing
and swearing.
I must own, my dear boy, I have
more than suspected
The King's education was rather
neglected;
And that at *your* school with any
two "Dicks"
Whom your excellent teacher diurnally
pricks
In his neat little tables, in order to
fix
Each pupil's progression with numerical
nicks,
Master Richard Y. Gloster would
often have heard
His standing recorded as "Richard
— *the third!*"
But whatever of learning his Majesty
had,
'T is clear the King's English was
shockingly bad.
At the slightest pretence
Of disloyal offence,
His anger exceeded all reason or
sense;
And, having no need to foster or
nurture it, he
Would open his wrath, then, as if
to disperse it, he
Would scatter his curses like College
degrees;
And, quite at his ease,
Conferred his "*d-d's*,"
As plenty and cheap as a young
University!

And yet Richard's tongue was remarkable smooth,
 Could utter a lie quite as easy as truth
 (Another bad habit he got in his youth),
 And had, on occasion, a powerful battery
 Of plausible phrases and eloquent flattery,
 Which gave him, my boy, in that barbarous day
 (Things are different now, I am happy to say),
 Over feminine hearts a most perilous sway.
 The women, in spite of an odious hump
 Which he wore on his back, all thought him a trump;
 And just when he'd played them the scurviest trick,
 They'd swear in their hearts that this crooked old stick, —
 This treacherous, dangerous, dissolute Dick,
 For honor and virtue beat Cato all hollow;
 And in figure and face was another Apollo!

He murdered their brothers,
 And fathers and mothers;
 And, worse than all that, he slaughtered by dozens
 His own royal uncles and nephews and cousins;
 And then, in the cunningest sort of orations,
 In smooth conversations,
 And flattering ovations,
 Made love to the principal female relations!
 'T was very improper, my boy, you must know,
 For the son of a King to behave himself so;

And you'll scarcely believe what the chronicles show
 Of his wonderful wooings,
 And infamous doings;
 But here's an exploit that he certainly *did* do, —
 Killed his own cousin Ned,
 As he slept in his bed,
 And married, next day, the disconsolate widow!

I don't understand how such ogres arise,
 But beginning, perhaps, with things little in size,
 Such as torturing beetles and blue-bottle-flies,
 Or scattering snuff in a poodle-dog's eyes, —
 King Richard had grown so wantonly cruel,
 He minded a murder no more than a duel;
 He'd indulge, on the slightest pretence or occasion,
 In his favorite amusement of Decapitation,
 Until "Off with his head!"
 It is credibly said,
 From his Majesty's mouth came as easy and pat
 As from an old constable, "Off with his hat!"
 One really shivers,
 And fairly quivers,
 To think of the treatment of Grey and Rivers
 And Hastings and Vaughn and other good livers,
 All suddenly sent, at the tap of a drum,
 From the Kingdom of England to Kingdom-Come!
 Of Buckingham doomed to a tragical end
 For being the tyrant's particular friend;

Of Clarence who died, it is mourn-
ful to think,
Of wine that he was n't permitted
to drink;
And the beautiful babies of royal
blood,
Two little White Roses both nipt in
the bud;
And silly Queen Anne, — what
sorrow it cost her
(And served her right!) for daring
to foster
The impudent suit of this Richard
of Gloster,
Who, instead of conferring a royal
gratuity,
A dower, or even a decent *Anne*-
uity,
Just gave her a portion of — some-
thing or other
That made her as quiet as Pha-
raoh's mother!

Ah Richard! you're going it quite
too fast;
Your doom is slow, but it's com-
ing at last;

Your bloody crown
Will topple down,
And you'll be done uncommonly
brown!

Your foes are thick,
My daring Dick,
And Richmond, a prince, and a
regular brick,
Is after you now with a very sharp
stick!

On Bosworth field the armies to-
night
Are pitching their tents in each
other's sight;
And to-morrow! to-morrow! they
're going to fight!
And now King Richard has gone
to bed;

But e'en in his sleep
He cannot keep

The past or the future out of his
head.

In his deep remorse
Each mangled corse
Of all he had slain, — or, what was
worse,
Their ghosts, — came up in terri-
ble force,
And greeted his ear with unpleas-
ant discourse,
Until, with a scream,
He woke from his dream,
And shouted aloud for "another
horse!"

Perhaps you may think, my little
dear,
King Richard's request was rather
queer;
But I'll presently make it exceed-
ingly clear: —
THE ROYAL SLEEPER WAS OVER-
FED!

I mean to say that, against his
habit,
He'd eaten Welsh-rabbit
With very bad whiskey on going
to bed.
I've had the Night-Mare with hor-
rible force,
And much prefer a different horse!

But see! the murky night is
gone!
The Morn is up, and the Fight is
on!
The Knights are engaging, the
warfare is waging,
On the right, on the left, the battle
is raging;

King Richard is down!
Will he save his crown?
There's a crack in it now! — he's
beginning to bleed!
Aha! King Richard has lost his
steed!

(At a moment like this 't is a ter-
rible need!)

He shouts aloud with thundering
force,
And offers a *very* high price for a
horse,
But it's all in vain, — the battle is
done, —
The day is lost! — and the day is
won! —
And Richmond is King! and
Richard's a corse!

MORAL.

Remember, my boy, that moral
enormities
Are apt to attend corporeal de-
formities.
Whatever you have, or whatever
you lack,
Beware of getting a crook in your
back;
And, while you're about it, I'd
very much rather
You'd grow tall and superb, i. e.
copy your father!

Don't learn to be cruel, pray let
me advise,
By torturing beetles and blue-
bottle-flies,
Or scattering snuff in a poodle-
dog's eyes.

If you ever should marry, remem-
ber to wed
A handsome, plump, modest,
sweet-spoken, well-bred,
And sensible maiden of twenty, —
instead
Of a widow whose husband is re-
cently dead!
If you'd shun in your naps those
horrible *Incubi*,
Beware what you eat, and be care-
ful what drink you buy;
Or else you may see, in your
sleep's perturbations,

Some old and uncommonly ugly
relations,
Who'll be very apt to disturb your
nutations
By unpleasant allusions and rude
observations!

OTHELLO, THE MOOR.

ROMANCES of late are so wretch-
edly poor,
Here goes for the old one: — Othel-
lo, the Moor;
A warrior of note, and by no means
a boor,
Though the skin on his face
Was as black as the ace
Of spades; or (a simile nearer the
case)
Say, black as the Deuce; or black
as a brace
Of very black cats in a very dark
place!
That's the German idea;
But how he *could* be a
Regular negro don't seem very
clear;
For Horace, you know,
A great while ago,
Put a sentiment forth which we all
must agree to:
"*Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane,*
caveto!"
(A nigger's a rascal that one ought
to see to.)
I rather, in sooth,
Think it nearer the truth
To take the opinion of young Mr.
Booth,
Who makes *his* Othello
A grim-looking fellow
Of a color compounded of lamp-
black and yellow.

Now Captain Othello, a true son of
 Mars,
 The foe being vanquished, returned
 from the wars,
 All covered with ribbons, and
 garters, and stars,
 Not to mention a score of magnifi-
 cent scars;
 And calling, one day,
 In a neighborly way,
 On Signor Brabantio, — one of the
 men
 Who figured in Venice as Senator
 then, —
 Was invited to tell
 Of all that befell
 Himself and his friends while
 campaigning so well,
 From the time of his boyhood till
 now he was grown
 The greatest of Captains that
 Venice had known.
 As a neighbor should do,
 He ran it quite through,
 (I would n't be bail it was all of it
 true,)
 Recounting, with ardor, such
 trophies and glories,
 Among Ottoman rebels and Cy-
 prian tories,
 Not omitting a parcel of cock-and-
 bull stories, —
 That he quite won the heart of the
 Senator's daughter,
 Who, like most of the sex, had a
 passion for slaughter;
 And was wondrously bold
 In battles, — as told
 By brilliant romancers, who pic-
 ture in gold
 What, in its own hue, you 'd be
 shocked to behold.

Now Captain Othello, who never
 had known a
 Young lady so lovely as "Fair
 Desdemona,"

Not even his patroness, Madam
 Bellona, —
 Was delighted, one day,
 At hearing her say,
 Of all men in the world he 'd the
 charmingest way
 Of talking to women; and if any
 one *should*,
 (Tho' she did n't imagine that any
 one would, —
 For where, to be sure, was another
 who *could*?)
 But *if* — and *suppose* — a lover
 came to her,
 And told her *his* story, 't would
 certainly woo her.
 With so lucid a hint,
 The dickens were in 't,
 If he could n't have read her as
 easy as print;
 And thus came of course, — but as
 to the rest, —
 The billing and cooing I leave to
 be guessed, —
 And how, when their passion was
 fairly confessed,
 They sent for a parson to render
 them "blest," —
 Although it was done, I am sorry
 to say,
 In what Mrs. P. — had it happened
 to-day —
 Would be likely to call a *clam-*
destiny way!
 I cannot recount
 One half the amount
 Of curses that burst from his car-
 diac fount
 When Signor Brabantio learned
 that the Moor
 Had married his daughter; "How
dared he to woo her?
 The sooty-skinned knave, — thus
 to blight and undo her?
 With what villanous potions the
 scoundrelly sinner
 Must have poisoned her senses in
 order to win her!"

And more of the same, —
 But my language is lame,
 'E'en a fishwoman's tongue were
 decidedly tame
 A tithe of the epithets even to
 name,
 Compounded of scorn and derision
 and hate,
 Which Signor Brabantio poured on
 the pate
 Of the beautiful girl's nigritudi-
 nous match!
 I cannot delay
 To speak of the way
 The matter was settled; suffice it
 to say
 'T was exactly the same as you
 see in a play,
 Where the lady persuades her
 affectionate sire
 That the fault was her own, —
 which softens his ire,
 And, though for a season extreme-
 ly annoyed,
 At last he approves — what he
 cannot avoid!

Philosophers tell us
 A mind like Othello's —
 Strong, manly, and brave — is n't
 apt to be jealous;
 But now, you must know,
 The Moor had a foe,
 Iago, by name, who concealed with
 a show
 Of honest behavior the wickedest
 heart
 That Satan e'er filled with his
 treacherous art,
 And who, as a *friend*,
 Was accustomed to lend
 His gifts to the most diabolical
 end,
 To wit, the destruction of Captain
 Othello,
 Desdemona, his wife, and an ex-
 cellent fellow,

One Cassio, a-soldier, — too apt to
 get mellow, —
 But as honest a man as ever broke
 bread,
 A bottle of wine, or an Ottoman
 head.

'T is a very long story,
 And would certainly bore ye,
 Being not very brilliant with
 grandeur or glory,
 How the wicked Iago contrived to
 abuse
 The gallant Othello respecting his
 views
 Of his fair lady's honor;
 Reflecting upon her
 In damnable hints, and by frag-
 ments of news
 About palming and presents, him-
 self had invented,
 Until the poor husband was fairly
 demented,
 And railed at his wife, like a cow-
 ardly varlet,
 And gave her an epithet, — rhym-
 ing with scarlet,
 And prated of Cassio with virulent
 spleen,
 And called for a handkerchief
 some one had seen,
 And wanted to know what the
 dence it could mean?
 And — to state the case honestly —
 really acted
 In the manner that women call
 "raving-distracted!"

It is sad to record
 How her lunatic lord
 Spurned all explanation the dame
 could afford,
 And still kept repeating the odious
 word,

So false, and so foul to a virtuous
ear,

That I could n't be tempted to
mention it here.

'T is sadder to tell

Of the crime that befell,

When, moved, it would seem, by
the demons of hell,

He seized a knife,

And, kissing his wife,

Extinguished the light of her inno-
cent life;

And how, also, before the poor
body was cool,

He found he had acted as villany's
tool,

And died exclaiming, "O fool!
fool! FOOL!"

MORAL.

Young ladies! — beware of hasty
connections;

And don't marry suitors with
swarthy complexions;

For though they may chance to be
capital fellows,

Depend upon it, they 're apt to be
jealous!

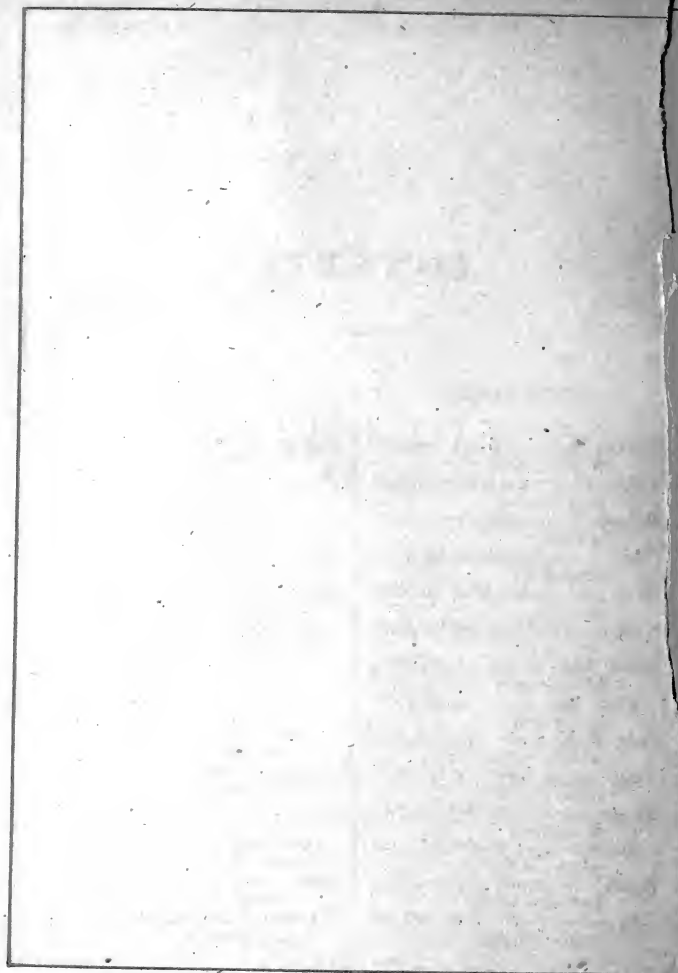
Young gentlemen! pray recollect,
if you can,

To give a wide berth to a meddle-
some man;

And horsewhip the knave who
would poison your life

By breeding distrust between you
and your wife!

SONNETS.



SONNETS.

THREE LOVES.

I HAVE known various loves of
women. One
Gave all her soul (she said), but
kept intact
Her marble lips, and ever seemed
to shun
Love's blandishments, as if his
lightest act
Were fatal to his life. Another
gave
All luxury of love that woman's
art
Could lend in aid of Beauty's
kisses — save
What she, alas! had not — a
loving heart.
Poor, dear, dead flowers! One
with no root in earth;
And one no breath of Heaven's
sustaining air;
No marvel briefly they survived
their birth;
And then my true-love came (O
wondrous fair
Beyond the twain!) whose soul
and sense unite
In perfect bloom for Love's su-
preme delight.

MY QUEEN.

I CALL her Queen — the lady of
my love —
Since that in all one sceptreless
may claim
Of true nobility to suit the
name,
She is right royal, — and doth so
approve
My loving homage. All that
painter's art
And poet's fantasy delight to
find
In queenliness is hers: the noble
mind,
The stately bearing, and the gra-
cious heart;
The voice most musical, the
brow serene,
And beaming benediction — like
a queen!
And O, such peerless beauty, that,
I swear
(Recalling each fair face that
loud Renown
Hath found, or feigned, beneath a
jewelled crown)
I flatter queens, to call her
“queenly fair!”

"WITH MY BODY I THEE
WORSHIP."

Anglican Marriage Service.

THAT I adore thee, my most gra-
cious queen,
More in my spirit than my
body's sense
Of thine, were such incredible
pretence
As I would scorn to utter. Thou
hast seen
When eyes and lips, responsive
to the heart,
Were bent in worship of thy lips
and eyes,
Until, O bliss! each pleasure-
pulsing part
Hath found its fellow in Love's
sweet emprise;
Each answering other in such
eager wise
As they would never cease to
kiss and cling—
Ah! then meseemed amid the
storm of sighs
I heard thy voice exclaiming,
"O my King!
So may my soul be ever true to
thine,
As with thy body thou dost
worship mine!"

PAN IMMORTAL.

Who weeps the death of Pan?
Pan is not dead,
But loves the shepherds still;* still
leads the fauns
In merry dances o'er the grassy
lawns,

* Pan curat oves, oviumque magis-
tros. — VIRGIL.

To his own pipes; as erst in Greece
he led
The sylvan games, what time the
god pursued
The beauteous Dryopè. The
Naiads still
Haunt the green marge of every
mountain rill;
The Dryads sport in every leafy
wood;
Pan cannot die till Nature's self
decease!
Full oft the reverent worshipper
descries
His ruddy face and mischief-
glancing eyes
Beneath the branches of old forest-
trees
That tower remote from steps of
worldly men,
Or hears his laugh far echoing
down the glen!

THE BEAUTIFUL.

TO STELLA.

ALL things of beauty are not theirs
alone
Who hold the fee; but unto him
no less
Who can enjoy, than unto them
who own,
Are sweetest uses given to pos-
sess.
For Heaven is bountiful; and
suffers none
To make monopoly of aught
that's fair;
The breath of violets is not for one,
Nor loveliness of women; all may
share

Who can discern; and He who
made the law,
"Thou shalt not covet!" gave
the subtle power
By which, unsinning, I may freely
draw
Beauty and fragrance from each
perfect flower
That decks the wayside, or adorns
the lea,
Or in my neighbor's garden blooms
for me!

BEREAVEMENT.

NAY, weep not, dearest, though
the child be dead;
He lives again in Heaven's un-
clouded life,
With other angels that have early
fled
From these dark scenes of sor-
row, sin, and strife.
Nay, weep not, dearest, though thy
yearning love
Would fondly keep for earth its
fairest flowers,
And e'en deny to brighter realms
above
The few that deck this dreary
world of ours:
Though much it seems a wonder
and a woe
That one so loved should be so
early lost,
And hallowed tears may unforbid-
den flow
To mourn the blossom that we
cherished most,
Yet all is well; God's good design
I see,
That where our treasure is, our
hearts may be.

TO MY WIFE ON HER BIRTH-
DAY.

WHAT! —ty years? — I never
could have guessed it
By any token writ upon your
brow,
Or other test of Time, — had you
not now,
Just to surprise me, foolishly con-
fessed it.
Well, on your word, of course, I
must receive it;
Although (to say the truth) it is,
indeed,
As proselytes sometimes accept
a creed,
While in their hearts they really
don't believe it!
While all around is changed, no
change appears,
My darling Sophie, to these eyes
of mine,
In aught of thee that I have
deemed divine,
To mark the number of the van-
ished years, —
The kindly years that on that
face of thine
Have spent their life, and, "dy-
ing, made no sign!"

TO SPRING.

"O VER PURPUREUM!" — Violet-
colored Spring
Perhaps, good poet, in *your* ver-
nal days
The simple truth might justify
the phrase;
But now, dear Virgil, there is no
such thing!

Perhaps, indeed, in your Italian
 clime,
 Where o'er the year, if fair re-
 port be true,
Four seasons roll, instead of
 barely *two*,
 There still may be a verdant vernal
 time;
 But *here*, on these our chilly north-
 ern shores,
 Where April gleams with Janu-
 ary's snows, —
 Not e'en a violet buds; and noth-
 ing "blows,"
 Save blustering Boreas, — drear-
 iest of bores.
O ver purpureum ! where the Spring
 discloses
 Her brightest purple on our lips
 and noses !

THE VICTIM

A GALLIC bard the touching tale
 has told
 How once — the customary dow-
 er to save —
 A sordid sire his only daughter
 gave
 To a rich suitor, ugly, base, and
 old.
 The mother too (such mothers
 there have been)
 With equal pleasure heard the
 formal vow,
 "With all my worldly goods I
 thee endow,"
 And gave the bargain an approving
 grin.
 Then, to the girl, who stood with
 drooping head,
 The pallid image of a wretch
 forlorn,
 Mourning the hapless hour when
 she was born,

The Priest said, "Agnes, wilt thou
 this man wed?"
 "Of this my marriage, holy
 man," said she,
 "Thou art the first to say a
 word to me!"

TO —.

THINE is an ever-changing beauty;
 now
 With that proud look, so lofty
 yet serene
 In its high majesty, thou seem'st
 a queen,
 With all her diamonds blazing on
 her brow!
 Anon I see — as gentler thoughts
 arise
 And mould thy features in their
 sweet control —
 The pure, white ray that lights a
 maiden's soul,
 And struggles outward through her
 drooping eyes.
 Anon they flash; and now a golden
 light
 Bursts o'er thy beauty, like the
 Orient's glow,
 Bathing thy shoulders' and thy
 bosom's snow,
 And all the woman beams upon my
 sight!
 I kneel unto the queen, like
 knight of yore;
 The maid I love; the woman I
 adore!

TO A CLAM.

Dum tacet clamant.
 INGLORIOUS friend! most confi-
 dent I am
 Thy life is one of very little ease;

Albeit men mock thee with their
 similes
 And prate of being "happy as a
 clam"!
 What though thy shell protects thy
 fragile head
 From the sharp bailiffs of the
 briny sea?—
 Thy valves are, sure, no safety-
 valves to thee,
 While rakes are free to desecrate
 thy bed,
 And bear thee off,—as foemen
 take their spoil,—
 Far from thy friends and family
 to roam;
 Forced, like a Hessian, from thy
 native home,
 To meet destruction in a foreign
 broil!
 Though thou art tender, yet thy
 humble bard
 Declares, O clam! thy case is
 shocking hard!

THE PORTRAIT.

A PRETTY picture hangs before
 my view;
 The face, in little, of a Southern
 dame,
 To me unknown (though not
 unknown to fame)
 Save by the lines the cunning lim-
 ner drew.
 So grandly Grecian is the lady's
 head,
 I took her for Minerva in dis-
 guise;
 But when I marked the winning
 lips and eyes,
 I thought of Aphrodite, in her
 stead;

And then I kissed her calm, un-
 answering mouth
 (The *picture*'s mine) as any
 lover might,
 In the deep fervor of a nuptial
 night,
 And envied him who, in the
 "Sunny South,"
 Calls *her* his own whose *shadow*
 can impart
 Such very sunshine to a North-
 ern heart!

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE — somewhere a
 happy clime there is,
 A land that knows not unavail-
 ing woes,
 Where all the clashing elements of
 this
 Discordant scene are hushed in
 deep repose.
 Somewhere — somewhere (ah me,
 that land to win!)
 Is some bright realm, beyond
 the farthest main,
 Where trees of Knowledge bear no
 fruit of sin,
 And buds of Pleasure blossom not
 in pain.
 Somewhere — somewhere an end
 of mortal strife
 With our immortal yearnings;
 nevermore
 The outer warring with the inner
 life
 Till both are wretched. Ah,
 that happy shore!
 Where shines for aye the soul's
 refulgent sun,
 And life is love, and love and joy
 are one!

CHANGE NOT LOSS.

I DEEM to love and lose by love's
 decay
 In either breast, or Fate's un-
 kindly cross,
 Is not, perforce, irreparable loss
 Unto the larger. There may come
 a day,
 Changing for precious gold
 Affection's dross,
 When the great heart that sorely
 sighed to say
 "Farewell!" unto the late-de-
 parted guest
 (The transient tenant of an idle
 breast)
 Shall, through the open portal,
 welcome there
 A worthier than he who barred
 the place
 Against the loitering lord, whose
 regal face
 And princely step proclaim the
 lawful heir
 Arrived — ah, happy day! — to
 fill the throne
 By royal right divine his very
 own!

À LA PENSÉE.

COME to me, dearest! O, I can-
 not bear
 These barren words of worship
 that to each
 The other utters. In the finer
 speech
 Of soft caresses let our souls de-
 clare
 Their opulence of love; for while
 instead
 We linger prattling, kind Occa-
 sion slips,
 Leaving to pensive sighs the
 pallid lips

That else for pleasure had been
 ruby red.
 Thanks! darling, thanks! Ah,
 happier than a king
 In all beatitude of royal bliss
 Is he whose mouth (again! O
 perfect kiss!)
 May thus unto thine own with
 rapture cling;
 For very joy of love content to
 live
 Unquestioning if Love have
 more to give!

ABSENCE.

ABSENT from thee, beloved, I am
 pent
 In utter solitude, where'er I be;
 My wonted pleasures give me
 small content
 Wanting the highest, — to be
 shared by thee.
 Reading, — I deem I misemploy my
 eyes,
 Save in the sweet perusal of
 thine own;
 Talking, — I mind me, with en-
 amoured sighs,
 What finer use my moving lips
 have known
 When (as some kind orchestral
 instrument
 Takes up the note the singer
 failed to reach)
 Uncounted kisses rapturously lent
 The finished meaning to my
 halting speech;
 Remembering this, I fondly yearn
 for thee,
 And cry, "O Time! haste! bring
 my love to me!"

BIENVENUE.

THRICE welcome day that ends
the weary night
Of love in absence. Hush, my
throbbing heart!

I hear her step, — she comes!
who now can part

The happy twain whose soul and
sense unite?

O, can it be? Is this no mocking
dream?

Nay, by these clasping hands,
that fervent kiss,
(Honey of Hybla!) and by this,
and this,

I know thee for my own. Ah!
now I deem

The gods grow envious of an
earthly bliss

That dims Elysian raptures, and I
seem

More blest than blest Endymion;
for he

Saw not his love, while I, with
doting eyes,

O joy ineffable! do gaze on thee,
Whose circling arms enclose my
Paradise!

MISERERE.

I THINK the pity of this earthly
life

Is love: So sighs a singer of
the day,

Whose pensive strain my sym-
pathetic lay

Sadly prolongs. Alas! the end-
less strife

Of love's sweet law with cold con-
vention's rules;

The loving souls unloved; the
perfect mate,

After long years of yearning,
found — too late!

The treason of false friends; the
frown of fools;

The fear that baffles bliss in
beauty's arms;

The weariness of absence; and
the dread

Of lover — or of love — untimely
dead! —

Musing on these, and all the
direful harms

That hapless human hearts are
doomed to prove,

I think the pity of this life is
love!

AQUINAS AND THE BISHOP.

INCREASE of worldly wealth is not
alway

With growth in grace in mani-
fest accord;

So quaint Aquinas hinted to my
lord

The bishop, when, upon a certain
day,

Surprised while counting o'er
his ample hoard

Of shining ducats in a coffer
stored,

The prelate said, "The time, you
see, has gone

When dear old Mother Church
was forced to say,

(*Acts second*) "*Gold and silver
have I none!*"

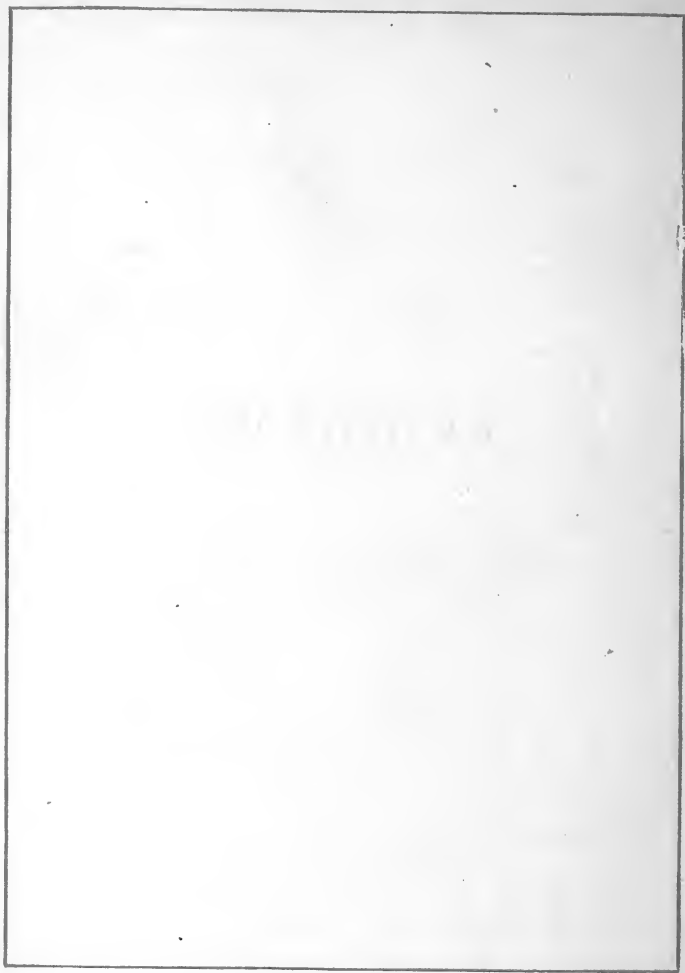
"Ah!" quoth Aquinas, shrewd-
ly, "so I find;

But that, your Grace, was in the
purer age,

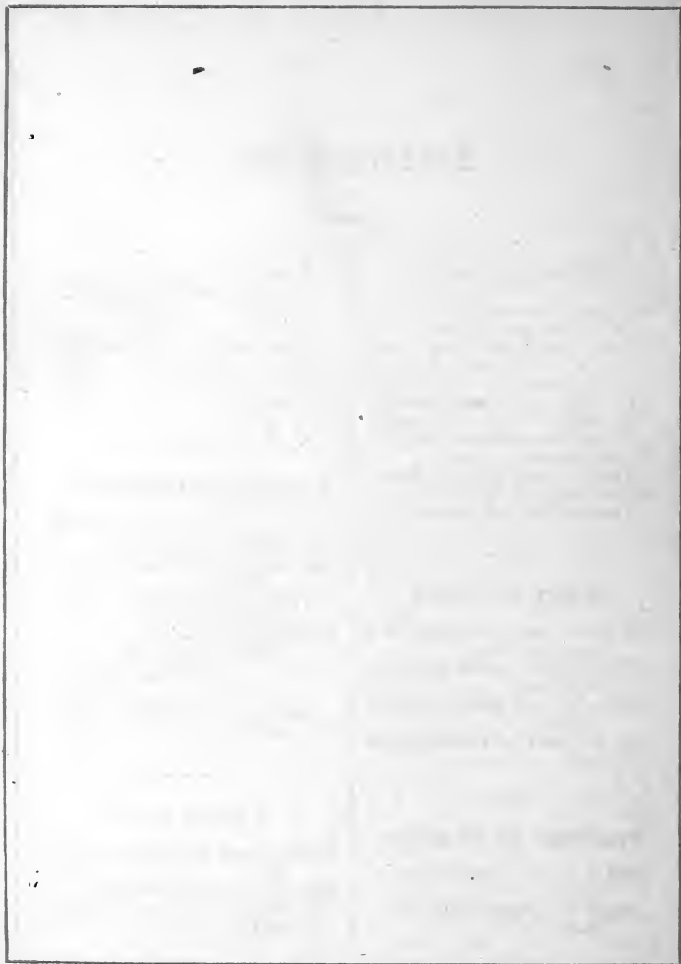
The very same, be pleased to
bear in mind,

When with her foes brave battle
she could wage,

And say to sordid Satan, "*Get
behind!*"



EPIGRAMS.



EPIGRAMS.

THE EXPLANATION.

CHARLES, discoursing rather freely
Of the unimportant part
Which (he said) our clever women
Play in Science and in Art,
"Ah! — the sex you undervalue";
Cried his lovely cousin Jane.
"No, indeed!" responded Charley,
"Pray allow me to explain;
Such a paragon is woman,
That, you see, it *must* be true
She is always vastly better
Than the best that she can do!"

FAMILY QUARRELS.

"A FOOL," said Jeanette, "is a
creature I hate!"
"But hating," quoth John, "is
immoral;
Besides, my dear girl, it's a terrible fate
To be found in a family quarrel!"

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"WHAT is the 'Poet's License,'
say?"
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a
poet.

"Now give me an example, pray,
That when I see one I may know
it."

Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Where perfect kisses always fall.
"Nay, sir! what liberty is this?"
"The *Poet's License*, — that is
all!"

A COMMON ALTERNATIVE.

"Say, what 's to be done with this
window, dear Jack?
The cold rushes through it at every
crack."

Quoth John: "I know little of
carpenter-craft,
But I think, my dear wife, you will
have to go through
The very same process that other
folks do, —
That is, you must *list* or submit
to the draught!"

A PLAIN CASE.

WHEN Tutor Thompson goes to
bed,
That very moment, it is said,
The cautious man puts out the
light,

And draws the curtain snug and tight.
 You marvel much why this should be,
 But when his spouse you chance to see,
 What seemed before a puzzling case
 Is plain as — Mrs. Thompson's face!

OVER-CANDID.

BOUNCING Bess, discoursing free,
 Owned, with wondrous meekness,
 Just one fault (what could it be?)
 One peculiar weakness;
 She in candor must confess
 Nature failed to send her
 Woman's usual tenderness
 Toward the other gender.
 Foolish Bessie! — thus to tell;
 Had she not confessed it,
 Not a man who knows her well
 Ever would have guessed it!

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

"HERE, wife," said Will, "I pray
 you devote
 Just half a minute to mend this
 coat,
 Which a nail has chanced to rend."
 "'Tis ten o'clock!" said his
 drowsy mate.
 "I know," said Will, "it is rather
 late;
 But 't is 'never too late to mend'!"

AN EQUIVOCAL APOLOGY.

QUOTH Madam Bas-blen, "I hear
 you have said
 Intellectual women are always
 your dread;
 Now tell me, dear sir, is it true?"
 "Why, yes," answered Tom,
 "very likely I may
 Have made the remark, in a jocular
 way;
 But then, on my honor, I did n't
 mean you!"

ON AN ILL-READ LAWYER.

AN idle attorney besought a
 brother
 For something to read, — some
 novel or other,
 That was really fresh and new.
 "Take Chitty!" replied his legal
 friend,
 "There is n't a book that I could
 lend
 Would prove more novel to
 you!"

ON A RECENT CLASSIC CONTROVERSY.

NAY, marvel not to see these
 scholars fight,
 In brave disdain of certain scath
 and scar;
 'T is but the genuine old Hellenic
 spite,
 "When Greek meets Greek,
 then comes the tug of war!"

ANOTHER.

Quoth David to Daniel, "Why is it these scholars Abuse one another whenever they speak?"
Quoth Daniel to David, "It naturally follers Folks come to hard words if they meddle with Greek!"

LUCUS A NON.

You'll oft find in books, rather ancient than recent,
A gap in the page marked with "*cetera desunt*,"
By which you may commonly take it for granted
The passage is wanting without being wanted;
And may borrow, besides, a significant hint
That *desunt* means simply *not* decent to print!

A CANDID CANDIDATE. 19

WHEN John was contending (though sure to be beat)
In the annual race for the Governor's seat,
And a crusty old fellow remarked, to his face,
He was clearly too young for so lofty a place,—
"Perhaps so," said John; "but consider a minute;
The objection will cease by the time I am in it!"

NEMO REPENTE TURPIS-
MUS.

BOB SAWYER to a man of law Repeating once the Roman saw, "*Nemo repente* —" and the rest, Was answered thus: "Well, I protest,
However classic your quotation, I do not see the application."
"T is plain enough," responded Sawyer:
"It takes three years to make a lawyer!"

TOO CANDID BY HALF.

As Tom and his wife were discursing one day
Of their several faults, in a bantering way,
Said she: "Though my *wit* you disparage,
I'm sure, my dear husband, our friends will attest
This much, at the least, that my *judgment* is best."
Quoth Tom, "So they said at our marriage!"

CONJURGIUM NON CONJUGIUM.

DICK leads, it is known, with his vixenish wife,
In spite of their vows, such a turbulent life,
The social relation of Dick and his mate
Should surely be written The Conjugal State!

CHEAP ENOUGH.

THEY 've a saying in Italy, pointed
and terse,
That a pretty girl's smiles are the
tears of the purse;
"What matter?" says Charley.
"Can diamonds be cheap?
Let lovers be happy, though purses
should weep!"

ON AN UGLY PERSON SIT-
TING FOR A DAGUERREO-
TYPE.

HERE Nature in her glass—the
wanton elf—
Sits gravely making faces at her-
self;
And, while she scans each clumsy
feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made
before!

ON A FAMOUS WATER-SUIT.

MY wonder is really boundless,
That among the queer cases we
try,
A land-case should often be ground-
less,
And a water-case always be dry!

KISSING CASUISTRY.

WHEN Sarah Jane, the moral Miss,
Declares 't is very wrong to kiss,

I'll bet a shilling I see through it;
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian
should, —

She 'd rather *suffer* wrong than
do it!

TO A POETICAL CORRE-
SPONDENT.

ROSE hints she is n't one of those
Who have the gift of writing prose;
But poetry is *une autre chose*,
And quite an easy thing to Rose!
As if an artist should decline,
For lack of skill, to paint a sign,
But, try him in the *landscape* line,
You 'll find his genius quite divine!

ON A LONG-WINDED ORA-
TOR.

THREE Parts compose a proper
speech
(So wise Quintilian's maxims
teach),
But Loquax never can get through,
In *his* orations, more than two.
He does n't stick at the "Begin-
ning";
His "Middle" comes as sure as
sinning;
Indeed, the whole one might com-
mend,
Could he contrive to make an
"End!"

THE LOST CHARACTER.

JULIA is much concerned, God wot,
For the good name—she has n't
got;

So mortgagors are often known
 To guard the soil they deem their
 own,
 As if, forsooth, they did n't know
 The land was forfeit long ago!

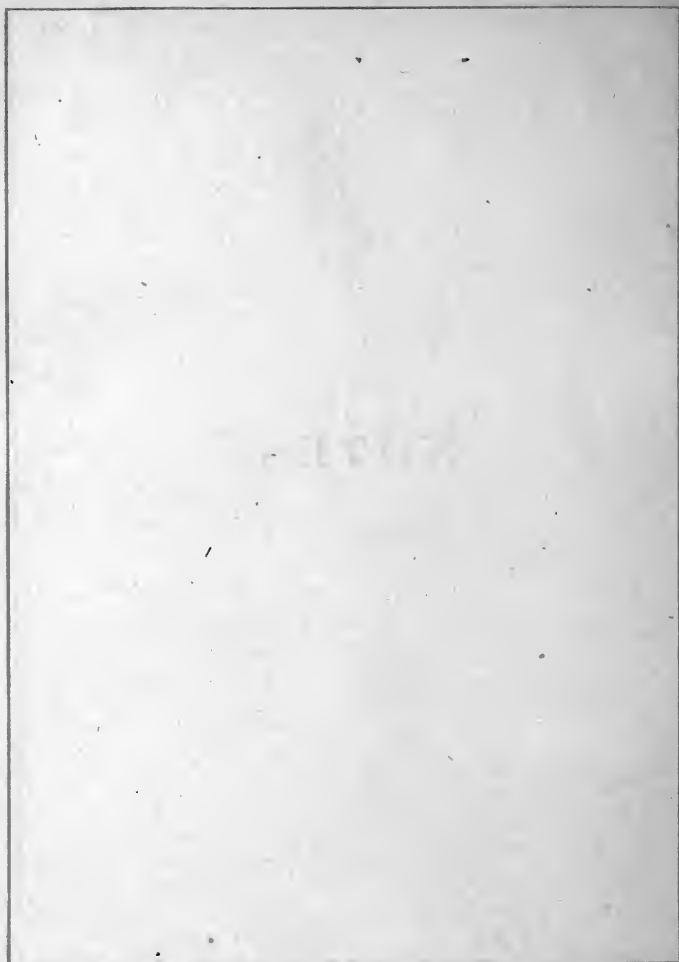
A DILEMMA.

"WHENEVER I marry," says masculine Ann,
 "I must really insist upon wedding
 a *man*!"
 But what if the man (for men are
 but human)
 Should be equally nice about wedding
 a *woman*?

THE THREE WIVES.

A JUBILATION.

My *First* was a lady whose dominant passion
 Was thorough devotion to parties
 and fashion;
 My *Second*, regardless of conjugal
 duty,
 Was only the worse for her wonderful beauty;
 My *Third* was a vixen in temper
 and life,
 Without one essential to make a
 good wife.
Jubilate! at last in my freedom I
 revel,
 For I'm clear of the World, and
 the Flesh, and the Devil!



NOTES.

STON

NOTES.

NOTE 1. Page 46.

THE tale of "Miralda" is based on a popular legend, of which an excellent prose version may be found in Ballou's History of Cuba.

NOTE 2. Page 50.

This piece is an imitation of a poem by Præd, entitled "My Partner." There are two other pieces in this collection, which, in deference to certain critics, I ought to mention as imitations of the same author. There is, indeed, a resemblance, in the form of the stanza and in the antithetic style of treatment, to several poems of Præd; but as both the metre and the method are of ancient date, and are fairly the property of whomsoever may employ them, no further acknowledgment seem necessary than that which is contained in this note. The same remark will apply to "The proud Miss MacBride," which is written in the measure, and (*longo intervallo*) after the manner, of Hood's incomparable "Golden Legend."

NOTE 3. Page 88.

"Potter, the Great Magician," — a clever conjurer of a former generation, — is still vividly remembered by many people in New Hampshire and Vermont.

NOTE 4. Page 118.

The first stanza of this poem I must credit to a fragment of an anonymous German song, which I found afloat in some newspaper. The remaining stanzas are built upon the suggestion of the first.

NOTE 5. Page 146.

If my version of "The Ugly Aunt" is more simple in plot than the prose story in the "Norske Folke-eventyr," it certainly gains something in refinement by the variation.

NOTE 6. Page 158.

I'm aware this dainty version
Is n't quite the thing to go forth

For the Grecian's "*suggenesthai*,"
 " *Ep oikematos*," and so forth ;
 But propriety 's a virtue
 I'm always bound to show forth.

NOTE 7. Page 162.

The tradition of the Wandering Jew is very old and popular in every country of Europe, and is the theme of many romances in prose and verse. The old Spanish writers make the narrative as diabolical and revolting as possible ; while the French and Flemish authors soften the legend (as in the present ballad) into a pathetic story of sin, suffering, and genuine repentance.

NOTE 8. Page 176.

This story is found in many modern languages. In the present version, the traveller is a Frenchman in Holland ; in another, he is an Englishman in France ; and in a third, a Welshman in some foreign country. The Welsh story (a poem, of which an anonymous correspondent has sent me a translation) is perhaps the best ; though it is impossible to say which is the oldest.

NOTE 9. Page 236.

" *To show, for once, that Dutchmen are not dull.*"

Père Bouhours seriously asked " if a German could be a *bel esprit*." This concise question was answered by Kramer, in a ponderous work entitled *Vindiciæ nominis Germanicæ*.

NOTE 10. Page 240.

" *In closest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
 In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes.*"

Imitated from the opening couplet of Holmes's "*Terpsichore*," —

" *In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
 In closest frock, and Cinderella shoes.*"

NOTE 11. Page 240.

" *'She stoops to conquer' in a 'Grecian curve.'*"

Terence, who wrote comedies a little more than two thousand years ago, thus alludes to this and a kindred custom then prevalent among the Roman girls : —

" *Virgines, quas matres student
 Demissis humeris esse, vincto corpore, ut graciles fiant.*"

The sense of the passage may be given in English, with sufficient accuracy, thus : —

Maidens, whom fond, maternal care has graced
 With stooping shoulders, and a cinctured waist.

NOTE 12. Page 242.

" *Their tumid tropes for simple 'Buncombe' made.*"

Many readers, who have heard about "making speeches for Buncombe," may not be aware that the phrase originated as follows: A member of Congress from the county of Buncombe, North Carolina, while pronouncing a magniloquent set-speech, was interrupted by a remark from the Chair, that "the seats were quite vacant." "Never mind, never mind," replied the orator, "I'm talking for Buncombe!"

NOTE 13. Page 243.

" *Till rising high in rancorous debate,
And higher still in fierce, envenomed hate.*"

" *Sed jurgia prima sonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus; hæc tuba rixæ;
Dein clamore pari concurritur, et vice teli
Sævit nuda manus.*" — JUV. SAT. xv.

NOTE 14. Page 245.

" *Not uninvited to her task she came.*"

This poem was written at the instance of the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College, and spoken before that Society, July 22, 1846.

NOTE 15. Page 245.

" *No singer's trick, — conveniently to bring
A sudden cough when importuned to sing.*"

The capriciousness of musical folk, here alluded to, is by no means peculiar to our times. A little before the Christian era, Horace had occasion to scold the Roman singers for the same fault: —

" *Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos,
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
Injussi nunquam desistant.*" — SAT. iii.

NOTE 16. Page 257.

" *And hush the wail of Peter Plymley's ghost.*"

Rev. Sydney Smith, the English author and wit, lately deceased, who, having speculated in Pennsylvania Bonds to the damage of his estate, berated "the rascally repudiators" with much spirit, and lamented his losses in many excellent jests.

NOTE 17. Page 258.

" *Unfriendly hills no longer interpose
As stubborn walls to geographic foes,
Nor envious streams run only to divide
The hearts of brethren ranged on either side.*

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."
Cowper.

NOTE 18. Page 259.

"*Aristophanes, whose humor run
In vain endeavor to be-' cloud ' the sun.*"

An allusion to the comedy of "The Clouds," written in ridicule of Socrates.

NOTE 19. Page 299.

An anecdote of the gubernatorial canvass in Vermont in the year 1859.

Let those laugh who — lose!

THE END.











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